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ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.*

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

EDITORIAL PREFACE.



THE CENTURY MAGAZINE has never entered upon a more important enterprise, nor one in which we have been surer of the sympathy and support of the public, than in engaging to present in these pages the first full and authoritative biography of Abraham Lincoln, together with a history of the times in which he lived. It is hardly necessary to explain that this long-expected history is by no means solely a sifting and re-editing of already printed records and memorials. Its originality is, however, especially notable in its account of Lincoln's administration, in dealing with which will be given to the world important details that have hitherto remained unrevealed, in order that they might first appear in their proper connection in this monumental work.

The advantages enjoyed by the writers of this history are not only incomparably greater than those possessed by any predecessors, but they are also beyond the reach of any future historian. Both of these biographers grew up in the same region with Mr. Lincoln; they were intimate from boyhood with his friends and companions. Mr. Nicolay took charge of his correspondence before his election to the Presidency, and the very first commission Lincoln signed as President was that of Mr. Nicolay to be his official Private Secretary. He held this position throughout Mr. Lincoln's term of office, and enjoyed his closest intimacy and confidence. Mr. Hay, like Mr. Nicolay, accompanied the President from Springfield to Washington, where he remained several years as Assistant Secretary; he then entered the army as an Assistant Adjutant-General of Volunteers, and after a brief period of staff service was ordered back to Washington and assigned to duty as aide-de-camp to the President, where he remained till the war ended. One of them, and generally both, were on duty at Mr. Lincoln's side every day from 1860 to 1865; Mr. Nicolay was his official medium of communication with Congress and the Cabinet; both were continually employed by him in delicate and important missions to every part of the country; both stood beside him at his two inaugurations; one saw him die.

During all these years of official service at the Executive Mansion, the authors cherished the idea of writing this history. At an age when the faculties of memory and observation are at their best, they made frequent notes and memoranda of important events occurring about them. The President was himself aware of their intention, and encouraged and assisted them in their work. Some of his most precious manuscripts were given them by his own hand. Their notes and memoranda taken during the war fill several manuscript volumes, the value of which, from an historical point of view, is inestimable.

After the war was over, and the triumph of the national arms had received its pathetic

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and tragical consecration in the martyrdom of the President, they did not take advantage of the excitement of the hour to throw upon the world a hasty and ill-digested compilation to meet the temporary demand. After spending five years in Europe in the public service, they returned to this country with their impression of the magnitude of the work, which they regarded as assigned to them, broadened and deepened by larger acquaintance with the world. For the last sixteen years they have given most of their time to the collection and arrangement of the enormous material at their disposition. In the first place, all the manuscripts, of whatever nature, belonging to the estate of Mr. Lincoln were absolutely and unreservedly placed in their hands by the Honorable Robert T. Lincoln, the only surviving member of the President's family. In addition to this, they sought and obtained access to the private papers and correspondence of most of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet. Being on terms of intimacy with all the leading statesmen and generals of the time, they were afforded by them every possible assistance in the elucidation of difficult points. Their residence in Washington, Mr. Nicolay as Marshal of the Supreme Court, and Mr. Hay as Assistant Secretary of State, brought them into constant contact with the most authoritative and valuable sources of information. They have used all these opportunities with the utmost assiduity. They have also profited by the vast quantity of reminiscences, letters, and newspaper articles which have recently been printed in regard to Lincoln and his times. They have considered no chapter of their work completed until it should be printed, and have held themselves ready to accept and use every new fact of importance, from whatever source it might come, whether it confirmed or conflicted with opinions previously entertained.

In the course of their work, besides the mass of manuscript archives in all the departments, they have consulted thousands of printed volumes. Through the kindness of four successive Secretaries of War, they have had free and constant access to the vast accumulation of military reports, from both Union and Confederate officers, in the War Department, and Colonel Robert N. Scott has given them the benefit of his friendly and intelligent coöperation.

In determining the scope and character of their work, the authors were governed by two simple ideas. The first, which was biographical, was to draw the portrait and character of the man Abraham Lincoln, and in doing this succinctly to narrate his actions. The second was historical, and required them to relate the national events of which he was the personal and official center and the inspiring and directing leader. These chapters, therefore, are not mere books of anecdote and reminiscence; they are blended biography and history, written with all the literary skill of which the authors are capable (a skill abundantly proved in their other writings), and compiled with all the historical accuracy which their unusual command of facilities and opportunities made possible. Their field embraced that picturesque period of Western pioneer life in which Mr. Lincoln was born and grew to manhood; then the stirring ten years' agitation during which the nation went through the severe and bitter struggle over the slavery question, and which brought on the rebellion; finally, the intensely moving drama of the American civil war. When, however, the military portion of this history is reached in magazine publication, care will be taken to avoid as much as possible the repetition of details already given in *THE CENTURY'S* war series, while fully presenting that part of the military narrative in which is explained the relation of the President to these events.

Giving their plan ample breadth to cover this entire field, the authors have, nevertheless, been careful to confine it to such principal personages and events as might find place in a single historical picture, composed with entire dramatic unity, with related and dependent incidents, and with continuity and proper sequence of narrative. Under their lucid statement and explanation, the great historical drama of the American rebellion becomes coherent and intelligible, permitting the reader to understand its beginnings and to follow its development through sectional rivalry and jealousy to conspiracy, disunion, and insurrection; to civil war; to the mighty conflict of the greatest of modern armies in march, manœuvre, siege, and battle. Finally, at the moment when the Union armies triumph, and their victory ordains that the Constitution shall stand and the nation remain one, the story comes back to that crowning catastrophe of the drama which, with a climax as emotional as any creation of fancy, once more lifts the personal above the historic interest and records a sorrow extending far beyond the boundaries of the nation, and touching the civilized world not alone with regret at the loss of a benefactor to humanity, but as if with the bereavement of a near and dear friend.

EDITOR OF *THE CENTURY*.

AUTHORS' PREFACE.



GENERATION born since Abraham Lincoln died has already reached manhood and womanhood. Yet there are millions still living who sympathized with him in his noble aspirations, who labored with him in his toilsome life, and whose hearts were saddened by his tragic death. It is the almost unbroken testimony of his contemporaries that by virtue of certain high traits of character, in certain momentous lines of purpose and achievement, he was incomparably the greatest man of his time. The deliberate judgment of those who knew him has hardened into tradition;

for although but twenty-one years have passed since he fell by the bullet of the assassin, the tradition is already complete. The voice of hostile faction is silent, or unheeded; even criticism is gentle and timid. If history had said its last word, if no more were to be known of him than is already written, his fame, however lacking in definite outline, however distorted by fable, would survive undiminished to the latest generations. The blessings of an enfranchised race would forever hail him as their liberator; the nation would acknowledge him as the mighty counselor whose patient courage and wisdom saved the life of the Republic in its darkest hour; and illuminating his proud eminence as orator, statesman, and ruler, there would forever shine around his memory the halo of that tender humanity and Christian charity in which he walked among his fellow-countrymen as their familiar companion and friend.

It is not, therefore, with any thought of materially adding to his already accomplished renown that we have written the work which we now offer to our fellow-citizens. But each age owes to its successors the truth in regard to its own annals. The young men who have been born since Sumter was fired on have a right to all their elders know of the important events they came too late to share in. The life and the fame of Lincoln will not have their legitimate effect of instruction and example unless the circumstances among which he lived and found his opportunities are placed in their true light before the men who never saw him.

To write the life of this great American in such a way as to show his relations to the times in which he moved, the stupendous issues he controlled, the remarkable men by whom he was surrounded, has been the purpose which the authors have diligently pursued for many years. We can say nothing of the result of our labor; only those who have been similarly employed can appreciate the sense of inadequate performance with which we regard what we have accomplished. We can only claim for our work that we have devoted to it sixteen years of almost unrelenting assiduity; that we have neglected no means in our power to ascertain the truth; that we have rejected no authentic facts essential to a candid story; that we have had no theory to establish, no personal grudge to gratify, no unavowed objects to subserve. We have aimed to write a sufficiently full and absolutely honest history of a great man and a great time; and although we take it for granted that we have made mistakes, that we have fallen into such errors and inaccuracies as are unavoidable in so large a work, we promise there shall not be found a line in all these chapters dictated by malice or unfairness.

Our desire to have this work placed under the eyes of the greatest possible number of readers induced us to accept the generous offer of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE to print it first in these pages. In this way it will receive the intelligent criticism of a million people, contemporaries of the events narrated, and we expect to profit by the suggestions and corrections which such a method of publication invites. Moreover, as we have endeavored to write this history with a purpose of absolute fairness to every party and every section of the country, we ardently desire that, by its wide dissemination, it may contribute to the growth and maintenance throughout all our borders of that spirit of freedom and nationality for which Abraham Lincoln lived and died.

Geo. F. Nicolay

John Hay

LINCOLN AS PIONEER.

I.

LINEAGE.

IN 1780 Abraham Lincoln, a member of a respectable and well-to-do family in Rockingham County, Virginia, started westward to establish himself with his wife and five children in the newly explored country of Kentucky. He was a man of some substance, possessing at one time a large and fertile tract of land about eight miles north of Harrisonburg. It seemed for many years impossible to ascertain how he lost, or what were the motives which induced him to abandon, this valuable property. The records belonging to that portion of the family which remained in Virginia were destroyed in the civil war, and the branch which moved to Kentucky passed through a period of illiteracy which, though it was brief, interrupted the memory and record of their descent. There are hundreds of families in the West, bearing historic names and probably descended from well-known houses in the East or in England, which, by passing through one or two generations of ancestors who could not read or write, have lost their connection with the past as effectually as if a deluge had intervened between the last century and this. Even the patronymic is frequently distorted beyond recognition by slovenly pronunciation during the years when reading and writing were lost arts, and by the phonetic spelling of the first boy in the family who learned the use of the pen. There are Lincolns in Kentucky and Tennessee belonging to the same stock with the President whose names are spelled "Linkhorn" and "Linkhern."

All that was known of this emigrant Abraham Lincoln by his immediate descendants was that his progenitors, who were Quakers, came from Berks County, Pennsylvania, into Virginia, and there thrived and prospered. But the investigations of several eager genealogists have since established a strong probability

that he was descended from the Massachusetts family of the same name, who settled about the year 1638 at Hingham, and who came originally from the county of Norfolk in the old country. The first ancestor of this line of whom we have knowledge was Samuel Lincoln, of Norwich, England; he, dying in Hingham, Massachusetts, left a son, Mordecai, whose son, of the same name, removed to Monmouth, New Jersey, and thence to Amity township, now a part of Berks County, Pennsylvania, where he died about 1735, fifty years old. From a copy of his will, recorded in the office of the Register in Philadelphia, we gather that he was a man of considerable property. In the inventory of his effects, made after his death, he is styled by the appraisers "Mordecai Lincoln, Gentleman." His son John received by his father's will "a certain piece of land lying in the Jerseys, containing three hundred acres," the other sons and daughters having been liberally provided for from the Pennsylvania property. This John Lincoln established himself in Rockingham County, Virginia, and had a family of sons, to whom he gave the names which continually recur in the history of the tribe, Abraham, the pioneer mentioned above, Isaac, Jacob, Thomas, and John. Jacob and John remained in Virginia;* the former was a soldier in the War of the Revolution, and took part as lieutenant in a Virginia regiment at the siege of Yorktown;† Isaac went to a place on the Holston River in Tennessee; Thomas followed his brother to Kentucky, lived and died there, and his children then emigrated to Missouri. But with the one memorable exception, none of the brothers or their descendants achieved the slightest distinction. Even the great fame and conspicuousness of the President brought none of his kindred to the light, except his cousin, Robert Lincoln, of Hancock County, Illinois, who became a captain and quartermaster of volunteers. The rest sank into obscurity, where it is impossible, and would be useless, to follow them.

* Soon after Mr. Lincoln arrived in Washington in 1861, he received the following letter from one of his Virginia kinsmen, the only communication which ever came from them. It was written on paper adorned with a portrait of Jefferson Davis, and was inclosed in an envelope emblazoned with the Confederate flag:

TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN, ESQ., *President of the Northern Confederacy:*

SIR,— Having just returned from a trip through Vir-

ginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee, permit me to inform you that you will get whipped out of your boots. To-day I met a gentleman from Anna, Illinois, and although he voted for you he says that the moment your troops leave Cairo they will get the spots knocked out of them. My dear sir, these are facts which time will prove to be correct.

I am, sir, with every consideration, yours respectfully,
MINOR LINCOLN,
Of the Staunton stock of Lincolns.

† Lamon, page 8.



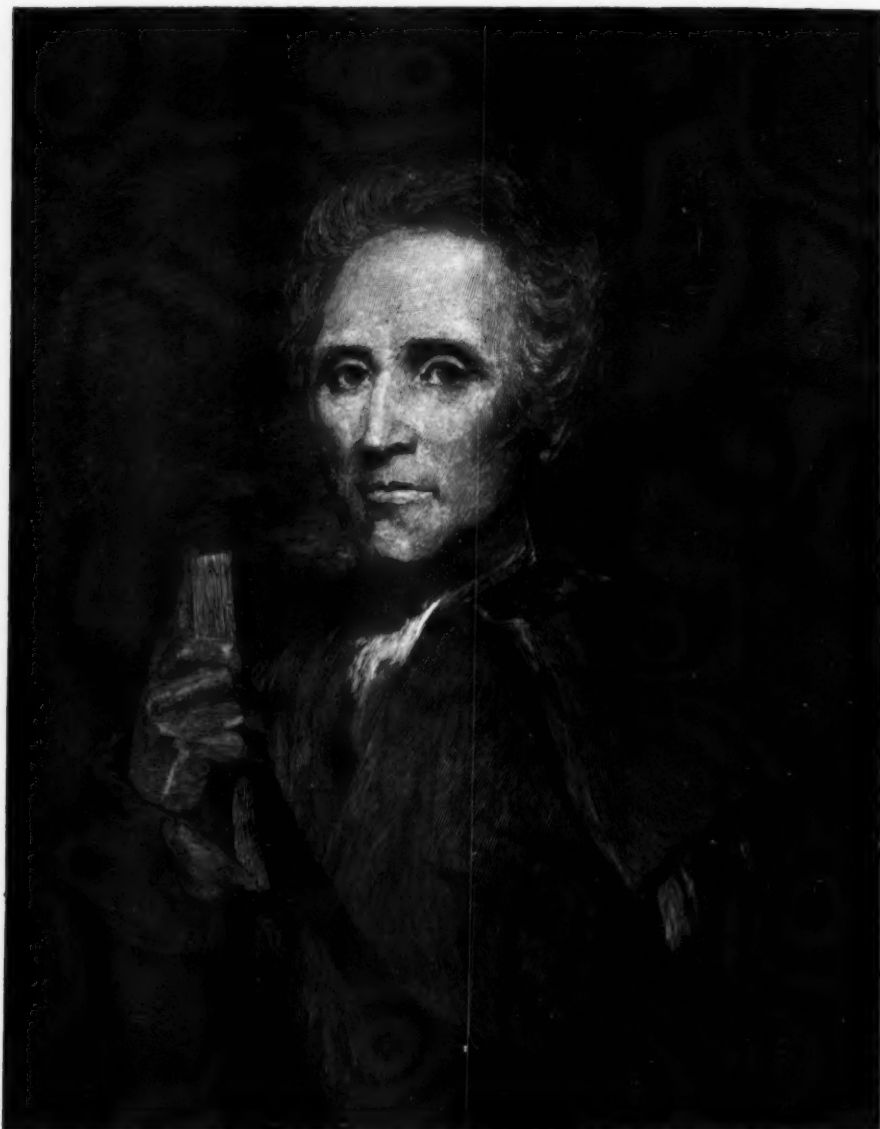
BOONE MONUMENT IN CEMETERY AT FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY.



VIEW OF THE KENTUCKY FROM BOONE'S GRAVE.

It was ten years after the death of the President that his son learned the probable circumstances under which the pioneer Lincoln removed to the West, and the intimate relations which subsisted between his family and the most celebrated man in early Western annals. There is little doubt that it was on account of his association with the famous Daniel Boone that Abraham Lincoln went to Kentucky. The families had for a century been closely allied. By the will of Mordecai Lincoln, to which reference has been made, his "loving friend and neighbor" George Boone was made a trustee to assist his widow in the care of the property. Squire Boone, the father of Daniel, was one of the appraisers who made the inventory of Mordecai Lincoln's estate. One of the numerous Abraham Lincolns married a Miss Anna Boone in 1760.* The intercourse between the families was kept up after the Boones had removed to North Carolina and John Lincoln had gone to Virginia. Abraham Lincoln, son of John, and grandfather of the President, was married in North Carolina. The inducement which led him to leave Virginia, where his standing and his fortune were assured, was, in all probability, his intimate family relations with the great explorer, the hero of the new country of Kentucky, the land of fabulous richness and unlimited adventure. At a time when the Eastern States were ringing with the fame of the mighty hunter

* A letter from David J. Lincoln, of Birdsboro, Berks County, Pennsylvania, to the writers, says, "My grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, was married to Anna Boone, a first cousin of Daniel Boone, July 10, 1760."



DANIEL BOONE: ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON FROM THE PAINTING BY SULLY, IN POSSESSION OF FRANK M. ETTING, ESQ., PHILADELPHIA.

*Abraham Lincoln Enters 500 acres of Land on a
treasury warrant no 5994 begining opposite Charles
Sprange's upper Line on the South Side of the River
Running South 200 poles then up the River for
Quantity. 11th December 1782*
Daniel Boone

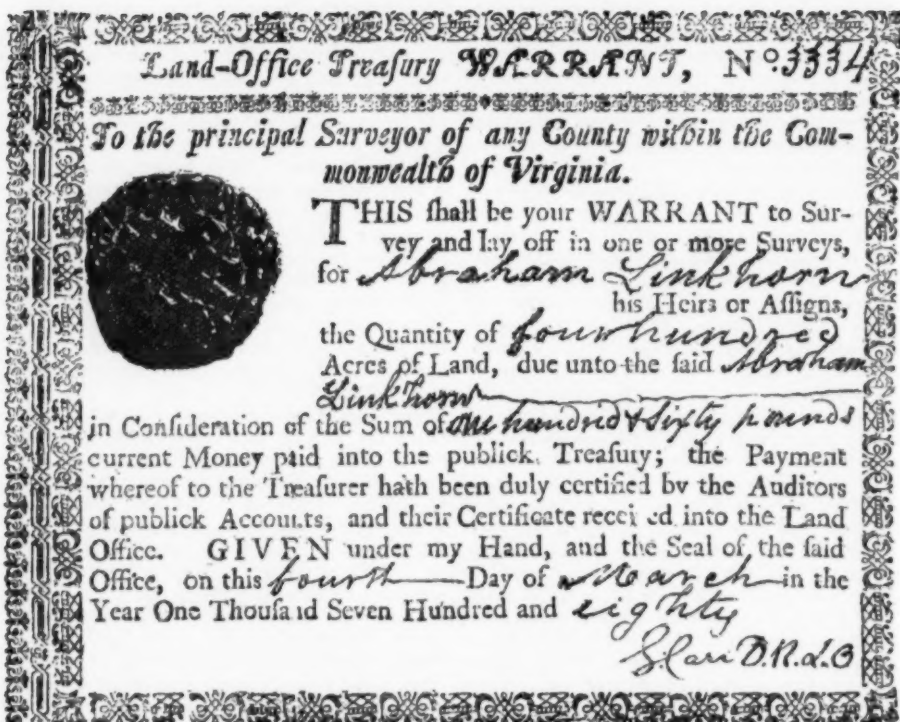
[FAC-SIMILE FROM THE FIELD-BOOK OF DANIEL BOONE RECORDING
THE LINCOLN CLAIM ON LICKING RIVER. FROM THE ORIGINAL
IN POSSESSION OF LYMAN C. DRAPER, ESQ., MADISON, WIS.]

who was then in the prime of his manhood, and in the midst of those achievements which will forever render him one of the most picturesque heroes in all our annals, it is not to be wondered at that his own circle of friends should have caught the general enthusiasm and felt the desire to emulate his career.

Boone's exploration of Kentucky had begun some ten years before Lincoln set out to follow his trail. In 1769 he made his memorable journey to that virgin wilderness of whose beauty he always loved to speak even to his latest breath. During all that year he hunted, finding everywhere abundance of game. "The buffalo," he says, "were more frequent than I have seen cattle in the settlements, browsing on the leaves of the cane, or cropping the herbage on these extensive plains, fearless because ignorant of the violence of man. Sometimes we saw hundreds in a drove, and the numbers about the salt springs were amazing." In the course of the winter, however, he was captured by the Indians while hunting with a comrade, and when they had contrived to escape they never found again any trace of the rest of their party. But a few days later they saw two men approaching and hailed them with the hunter's caution, "Hullo, strangers; who are you?" They replied, "White men and friends." They proved to be Squire Boone and another adventurer from North Carolina. The young Boone had made that long pilgrimage through the trackless woods, led by an instinct of doglike affection, to find his elder brother and share his sylvan pleasures and dangers. Their two companions were soon waylaid and killed, and the Boones spent the long winter in that mighty solitude undisturbed. In the spring their ammunition, which was to them the only necessary of life, ran low, and one of them must return to the settlements to replenish the stock. It need not be said which assumed this duty; the cadet went uncomplaining on his way, and Daniel spent three months in absolute loneliness, as he himself expressed it, "by myself, without bread, salt, or sugar, without company of my fellow-creatures, or even a horse or dog." He was not insensible to the dangers of his situation. He never came to his camp without the utmost precaution, and always slept in the canebrakes if the signs were unfavorable. But he makes in his memoirs this curious reflection, which would seem like affectation in one less perfectly and simply heroic: "How unhappy such a situation for a man tormented with fear, which is vain if no danger comes, and if it does, only augments the pain. It was my happiness to be destitute of this afflicting passion, with which I had the greatest reason to be afflicted." After his brother's return, for a

year longer they hunted in these lovely wilds, and then returned to Yadkin to bring their families to the new domain. They made the long ride back, five hundred miles, in peace and safety.

For some time after this Boone took no conspicuous part in the settlement of Kentucky. The expedition with which he left the Yadkin in 1773 met with a terrible disaster near Cumberland Gap, in which his eldest son and five more young men were killed by Indians, and the whole party, discouraged by the blow, retired to the safer region of the Clinch River. In the mean time the dauntless speculator Henderson had begun his occupation with all the pomp of viceroyalty. Harrodsburg had been founded, and corn planted, and a flourishing colony established at the Falls of the Ohio. In 1774 Boone was called upon by the Governor of Virginia to escort a party of surveyors through the State, and on his return was given the command of three garrisons; and for several years thereafter the history of Kentucky is the record of his feats of arms. No one ever equaled him in his knowledge of Indian character, and his influence with the savages was a mystery to him and to themselves. Three times he fell into their hands and they did not harm him. Twice they adopted him into their tribes while they were still on the war-path. Once they took him to Canada, to show the Long-Knife chieftains of King George that they could also exhibit trophies of memorable prowess, but they refused to give him up even to their British allies. In no quality of wise woodcraft was he wanting. He could outrun a dog or a deer; he could thread the woods without food day and night; he could find his way as easily as the panther could. Although a great athlete and a tireless warrior, he hated fighting and only fought for peace. In council and in war he was equally valuable. His advice was never rejected without disaster, nor followed but with advantage; and when the fighting once began there was not a rifle in Kentucky which could rival his. At the nine days' siege of Boonesborough he took deliberate aim and killed a negro renegade who was harassing the garrison from a tree five hundred and twenty-five feet away, and whose head only was visible from the fort. The mildest and the quietest of men, he had killed dozens of enemies with his own hand, and all this without malice and, strangest of all, without incurring the hatred of his adversaries. He had self-respect enough, but not a spark of vanity. After the fatal battle of the Blue Licks,—where the only point of light in the day's terrible work was the wisdom and valor with which he had partly retrieved a disaster he foresaw



LAND WARRANT ISSUED TO ABRAHAM LINKHORN (LINCOLN), SLIGHTLY REDUCED. ORIGINAL IN POSSESSION OF R. T. DURRETT, ESQ., LOUISVILLE, KY. (SEE OPPOSITE PAGE.)

but was powerless to prevent,—when it became his duty, as senior surviving officer of the forces, to report the affair to Governor Harrison, his dry and naked narrative gives not a single hint of what he had done himself, nor mentions the gallant son lying dead on the field, nor the wounded brother whose gallantry might have justly claimed some notice. He was thinking solely of the public good, saying, "I have encouraged the people in this country all that I could, but I can no longer justify them or myself to risk our lives here under such extraordinary hazards." He therefore begs his Excellency to take immediate measures for relief. During the short existence of Henderson's legislature, he was a member of it, and not the

least useful one. Among his measures was one for the protection of game.

Everything we know of the emigrant Abraham Lincoln goes to show that it was under the auspices of this most famous of our pioneers that he set out from Rockingham County to make a home for himself and his young family in that wild region which Boone was wresting from its savage holders. He was not without means of his own. He took with him funds enough to enter an amount of land which would have made his family rich if they had retained it. The county records show him to have been the possessor of a domain of some seventeen hundred acres. There is still in existence* the original warrant,

River Lick, entered June 7th, 1780, and surveyed October 12th, 1784.

3. Five hundred acres in Campbell County, date of entry not known, but surveyed September 27th, 1798, and patented June 30th, 1799 — the survey and patent evidently following his entry after his death. It is possible that this was the five-hundred-acre tract found in Boone's field-book, in the possession of Lyman C. Draper, Esq., Secretary of the Wisconsin Historical Society, and erroneously supposed by some to have been in Mercer County. Boone was a deputy of Colonel Thomas Marshall, Surveyor of Fayette County.

* In the possession of Colonel Reuben T. Durrett, of Louisville, Kentucky, a gentleman who has made the early history of his State a subject of careful and intelligent study, and to whom we are greatly indebted for valuable information in regard to the settlement of the Lincolns in Kentucky. He gives the following list of lands in that State owned by Abraham Lincoln:

1. Four hundred acres on Long Run, a branch of Floyd's Fork, in Jefferson County, entered May 29th, 1780, and surveyed May 7th, 1785.

2. Eight hundred acres on Green River, near Green

dated March 4th, 1780, for four hundred acres of land, for which the pioneer had paid "into the publick Treasury one hundred and sixty pounds current money," and a copy of the surveyor's certificate,* giving the metes and bounds of the property on Floyd's Fork, which remained for many years in the hands of Mordecai Lincoln, the pioneer's eldest son and heir. The name was misspelled "Linkhorn"

Washington had acquired claims and patents to the amount of thirty or forty thousand acres of land in the West; Franklin and the Lees were also large owners of these speculative titles. They formed, it is true, rather an airy and unsubstantial sort of possession, the same ground being often claimed by a dozen different persons or companies under various grants from the crown or from legislatures,

*Surveyed for Abraham Linkhorn 400 Acres of
Land in Jefferson County by Virtue of a Treasury
Warrant No. 3334 on the Fork of Floyd's Fork now
called the Long Run beginning about two
miles up the said Fork from the Mouth of a
Fork of the same formerly called Two Fork at a Sugar Tree
standing on the side of the same marked S B and
extending thence East 200 poles to a Poplar and Sugar
Tree north 213 1/3 poles to a Beech and Dogwood West
300 poles to a white Oak and Hickory South 213 1/3 poles to
the Beginning May 7th 1785 William Shannon S J C
Choniah Lincoln and William May S J C
Josiah Lincoln C C }
Abraham Linkhorn surveyor C S*



SURVEYOR'S CERTIFICATE (SLIGHTLY REDUCED), TAKEN FROM RECORD BOOK "B," PAGE 60, IN THE OFFICE OF JEFFERSON COUNTY, KENTUCKY.

by a blunder of the clerk in the land-office, and the error was perpetuated in the subsequent record.

Kentucky had been for many years the country of romance and fable for Virginians. Twenty years before Governor Spotswood had crossed the Alleghanies and returned to establish in a Williamsburg tavern that fantastic order of nobility which he called the Knights of the Golden Horseshoe,† and, with a worldly wisdom which was scarcely consistent with these mediæval affectations, to press upon the attention of the British Government the building of a line of frontier forts to guard the Ohio River from the French. Many years after him the greatest of all Virginians crossed the mountains again, and became heavily interested in those schemes of emigration which filled the minds of many of the leading men in America until they were driven out by graver cares and more imperative duties.

* Jefferson County Records.

† Their motto was *Sic jurat transcendere montes.*

or through purchase from adventurers or Indian councils. But about the time of which we are speaking the spirit of emigration had reached the lower strata of colonial society, and a steady stream of pioneers began pouring over the passes of the mountains into the green and fertile valleys of Kentucky and Tennessee. They selected their homes in the most eligible spots to which chance or the report of earlier explorers directed them, with little knowledge or care as to the rightful ownership of the land, and too often cleared their corner of the wilderness for the benefit of others. Even Boone, to whose courage, forest lore, and singular intuitions of savage character the State of Kentucky owed more than to any other man, was deprived in his old age of his hard-earned homestead through his ignorance of legal forms, and removed to Missouri to repeat in that new territory his labors and his misfortunes.

The period at which Lincoln came west was one of note in the history of Kentucky.

The labors of Henderson and the Transylvania Company had begun to bear fruit in extensive plantations and a connected system of forts. The land laws of Kentucky had reduced to something like order the chaos of conflicting claims arising from the various grants and the different preëemption customs under which settlers occupied their property. The victory of Boone at Boonesborough against the Shawnees, and the capture of Kaskaskia and Vincennes by the brilliant audacity of George Rogers Clarke, had brought the region prominently before the attention of the Atlantic States, and had turned in that



LONG RUN BAPTIST MEETING-HOUSE, BUILT ABOUT 1797 ON THE LAND OF ABRAHAM LINKHORN (LINCOLN). DRAWING FROM MEMORY, IN POSSESSION OF E. T. DURRETT, ESQ.

direction the restless and roving spirit which is always found in communities at periods when great emigrations are a need of civilization. Up to this time few persons had crossed the mountains except hunters, trappers, and explorers,—men who came merely to kill Indians or game, or to spy out the fertility of the land for the purpose of speculation. But in 1780 and 1781 a large number of families took up their line of march, and in the latter year a considerable contingent of women joined the little army of pioneers, impelled by an instinct which they themselves probably but half comprehended. The country was to be peopled, and there was no other way of peopling it but by the sacrifice of many lives and fortunes; and the history of every country shows that these are never lacking when they are wanted. The number of those who came at about the same time with the pioneer Lincoln was sufficient to lay the basis of a sort of social order. Early in the year 1780 three hundred "large family boats" arrived at the Falls of the Ohio, where the land had been surveyed by Captain Bullitt seven years before, and in May the Legislature of Virginia passed a law for the incorporation of the town of Louisville, then containing some six hundred inhabitants. At the same session a law was passed confiscating the property of certain British subjects for the endowment of an institution of learning in Kentucky, "it being the interest of this

commonwealth," to quote the language of the philosophic Legislature, "always to encourage and promote every design which may tend to the improvement of the mind and the diffusion of useful knowledge even among its remote citizens, whose situation in a barbarous neighborhood and a savage intercourse might otherwise render them unfriendly to science." This was the origin of the Transylvania University of Lexington, which rose and flourished for many years on the utmost verge of civilization.

The "barbarous neighborhood" and the "savage intercourse" undoubtedly had their effect upon the manners and morals of the settlers; but we should fall into error if we took it for granted that the pioneers were all of one piece. The ruling motive which led most of them to the wilds was that Anglo-Saxon lust of land which seems inseparable from the race. The prospect of possessing a four-hundred-acre farm by merely occupying it, and the privilege of exchanging a basketful of almost worthless continental currency for an unlimited estate at the nominal value of forty cents per acre, were irresistible to thousands of land-loving Virginians and Carolinians whose ambition of proprietorship was larger than their means. Accompanying this flood of emigrants of good faith was the usual froth and scum of shiftless idlers and adventurers, who were either drifting with a current they were too worthless to withstand, or in pursuit of dishonest gains in fresher and simpler regions. The vices and virtues of the pioneers were such as proceeded from their environment. They were careless of human life because life was worth comparatively little in that hard struggle for existence; but they had a remarkably clear idea of the value of property, and visited theft not only with condign punishment, but also with the severest social proscription. Stealing a horse was punished more swiftly and with more feeling than homicide. A man might be replaced more easily than the other animal. Sloth was the worst of weaknesses. A habitual drunkard was more welcome at "raisings" and "log-rollings" than a known *fainéant*. The man who did not do a man's share where work was to be done was christened "Lazy Lawrence," and that was the end of him socially. Cowardice was punished by inexorable disgrace. The point of honor was as strictly observed as it ever has been in the idlest and most artificial society. If a man accused another of falsehood, the ordeal by fisticuffs was instantly resorted to. Weapons were rarely employed in these chivalrous encounters, being kept for more serious use with Indians and wild beasts, though fists, teeth, and the

gouging thumb were often employed with fatal effect. Yet among this rude and uncouth people there was a genuine and remarkable respect for law. They seemed to recognize it as an absolute necessity of their existence. In the territory of Kentucky, and afterwards in that of Illinois, it occurred at several periods in their transition from counties to territories and states that the country was without any organized authority. But the people were a law unto themselves. Their improvised courts and councils administered law and equity; contracts were enforced, debts were collected, and a sort of order was maintained.

It may be said, generally, that the character of this people was far above their circumstances. In all the accessories of life, by which we are accustomed to rate communities and races in the scale of civilization, they were little removed from primitive barbarism. They dressed in the skins of wild beasts killed by themselves, and in linen stuffs woven by

from freezing too stiff to be put on. The children grew inured to misery like this, and played barefoot in the snow. It is an error to suppose that all this could be undergone with impunity. They suffered terribly from malarial and rheumatic complaints, and the instances of vigorous and painless age were rare among them. The lack of moral and mental sustenance was still more marked. They were inclined to be a religious people, but a sermon was an unusual luxury, only to be enjoyed at long intervals and by great expense of time. There were few books or none, and there was little opportunity for the exchange of opinion. Any variation in the dreary course of events was welcome. A murder was not without its advantages as a stimulant to conversation; a capital trial was a kind of holiday to a county. It was this poverty of life, this famine of social gratification, from which sprang their fondness for the grosser forms of excitement, and their tendency to rough and brutal practical joking.



MAP SHOWING VARIOUS LOCALITIES CONNECTED WITH EARLY EVENTS IN THE LINCOLN FAMILY.

themselves. They hardly knew the use of iron except in their firearms and knives. Their food consisted almost exclusively of game, fish, and roughly ground corn-meal. Their exchanges were made by barter; many a child grew up without ever seeing a piece of money. Their habitations were hardly superior to those of the savages with whom they waged constant war. Large families lived in log huts, put together with wooden pegs, and far more open to the inclemencies of the skies than the pig-sties of the careful farmer of to-day. An early schoolmaster says that the first place where he went to board was the house of one Lucas, consisting of a single room, sixteen feet square, and tenanted by Mr. and Mrs. Lucas, ten children, three dogs, two cats, and himself. There were many who lived in hovels so cold that they had to sleep on their shoes to keep them

In a life like theirs a laugh seemed worth having at any expense.

But near as they were to barbarism in all the circumstances of their daily existence, they were far from it politically. They were the children of a race which had been trained in government for centuries in the best school the world has ever seen, and wherever they went they formed the town, the county, the court, and the legislative power with the ease and certainty of nature evolving its results. And this they accomplished in the face of a savage foe, always alert and hostile, surrounding their feeble settlements, invisible and dreadful as the visionary powers of the air. Until the treaty of Greenville, in 1795, closed the long and sanguinary history of the old Indian wars, there was no day in which the pioneer could leave his cabin with the certainty of not finding it in ashes when he

returned, and his little flock murdered on his threshold, or carried into a captivity worse than death. Whenever nightfall came with the man of the house away from home, the anxiety and care of the women and children were none the less bitter because so common.

The life of the pioneer Abraham Lincoln soon came to a disastrous close. He had settled in Jefferson County, on the land he had bought from the Government, and cleared a small farm in the forest. One morning, in the year 1786, he started with his three sons, Mordecai, Josiah, and Thomas, to the edge of the clearing, and began the day's work. A shot from the brush killed the father; Mordecai, the eldest son, ran instinctively to the house, Josiah to the neighboring fort (Hughes Station) for assistance, and Thomas, the youngest, a child of seven, was left with the corpse of his father. Mordecai, reaching the cabin, seized the rifle, and saw through the loop-hole an Indian in his war-paint stooping to raise the child from the ground. He took deliberate aim at a white ornament on the breast of the savage and brought him down. The little boy, thus released, ran to the cabin, and Mordecai, from the loft, renewed his fire upon the savages, who began to show themselves from the thicket, until Josiah returned with assistance from the stockade, and the assailants fled. This tragedy made an indelible impression on the mind of Mordecai. Either a spirit of revenge for his murdered father, or a sportsmanlike pleasure in his successful shot, made him a determined Indian-stalker, and he rarely stopped to inquire whether the red man who came in range of his rifle was friendly or hostile.

The head of the family being gone, the widow Lincoln soon removed to a more thickly settled neighborhood in Washington County. There her children grew up. Mordecai and Josiah became reputable citizens; the two daughters married two men named Crume and Bromfield. Thomas, to whom were reserved the honors of an illustrious paternity, learned the trade of a carpenter. He was an easy-going man, entirely without ambition, but not without self-respect. Though the

friendliest and most jovial of gossips, he was not insensible to affronts; and when his slow anger was roused, he was a formidable adversary. Several border bullies, at different times, crowded him indiscreetly, and were promptly and thoroughly whipped. He was strong, well knit, and sinewy; but little over the medium height, though in other respects he seems to have resembled his son in appearance.

On the 12th of June, 1806,* while learning his trade in the carpenter shop of Joseph Hanks, in Elizabethtown, he married Nancy Hanks, a niece of his employer, near Beechland, in Washington County.† She was one of a large family who had emigrated from Virginia with the Lincolns and with another family called Sparrow. They had endured together the trials of pioneer life, and their close relations continued for many years after, and were cemented by frequent intermarriage.

Mrs. Lincoln's mother was named Lucy Hanks; her sisters were Betty, Polly, and Nancy; they married Thomas Sparrow, Jesse Friend, and Levi Hall. The childhood of Nancy was passed with the Sparrows, and she was oftener called by their name than by her own. The whole family connection was composed of people so little given to letters that it is hard to determine the proper names and relationships of the younger members amid the tangle of traditional cousinships. Those who went to Indiana with Thomas Lincoln, and grew up with his children, are the only ones which need demand our attention.

There was no hint of future glory in the wedding or the bringing home of Nancy Lincoln. All accounts represent her as a handsome young woman of twenty-three, of appearance and intellect superior to her lowly fortunes. She could read and write,—a remarkable accomplishment in her circle,—and even taught her husband to form the letters of his name. He had no such valuable wedding gift to bestow upon her; he brought her to a little house in Elizabethtown, where he and she and want dwelt together in fourteen feet square. The next year a daughter was born to them, and the next the young carpenter, not finding his work remunerative

* All previous accounts give the date of this marriage as September 23d. This error arose from a clerical blunder in the county record of marriages. The minister, the Reverend Jesse Head, in making his report, wrote the dates before the names; the clerk, in copying it, lost the proper sequence of the entries, and gave to the Lincolns the date which belonged to the next couple on the list.

† The following is a copy of the marriage bond of Thomas Lincoln:

"Know all men by these presents, that we, Thomas Lincoln and Richard Berry, are held and firmly bound unto his Excellency, the Governor of Kentucky, in the just and full sum of fifty pounds current money, to the

payment of which well and truly to be made to the said Governor and his successors, we bind ourselves, our heirs, etc., jointly and severally, firmly by these presents, sealed with our seals and dated this 10th day of June, 1806. The condition of the above obligation is such that whereas there is a marriage shortly intended between the above bound Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, for which a license has issued, now if there be no lawful cause to obstruct the said marriage, then this obligation to be void, else to remain in full force and virtue in law.

THOMAS LINCOLN [Seal]
RICHARD BERRY [Seal]

"Witness, JOHN H. PARROTT, Guardian."

Washington Id
I do hereby certify that the following
is a true list of Marriages solemnized by me this
Scribe for the ~~first~~ ^{first} time the 28th of April 1808 with the
date hereof

June 20th 1806 joined together in the Holy estate of
Matrimony agreeable to the rules of the M.E.C

Morris Bury & Jozzy Simmi;

Nov 27th 1806 David Mays & Hannah Xten

March 5th 1807 Charles Ridge & Anna Davis

March 24th 1807 John Head & Sally Clark

March 27th Benjamin Clark & Polly Head

July 14th Edward Dyle & Rosanna Mc Mahon

Dec 22nd 1806 Silas Chamberlain & Betsey West

Jan 14th 1806 John Springer & Elizabeth Ingram

June 10th 1806 Thomas Lincoln & Mary Harkins

September 23rd 1806 John G. Canby & Hannah White

October 2nd 1806 Anthony Lippy & Roxie Dettle

October 23rd 1806 Aaron Harding & Sarah Hottel

April 5th 1807 Daniel Payson & Elizabetha Purre

July 26th 1806 Benjamin Clark & Polly Clark

May 1806 Hugh Harkins & Betsey Dyer

September 2nd 1806 John Graham & Catherine Jones

Given under my hand the 22nd day of April

1807

John Head S. M. E. C.

enough for his growing budget, removed to a little farm which he had bought on the easy terms then prevalent in Kentucky, on the Big South Fork of Nolin Creek, in what was then Hardin and is now La Rue County, three miles from Hodgenville. The ground had nothing attractive about it but its cheapness. It was hardly more grateful than the rocky hillslopes of New England. It required full as earnest and intelligent industry to persuade a living out of those barren hillocks and weedy hollows covered with stunted and scrubby underbrush, as it would amid the rocks and sands of the northern coast.

Thomas Lincoln settled down in this dismal solitude to a deeper poverty than any of his name had ever known; and there, in the midst of the most unpromising circumstances that ever witnessed the advent of a hero into this world, Abraham Lincoln was born on the 12th day of February, 1809.

Four years later, Thomas Lincoln purchased a fine farm of two hundred and thirty-eight acres on Knob Creek, near where it flows into the Rolling Fork, and succeeded in getting a portion of it into cultivation. The title, however, remained in him only a little while, and after his property had passed out of his control he looked about for another place to establish himself.

Of all these years of Abraham Lincoln's early childhood we know almost nothing.* He lived a solitary life in the woods, returning from his lonesome little games to his cheerless home. He never talked of these days to his most intimate friends. Once, when asked what he remembered about the war with Great Britain, he replied: "Nothing but this. I had been fishing one day and caught a little fish which I was taking home. I met a soldier in the road, and having been always told at home that we must be good to the soldiers, I gave him my fish." This is only a faint glimpse, but what it shows is rather pleasant—the generous child and the patriotic household. But there is no question that these first years of his life had their lasting effect upon the temperament of this great mirthful and melancholy man. He had little schooling. He accompanied his sister Sarah† to the only schools that existed in their neighborhood, one kept by Zachariah Riney, and another by

Caleb Hazel, where he learned his alphabet and a little more. But of all those advantages for the cultivation of a young mind and spirit which every home now offers to its children, the books, toys, ingenious games, and daily devotion of parental love, he knew absolutely nothing.

II.

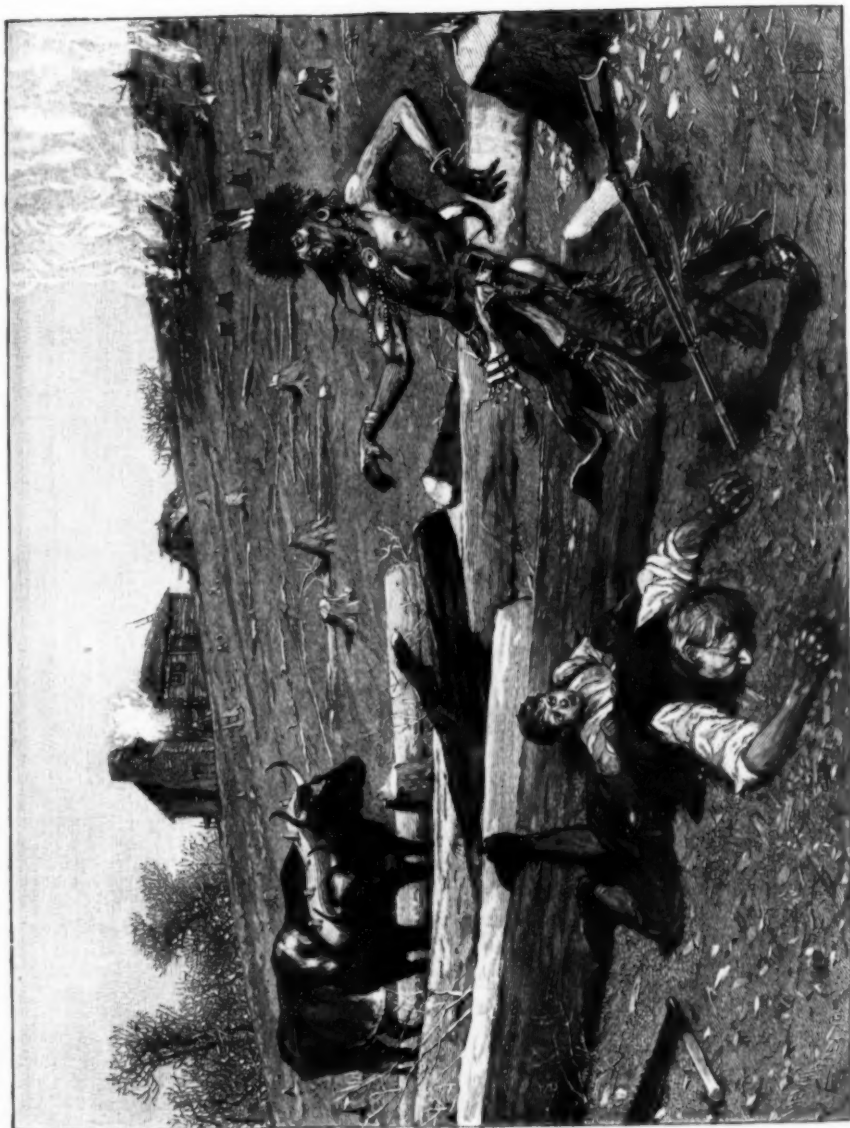
INDIANA.

By the time the boy Abraham had attained his seventh year, the social condition of Kentucky had changed considerably from the early pioneer days. Life had assumed a more settled and orderly course. The old barbarous equality of the earlier time was gone; a difference of classes began to be seen. Those who held slaves assumed a distinct social superiority over those who did not. Thomas Lincoln, concluding that Kentucky was no country for a poor man, determined to seek his fortune in Indiana. He had heard of rich and unoccupied lands in Perry County in that State, and thither he determined to go. He built a rude raft, loaded it with his kit of tools and four hundred gallons of whisky, and trusted his fortunes to the winding water-courses. He met with only one accident on his way; his raft capsized in the Ohio River, but he fished up his kit of tools and most of the ardent spirits, and arrived safely at the place of a settler named Posey, with whom he left his odd invoice of household goods for the wilderness, while he started on foot to look for a home in the dense forest. He selected a spot which pleased him in his first day's journey. He then walked back to Knob Creek and brought his family on to their new home. No humbler cavalcade ever invaded the Indiana timber. Besides his wife and two children, his earthly possessions were of the slightest, for the backs of two borrowed horses sufficed for the load. Insufficient bedding and clothing, a few pans and kettles, were their sole movable wealth. They relied on Lincoln's kit of tools for their furniture, and on his rifle for their food. At Posey's they hired a wagon and literally hewed a path through the wilderness to their new habitation, near Little Pigeon Creek, a mile and a half east of Gentryville, in a rich and fertile forest country.

* There is still living near Knob Creek in Kentucky, at the age of eighty, a man, of whom a portrait is given on page 19, who claims to have known Abraham Lincoln in his childhood—Austin Gollaher. He says he used to play with Abe Lincoln in the shavings of his father's carpenter shop. He tells a story which, if accurate, entitles him to the civic crown which the Romans used to give to one who saved the life of a citizen. When Gollaher was eleven and Lincoln eight the two boys were in the woods in pursuit of

partridges; in trying to "coon" across Knob Creek on a log, Lincoln fell in, and Gollaher fished him out with a sycamore branch—a service to the Republic, the value of which it fatigues the imagination to compute.

† This daughter of Thomas Lincoln is sometimes called Nancy and sometimes Sarah. She seems to have borne the former name during her mother's lifetime, and to have taken her stepmother's name after Mr. Lincoln's second marriage.



Engraved by J. H. E. Whitney.

THE KILLING OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THE PIONEER, 1796.

Drawn by Henry Farny.

Thomas Lincoln, with the assistance of his wife and children, built a temporary shelter of the sort called in the frontier language "a half-faced camp"; merely a shed of poles, which defended the inmates on three sides from the foul weather, but left them open to its inclemency in front. For a whole year his family lived in this wretched fold, while he was clearing a little patch of ground for planting corn and building a rough cabin for a permanent residence. They moved into the latter before it was half completed; for by this time the Sparrows had followed the Lincolns from Kentucky, and the half-faced camp was given up to them. But the rude

material for breeches or shoes. His cabin was like that of other pioneers. A few three-legged stools; a bedstead made of poles stuck between the logs in the angle of the cabin, the outside corner supported by a crotched stick driven into the ground; the table, a huge hewed log standing on four legs; a pot, kettle, and skillet, and a few tin and pewter dishes, were all the furniture. The boy Abraham climbed at night to his bed of leaves in the loft, by a ladder of wooden pins driven into the logs.

This life has been vaunted by poets and romancers as a happy and healthful one. Even Dennis Hanks, speaking of his youthful days



HOUSE NEAR BEECHLAND, KENTUCKY, IN WHICH THOMAS LINCOLN AND NANCY HANKS WERE MARRIED JUNE 12TH, 1806.
(NOW OCCUPIED BY H. F. REED.)

cabin seemed so spacious and comfortable after the squalor of "the camp," that Thomas Lincoln did no further work on it for a long time. He left it for a year or two without doors, or windows, or floor. The battle for existence allowed him no time for superfluities like these. He raised enough corn to support life; the dense forest around him abounded in every form of feathered game; a little way from his cabin an open glade was full of deer-licks, and an hour or two of idle waiting was generally rewarded by a shot at a fine deer, which would furnish meat for a week, and

when his only home was the half-faced camp, says, "I tell you, Billy, I enjoyed myself better then than I ever have since." But we may distrust the reminiscences of old settlers, who see their youth through a rosy mist of memory. The life was neither enjoyable nor wholesome. The rank woods were full of malaria, and singular epidemics from time to time ravaged the settlements. In the autumn of 1818 the little community of Pigeon Creek was almost exterminated by a frightful pestilence called the milk-sickness, or in the dialect of the country "the milk-sick." It is a mys-

terious disease which has been the theme of endless wrangling among Western physicians, and the difficulty of ascertaining anything about it has been greatly increased by the local sensitiveness which forbids any one to admit that any well-defined case has ever been seen in his neighborhood, "although just over the creek, or in the next county, they have had it bad." It seems to have been a malignant form of fever—attributed variously to malaria and to the eating of poisonous herbs by the cattle—attacking cattle as well as human beings, attended with violent retching and a burning sensation in the stomach, often terminating fatally on the third day. In many cases those who apparently recovered lingered for years with health seriously impaired. Among the pioneers of Pigeon Creek, so ill-fed, ill-housed, and uncared for, there was little prospect of recovery from such a grave disorder. The Sparrows, husband and wife, died early in October, and Nancy Hanks Lincoln followed them after an interval of a few days. Thomas Lincoln made the coffins for his dead "out of green lumber cut with a whip-saw," and they were all buried, with scant ceremony, in a little clearing of the forest. It is related of little Abraham, that he sorrowed most of all that his mother should have been laid away with such maimed rites, and that he contrived several months later to have a wandering preacher named David Elkin brought to the settlement, to deliver a



Jesse Head D. M. E. C.

PORTRAIT OF JESSE HEAD, DRACON METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, WHO MARRIED THOMAS LINCOLN AND NANCY HANKS. (AFTER A SILHOUETTE BY RUDOLPH BOCCOSSINI, IN POSSESSION OF E. T. DURRETT, ESQ.)

funeral sermon over her grave, already stiff and white with the early winter snows.*

This was the dreariest winter of his life, for before the next December came his father had brought from Kentucky a new wife, who was to change the lot of all the desolate little family very much for the better. Sarah Bush had been an acquaintance of Thomas Lincoln before his first marriage; she had, it is said, rejected him to marry one Johnston, the jailer at Elizabethtown, who had died, leaving her with three children, a boy and two girls. When Lincoln's widowhood had lasted a year, he went down to Elizabethtown to begin again the wooing broken off so many years before. He wasted no time in preliminaries, but promptly made his wishes known, and the next morning they were married. It was growing late in the autumn, and the pioneer probably dreaded another lonely winter on Pigeon Creek. Mrs. Johnston was not altogether portionless. She had a store of household goods which filled a four-horse wagon, borrowed of Ralph Krume, Thomas Lincoln's brother-in-law, to transport the bride to In-



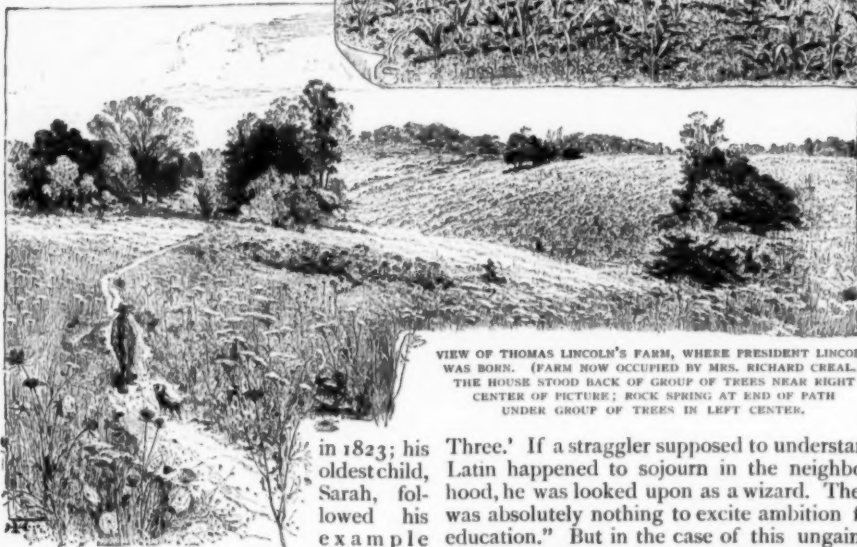
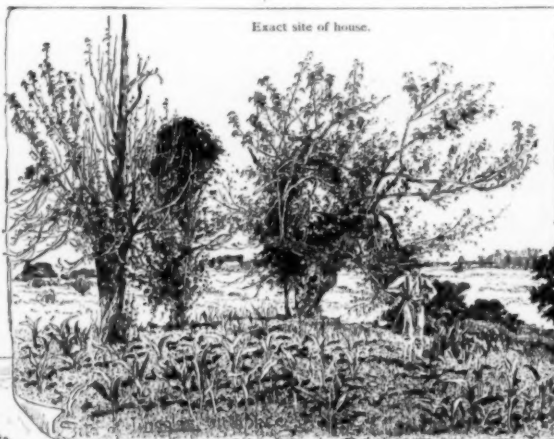
AUSTIN GOLLAHER. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WYBRANT.)

* A stone has been placed over the site of the grave by Mr. P. E. Studebaker of South Bend, Indiana. The stone bears the following inscription: "Nancy Hanks Lincoln, mother of President Lincoln, died October 5th, A. D. 1818, aged 35 years. Erected by a friend of her martyred son, 1879."

diana. It took little time for this energetic and honest Christian woman to make her influence felt, even in these discouraging surroundings, and Thomas Lincoln and the children were the better for her coming all the rest of their lives. The lack of doors and floors was at once corrected. Her honest pride inspired her husband to greater thrift and industry. The goods she brought with her compelled some effort at harmony in the other fittings of the house. She dressed the children in warmer clothing and put them to sleep in comfortable beds. With this little addition to their resources the family were much improved in appearance, behavior, and self-respect.

Thomas Lincoln joined the Baptist church at Little Pigeon

Lincoln, in one of those rare bits of autobiography which he left behind him, "with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There were some schools so called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond 'readin', writin', and cypherin' to the Rule of



VIEW OF THOMAS LINCOLN'S FARM, WHERE PRESIDENT LINCOLN WAS BORN. (FARM NOW OCCUPIED BY MRS. RICHARD CREAL.) THE HOUSE STOOD BACK OF GROUP OF TREES NEAR RIGHT CENTER OF PICTURE; ROCK SPRING AT END OF PATH UNDER GROUP OF TREES IN LEFT CENTER.

in 1823; his oldest child, Sarah, followed his example three years later. They were known as active and consistent members of that communion. Lincoln was himself a good carpenter when he chose to work at his trade; a walnut table made by him is still preserved as part of the furniture of the church to which he belonged.*

Such a woman as Sarah Bush could not be careless of so important a matter as the education of her children, and they made the best use of the scanty opportunities the neighborhood afforded. "It was a wild region," writes Mr.

'Three.' If a straggler supposed to understand Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education." But in the case of this ungainly boy there was no necessity of any external incentive. A thirst for knowledge as a means of rising in the world was innate in him. It had



HOUSE WHERE PRESIDENT LINCOLN WAS BORN. (FROM A SKETCH FROM MEMORY, IN POSSESSION OF R. T. DURRETT, ESQ.)

* MS. letter from Rev. T. V. Robertson, pastor of the Little Pigeon Baptist church.

nothing to do with that love of science for its own sake which has been so often seen in lowly savants, who have sacrificed their lives to the pure desire of knowing the works of God. All the little learning he ever acquired he seized as a tool to better his condition. He learned his letters that he might read books and see how men in the great world outside of his woods had borne themselves in

logs, as distinguished from the more aristocratic "split logs," with earthen floors, and small holes for windows, sometimes illuminated by as much light as could penetrate through panes of paper greased with lard. The teachers were usually in keeping with their primitive surroundings. The profession offered no rewards sufficient to attract men of education or capacity. After a few months of



VIEW OF ROCK SPRING ON THE THOMAS LINCOLN FARM NEAR THE HOUSE WHERE THE PRESIDENT WAS BORN.

the fight for which he longed. He learned to write, first, that he might have an accomplishment his playmates had not; then that he might help his elders by writing their letters, and enjoy the feeling of usefulness which this gave him; and finally that he might copy what struck him in his reading and thus make it his own for future use. He learned to cipher certainly from no love of mathematics, but because it might come in play in some more congenial business than the farm-work which bounded the horizon of his contemporaries. Had it not been for that interior spur which kept his clear spirit at its task, his schools could have done little for him; for, counting his attendance under Riney and Hazel in Kentucky, and under Dorsey, Crawford, and Swaney in Indiana, it amounted to less than a year in all. The schools were much alike. They were held in deserted cabins of round

desultory instruction young Abraham knew all that these vagrant literati could teach him. His last school-days were passed with one Swaney in 1826, who taught at a distance of four and a half miles from the Lincoln cabin. The nine miles of walking doubtless seemed to Thomas Lincoln a waste of time, and the lad was put at steady work and saw no more of school.

But it is questionable whether he lost anything by being deprived of the ministrations of the backwoods dominies. When his tasks ended, his studies became the chief pleasure of his life. In all the intervals of his work—in which he never took delight, knowing well enough that he was born for something better than that—he read, wrote, and ciphered incessantly. His reading was naturally limited by his opportunities, for books were among the rarest of luxuries in that region and time. But he read everything he could lay his hands

upon, and he was certainly fortunate in the few books of which he became the possessor. It would hardly be possible to select a better handful of classics for a youth in his circumstances than the few volumes he turned with a nightly and daily hand — the Bible, Æsop's Fables, Robinson Crusoe, The Pilgrim's Progress, a History of the United States, and Weems's Life of Washington. These were the best, and these he read over and over till he knew them almost by heart. But his voracity for anything printed was insatiable. He would sit in the twilight and read a dictionary

to think of this great-spirited child, battling year after year against his evil star, wasting his ingenuity upon devices and makeshifts, his high intelligence starving for want of the simple appliances of education which are now offered gratis to the poorest and most indifferent. He did a man's work from the time he left school; his strength and stature were already far beyond those of ordinary men. He wrought his appointed tasks ungrudgingly, though without enthusiasm; but when his employer's day was over, his own began.

John Hanks says: "When Abe and I re-



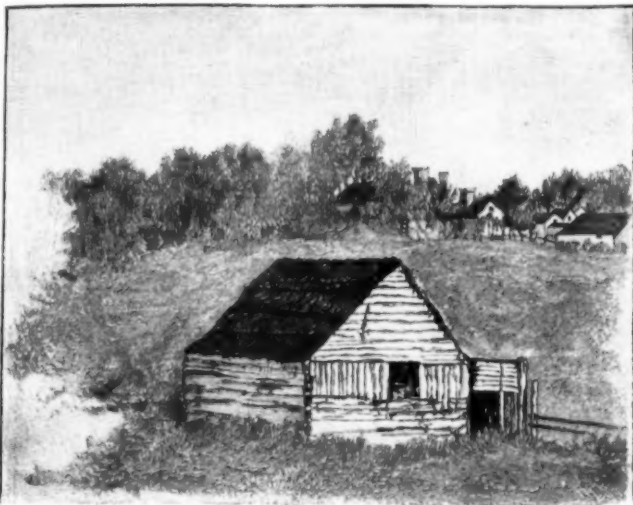
HODGEN'S MILL AND DAM ON MAIN NOLIN CREEK, THREE MILES FROM LINCOLN'S BIRTHPLACE; TOWN OF HODGENSVILLE IN THE BACKGROUND.

as long as he could see. He used to go to David Turnham's, the town constable, and devour the Revised Statutes of Indiana, as boys in our day do the Three Guardsmen. Of the books he did not own he took voluminous notes, filling his copy-book with choice extracts, and poring over them until they were fixed in his memory. He could not afford to waste paper upon his own original compositions. He would sit by the fire at night and cover the wooden shovel with essays and arithmetical exercises, which he would shave off and begin again. It is touching

turned to the house from work he would go to the cupboard, snatch a piece of corn-bread, take down a book, sit down, cock his legs up as high as his head, and read."* The picture may be lacking in grace, but its truthfulness is beyond question. The habit remained with him always. Some of his greatest work in later years was done in this grotesque Western fashion,—"sitting on his shoulder-blades."

Otherwise his life at this time differed little from that of ordinary farm-hands. His great strength and intelligence made him a valu-

* Lamon, p. 37.

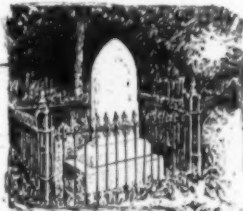


CABIN WHICH FORMERLY STOOD ON RACE STREET, NORTH OF THE BRIDGE OVER VALLEY CREEK, ELIZABETHTOWN. (DRAWN BY GEORGE L. FRANKENSTEIN FROM NATURE, IN 1865, WHEN TRADITION SAID IT WAS THE DWELLING OF THOMAS LINCOLN AFTER HIS FIRST MARRIAGE.)

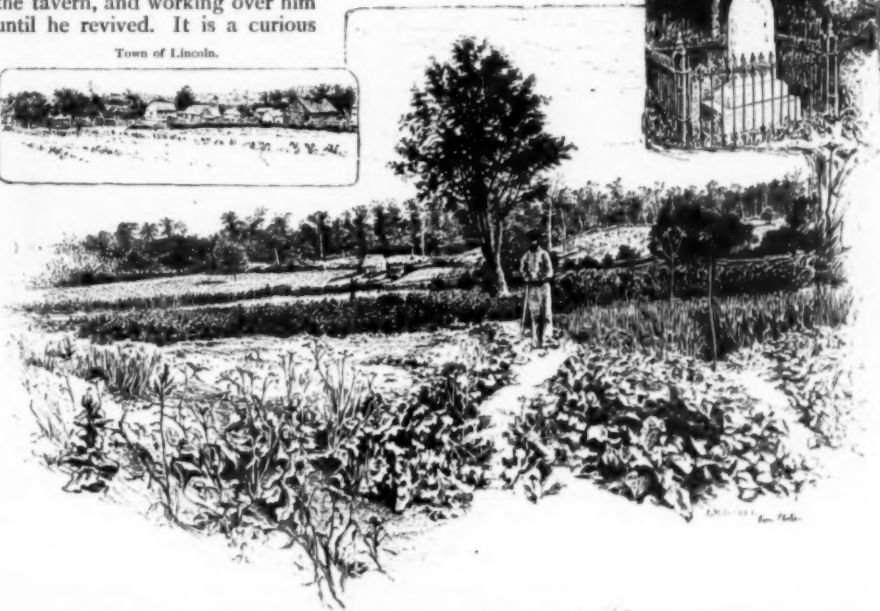
able laborer, and his unfailing good temper and flow of rude rustic wit rendered him the most agreeable of comrades. He was always ready with some kindly act or word for others. Once he saved the life of the town drunkard, whom he found freezing by the roadside, by carrying him in his strong arms to the tavern, and working over him until he revived. It is a curious

fact that this act of common humanity was regarded as something remarkable in the neighborhood; the grateful sot himself always said "it was mighty clever of Abe to tote me so far that cold night." It was also considered an eccentricity that he hated and preached against cruelty to animals. Some of his comrades remember still his bursts of righteous wrath, when a boy, against the wanton murder of turtles and other creatures. He was evidently of better and finer clay than his fellows, even in those wild and ignorant days. At home he was the life of the singularly assorted household, which consisted, besides his parents and himself, of his sister, Mrs. Lincoln's two girls and boy, Dennis Hanks, the

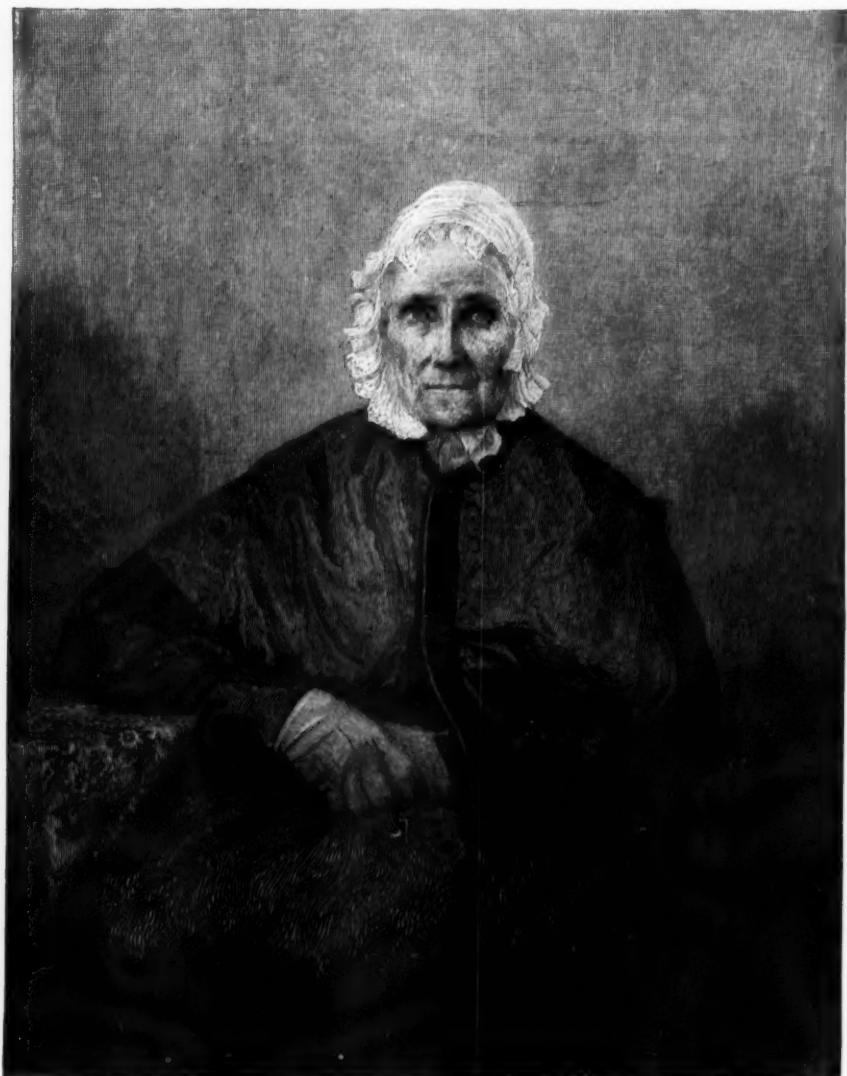
Grave of Lincoln's Mother.



Town of Lincoln.



THOMAS LINCOLN FARM, SPENCER COUNTY, INDIANA, NEAR THE TOWN OF LINCOLN AND GENTREVILLE. THE FIGURE OF A MAN STANDS ON THE SITE OF THE CABIN.



Engraved by T. Johnson.

After a photograph in possession of William H. Herndon, Esq.

SARAH BUSH LINCOLN AT THE AGE OF SEVENTY-SIX, STEPMOTHER OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

legacy of the dying Sparrow family, and John Hanks (son of the carpenter Joseph with whom Thomas Lincoln learned his trade), who came from Kentucky several years after the others. It was probably as much the inexhaustible good nature and kindly helpfulness of young Abraham which kept the peace among all these heterogeneous elements, effervescing with youth and confined in a one-roomed cabin, as it was the Christian sweetness and firmness of the

woman of the house. It was a happy and united household: brothers and sisters and cousins living peacefully under the gentle rule of the good stepmother, but all acknowledging from a very early period the supremacy in goodness and cleverness of their big brother Abraham. Mrs. Lincoln, not long before her death, gave striking testimony of his winning and loyal character. She said to Mr. Herndon:* "I can

* Lamon, p. 39.

say, what scarcely one mother in a thousand can say, Abe never gave me a cross word or look, and never refused in fact or appearance to do anything I asked him. His mind and mine—what little I had—seemed to run together.

I had a son John, who was raised with Abe. Both were good boys, but I must say, both now being dead, that Abe was the best boy I ever saw or expect to see." Such were the beginnings of this remarkable career, sacred, as we see, from childhood to duty and to human kindliness.

We are making no claim of early saintship for him. He was merely a good boy, with sufficient wickedness to prove his humanity. One of his employers, undazzled by recent history, faithfully remembers that young Abe liked his dinner and his pay better than his work: there is surely nothing alien to ordinary mortality in this. It is also reported that he sometimes impeded the celerity of harvest operations by making burlesque speeches, or worse than that, comic sermons, from the top of some tempting stump, to the delight of the hired hands and the exasperation of the farmer. His budding talents as a writer were not always used discreetly. He was too much given to scribbling coarse satires and chronicles, in prose, and in something which had to him and his friends the air of verse. From this arose occasional heart-burnings and feuds, in which Abraham bore his part according to the custom of the country. Despite his Quaker ancestry and his natural love of peace, he was no non-resistant, and when he once entered upon a quarrel the opponent usually had the worst of it. But he was generous and placable, and some of his best friends were those with whom he had had differences, and had settled them in the way then prevalent,—in a ring of serious spectators, calmly and critically chewing their cuds under the shade of some spreading oak, at the edge of the timber.

Before we close our sketch of this period of Lincoln's life, it may not be amiss to glance for a moment at the state of society among the people with whom his lot was cast in these important years.

In most respects there had been little moral or material improvement since the early settlement of the country. Their houses were usually of one room, built of round logs with the bark on. We have known a man to gain the sobriquet of "Split-log Mitchell" by indulging in the luxury of building a cabin of square-hewn timbers. Their dress was still mostly of tanned deer-hide, a material to the last degree uncomfortable when the wearer was caught in a shower. Their shoes were of the same, and a good Western authority calls a wet moccasin "a decent way of going

barefoot." About the time, however, when Lincoln grew to manhood, garments of wool and of tow began to be worn, dyed with the juice of the butternut or white walnut, and the hides of neat-cattle began to be tanned. But for a good while it was only the women who indulged in these novelties. There was little public worship. Occasionally an itinerant preacher visited a county, and the settlers for miles around would go nearly in mass to the meeting. If a man was possessed of a wagon, the family rode luxuriously; but as a rule the men walked and the women went on horseback with the little children in their arms. It was considered no violation of the sanctities of the occasion to carry a rifle and take advantage of any game which might be stirring during the long walk. Arriving at the place of meeting, which was some log cabin if the weather was foul, or the shade of a tree if it was fair, the assembled worshippers threw their provisions into a common store and picnicked in neighborly companionship. The preacher would then take off his coat, and go at his work with an energy unknown to our days.

There were few other social meetings. Men came together for "raisings," where a house was built in a day; for "log-rollings," where tons of excellent timber were piled together and wastefully burned; for wolf-hunts, where a tall pole was erected in the midst of a prairie or clearing, and a great circle of hunters formed around it, sometimes of miles in diameter, which, gradually contracting with shouts and yells, drove all the game in the woods together at the pole for slaughter; and for horse-races, which bore little resemblance to those magnificent exhibitions which are the boast of Kentucky at this time. In these affairs the women naturally took no part; but weddings, which were entertainments scarcely less rude and boisterous, were their own peculiar province. These festivities lasted rarely less than twenty-four hours. The guests assembled in the morning. There was a race for the whisky bottle; a midday dinner; an afternoon of rough games and outrageous practical jokes; a supper and dance at night, interrupted by the successive withdrawals of the bride and groom, attended with ceremonies and jests of more than Rabelaisian crudeness; and a noisy dispersal next day.

The one point at which they instinctively clung to civilization was their regard for law and reverence for courts of justice. Yet these were of the simplest character and totally devoid of any adventitious accessories. An early jurist of the country writes:* "I was Circuit Prosecuting Attorney at the time of the trials at the falls of Fall Creek, where

* O. H. Smith, "Early Indiana Trials," p. 285.

Pendleton now stands. Four of the prisoners were convicted of murder, and three of them hupg for killing Indians. The court was held in a double log cabin, the grand jury sat upon a log in the woods, and the foreman signed the bills of indictment, which I had prepared, upon his knee; there was not a petit juror that had shoes on; all wore moccasins, and were belted around the waist, and carried side-knives used by the hunters." Yet amidst all this apparent savagery we see justice was done, and the law vindicated even against the bitterest prejudices of these pioneer jurymen.

They were full of strange superstitions. The belief in witchcraft had long ago passed away with the smoke of the fagots from old and New England, but it survived far into this century in Kentucky and the lower halves of Indiana and Illinois,—touched with a peculiar tinge of African magic. The pioneers believed in it for good and evil. Their veterinary practice was mostly by charms and incantations; and when a person believed himself bewitched, a shot at the image of the witch with a bullet melted out of a half-dollar was the favorite curative agency. Luck was an active divinity in their apprehension, powerful for blessing or bane, announced by homely signs, to be placated by quaint ceremonies. A dog crossing the hunter's path spoiled his day, unless he instantly hooked his little fingers together, and pulled till the animal disappeared.* They were familiar with the ever-recurring mystification of the witch-hazel, or divining-rod; and the "cure by faith" was as well known to them as it has since become in a more sophisticated state of society. The commonest occurrences were heralds of death and doom. A bird lighting in a window, a dog baying at certain hours, the cough of a horse in the direction of a child, the sight, or worse still, the touch of a dead snake, heralded domestic woe. A wagon driving past the house with a load of baskets was a warning of atmospheric disturbance. A vague and ignorant astronomy governed their plantings and sowings, the breeding of their cattle, and all farm-work. They must fell trees for fence-rails before noon, and in the waxing of the moon. Fences built when there was no moon † would give way; but that was the proper season for planting potatoes and other vegetables whose fruit grows underground; those which bear their product in the air must be planted when the moon shone. The magical power of the moon was wide in its influence; it extended to the most minute details of life.

Among these people, and in all essential respects one of them, Abraham Lincoln passed his childhood and youth. He was not re-

markably precocious. His mind was slow in acquisition, and his powers of reasoning and rhetoric improved constantly to the end of his life, at a rate of progress marvelously regular and sustained. But there was that about him, even at the age of nineteen years, which might well justify his admiring friends in presaging for him an unusual career. He had read every book he could find, and could "spell down" the whole county at their orthographical contests. By dint of constant practice he had acquired an admirably clear and serviceable handwriting. He occasionally astounded his companions by such glimpses of occult science as that the world is round and that the sun is relatively stationary. He wrote, for his own amusement and edification, essays on politics, of which gentlemen of standing who had been favored with a perusal said with authority, at the cross-roads grocery, "The world can't beat it." One or two of these compositions got into print and vastly increased the author's local fame. He was also a magnanimous boy, with a larger and kindlier spirit than common. His generosity, courage, and capability of discerning two sides to a dispute, were remarkable even then, and won him the admiration of those to whom such qualities were unknown. But perhaps after all the thing which gained and fixed his mastery over his fellows was to a great degree his gigantic stature and strength. He attained his full growth, six feet and four inches, two years before he came of age. He rarely met with a man he could not easily handle. His strength is still a tradition in Spencer County. ‡ One aged man says that he has seen him "pick up and carry away a chicken-house weighing six hundred pounds." At another time, seeing some men preparing a contrivance for lifting some large posts, Abe quickly shouldered the posts and took them where they were needed. One of his employers says, "He could sink an axe deeper into wood than any man I ever saw." With strength like this and a brain to direct it, a man was a born leader in that country and at that time.

There are, of course, foolish stories extant that Abraham used to boast, and that others used to predict, that he should be President some day. The same thing is daily said of thousands of boys who will never be constables. But there is evidence that he felt too large for the life of a farm-hand on Pigeon Creek, and his thoughts naturally turned, after the manner of restless boys in the West, to the river, as the avenue of escape from the narrow life of the woods. He once asked an old friend to give him a recommendation to some steamboat on the Ohio, but desisted

* Lamon, p. 44.

† *Ib.*

‡ Lamon, p. 52.

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from his purpose on being reminded that his father had the right to dispose of his time for a year or so more. But in 1828 an opportunity offered for a little glimpse of the world outside, and the boy gladly embraced it. He was hired by Mr. Gentry, the proprietor of the neighboring village of Gentryville, to accompany his son with a flat-boat of produce to New Orleans and intermediate landings. The voyage was made successfully, and Abraham gained great credit for his management and sale of the cargo. The only important incident of the trip occurred at the plantation of Madame Duchesne, a few miles below Baton Rouge. The young merchants had tied up for the night and were asleep in the cabin, when they were aroused by shuffling footsteps, which proved to be a gang of marauding negroes, coming to rob the boat. Abraham instantly attacked them with a club, knocked several overboard and put the rest to flight; flushed with battle, he and Allen Gentry carried the war into the enemy's country, and pursued the retreating Africans some distance in the darkness. They then returned to the boat, bleeding but victorious, and hastily swung into the stream and floated down the river till daylight. Lincoln's exertions in later years for the welfare of the African race showed that this night battle had not led him to any hasty and hostile generalizations.

The next autumn, John Hanks, the steadiest and most trustworthy of the family, went to Illinois. Though an illiterate and rather dull man, he had a good deal of solidity of character and consequently some influence and consideration in the household. He settled in Macon County, and was so well pleased with the country, and especially with its admirable distribution into prairie and timber, that he sent repeated messages to his friends in Indiana to come out and join him. Thomas Lincoln was always ready to move. He had probably by this time despaired of ever owning any unencumbered real estate in Indiana, and the younger members of the family had little to bind them to the place where they saw nothing in the future but hard work and poor living. Thomas Lincoln handed over his farm to Mr. Gentry, sold his crop of corn and hogs, packed his household goods and those of his children and sons-in-law into a single wagon, drawn by two yoke of oxen, the combined wealth of himself and Dennis Hanks, and started for the new State. His daughter Sarah or Nancy, for she was called by both names, who married Aaron Grigsby a few years before, had died in childbirth. The emigrating family consisted of the Lincolns, John Johnston, Mrs. Lincoln's son, and

her daughters, Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Hanks, with their husbands.

Two weeks of weary tramping through forest roads and muddy prairie, and the dangerous fording of streams swollen by the February thaws, brought the party to John Hanks's place near Decatur. He met them with a frank and energetic welcome. He had already selected a piece of ground for them a few miles from his own, and had the logs ready for their house. They numbered men enough to build without calling in their neighbors, and immediately put up a cabin on the north fork of the Sangamon River. The family thus housed and sheltered, one more bit of filial work remained for Abraham before assuming his virile independence. With the assistance of John Hanks, he plowed fifteen acres, and split, from the tall walnut-trees of the primeval forest, enough rails to surround them with a fence. Little did either dream, while engaged in this work, that the day would come when the appearance of John Hanks in a public meeting, with two of these rails on his shoulder, would electrify a State convention, and kindle throughout the country a contagious and unreasoning enthusiasm, whose results would reach to endless generations.

III.

ILLINOIS IN 1830.

THE Lincolns arrived in Illinois just in time to entitle themselves to be called pioneers. When, in after years, associations of "Old Settlers" began to be formed in Central Illinois, the qualification for membership agreed upon by common consent was a residence in the country before "the winter of the deep snow." This was in 1830-31, a season of such extraordinary severity that it has formed for half a century a recognized date in the middle counties of Illinois, among those to whom in those days diaries and journals were unknown. The snowfall began in the Christmas holidays and continued until the snow was three feet deep on level ground. Then came a cold rain, freezing as it fell until a thick crust of ice gathered over the snow. The weather became intensely cold, the mercury sinking to twelve degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, and remaining there for two weeks.* The storm came on with such suddenness that all who were abroad had great trouble in reaching their homes, and many perished. One man† relates that he and a friend or two were out in a hunting party with an ox-team. They had

* Rev. J. M. Sturtevant, "Address to Old Settlers of Morgan County."

† Thomas Buckles, of McLean County.

collected a wagon-load of game and were on their way home when the storm struck them. After they had gone four miles they were compelled to abandon their wagon; the snow fell in heavy masses "as if thrown from a scoop-shovel"; arriving within two miles of their habitation, they were forced to trust to the instinct of their animals and reached home hanging to the tails of their steers. Not all were so fortunate. Some were found weeks afterwards in the snow-drifts, their flesh gnawed by famished wolves; and the fate of others was unknown until the late spring sunshine revealed their resting-places. To those who escaped, the winter was tedious and terrible. It is hard for us to understand the isolation to which such weather condemns the pioneer. For weeks they remained in their cabins hoping for some mitigation of the frost. When at last they were driven out by the fear of famine, the labor of establishing communications was enormous. They finally made roads by "wallowing through the snow," as an Illinois historian expresses it,* and going patiently over the same track until the snow was trampled hard and rounded like a turnpike. These roads lasted far into the spring, when the snow had melted from the plains, and wound for miles like threads of silver over the rich black loam of the prairies. After that winter game was never again so plentiful in the State. Much still remained, of course, but it never recovered entirely from the rigors of that season and the stupid enterprise of the pioneer hunters, who, when they came out of their snow-beleaguered cabins, began chasing and killing the starved deer by herds. It was easy work; the crust of the snow was strong enough to bear the weight of men and dogs, but the slender hoofs of the deer would after a few bounds pierce the treacherous surface. This destructive slaughter went on until the game grew too lean to be worth the killing. All sorts of wild animals grew scarce from that winter. Old settlers say that the slow cowardly breed of prairie wolves, which used to be caught and killed as readily as sheep, disappeared about that time and none but the fleet and stronger survived.†

Only once since then has nature shown such extravagant severity in Illinois, and that was on a day in the winter of 1836, known to Illinoisans as "the sudden change." At noon on the 20th of December, after a warm and rainy morning, the ground being covered with mud and slush, the temperature fell instantly forty degrees. A man riding into Springfield for a marriage license says a roaring and crackling wind came upon him and the rain drops drip-

ping from his bridle-reins and beard changed in a second into jingling icicles. He rode hastily into the town and arrived in a few minutes at his destination; but his clothes were frozen like sheet iron, and man and saddle had to be taken into the house together to be thawed apart. Geese and chickens were caught by the feet and wings and frozen to the wet ground. A drove of a thousand hogs, which were being driven to St. Louis, rushed together for warmth, and became piled in a great heap. Those inside smothered and those outside froze, and the ghastly pyramid remained there on the prairie for weeks: the drovers barely escaped with their lives. Men killed their horses, disemboweled them, and crept into the cavity of their bodies to escape the murderous wind.‡

The pioneer period of Illinois was ending as Thomas Lincoln and his tall boy drove their ox-cart over the Indiana line. The population of the State had grown to 157,447. It still clung to the wooded borders of the water-courses; scattered settlements were to be found all along the Mississippi and its affluents, from where Cairo struggled for life in the swamps of the Ohio to the bustling and busy mining camps which the recent discovery of lead had brought to Galena. A line of villages from Alton to Peoria dotted the woodland which the Illinois River had stretched, like a green baldric, diagonally across the bosom of the State. Then there were long reaches of wilderness before you came to Fort Dearborn, where there was nothing as yet to give promise of that miraculous growth which was soon to make Chicago a proverb to the world. There were a few settlements in the fertile region called the Military Tract; the southern part of the State was getting itself settled here and there. People were coming in freely to the Sangamon country. But a grassy solitude stretched from Galena to Chicago, and the upper half of the State generally was a wilderness. The earlier emigrants, principally of the poorer class of Southern farmers, shunned the prairies with something of a superstitious dread. They preferred to pass the first years of their occupation in the wasteful and laborious work of clearing a patch of timber for corn, rather than enter upon those rich savannas which were ready to break into fertility at the slightest provocation of culture. Even so late as 1835, writes Mr. J. F. Speed, "no one dreamed the prairies would ever be occupied." It was thought they would be

‡ Although all inhabitants of Sangamon County are acquainted with these facts, and we have often heard them and many others like them from the lips of eye-witnesses, we have preferred to cite only those which are given in the careful and conscientious compilation entitled "The Early Settlers of Sangamon County," by the Rev. John Carroll Power.

* Power, "Early Settlers of Sangamon County," p. 62.

† "Old Times in McLean County," p. 414.

used perpetually as grazing-fields for stock. For years the long processions of "movers" wound over those fertile and neglected plains, taking no hint of the wealth suggested by the rank luxuriance of vegetable growth around them, the carpet of brilliant flowers spread over the verdant knolls, the strong, succulent grass that waved in the breeze, full of warm and vital odor, as high as the waist of a man. In after years, when the emigration from the Northern and Eastern States began to pour in, the prairies were rapidly taken up, and the relative growth and importance of the two sections of the State were immediately reversed. Governor Ford, writing about 1847, attributes this result to the fact that the best class of Southern people were slow to emigrate to a State where they could not take their slaves; while the settlers from the North, not being debarred by the State Constitution from bringing their property with them, were of a different class. "The northern part of the State was settled in the first instance by wealthy farmers, enterprising merchants, millers, and manufacturers. They made farms, built mills, churches, school-houses, towns, and cities, and constructed roads and bridges as if by magic; so that although the settlements in the southern part of the State are from twenty to fifty years in advance on the score of age, yet are they ten years behind in point of wealth and all the appliances of a higher civilization."*

At the time which we are specially considering, however, the few inhabitants of the south and the center were principally from what came afterwards to be called the border slave States. They were mostly a simple, neighborly, unambitious people, contented with their condition, living upon plain fare, and knowing not much of anything better. Luxury was, of course, unknown; even wealth, if it existed, could procure few of the comforts of refined life. But there was little or no money in circulation. Exchanges were effected by the most primitive forms of barter, and each family must rely chiefly upon itself for the means of living. The neighbors would lend a hand in building a cabin for a newcomer; after that he must in most cases shift for himself. Many a man coming from an old community, and imperfectly appreciating the necessities of pioneer life, has found suddenly, on the approach of winter, that he must learn to make shoes or go barefoot. The furniture of their houses was made with an axe from the trees of the forest. Their clothing was all made at home. The buckskin days were over to a great extent, though an occasional hunting-shirt and pair of moccasins were still seen. But flax and hemp had

begun to be cultivated, and as the wolves were killed off the sheep-folds increased, and garments resembling those of civilization were spun and woven, and cut and sewed, by the women of the family. When a man had a suit of jeans colored with butternut-juice, and his wife a dress of linsey, they could appear with the best at a wedding or a quilting frolic. The superfluous could not have been said to exist in a community where men made their own buttons, where women dug roots in the woods to make their tea with, where many children never saw a stick of candy until after they were grown. The only sweetmeats known were those a skillful cook could compose from the honey plundered from the hollow oaks where the wild bees had stored it. Yet there was withal a kind of rude plenty; the woods swarmed with game, and after swine began to be raised, there was the bacon and hoe-cake which any south-western farmer will say is good enough for a king. The greatest privation was the lack of steel implements. His axe was as precious to the pioneer as his sword to the knight errant. Governor Reynolds speaks of the panic felt in his father's family when the axe was dropped into a stream. A battered piece of tin was carefully saved and smoothed, and made into a grater for green corn.

They had their own amusements, of course; no form of society is without them, from the anthropoid apes to the Jockey Club. As to the grosser and ruder shapes taken by the diversions of the pioneers, we will let Mr. Herndon speak—their contemporary annalist and ardent panegyrist: "These men could shave a horse's mane and tail, paint, disfigure, and offer it for sale to the owner. They could hoop up in a hog'shead a drunken man, they themselves being drunk, put in and nail fast the head, and roll the man down hill a hundred feet or more. They could run down a lean and hungry wild pig, catch it, heat a ten-plate stove-furnace hot, and putting in the pig, could cook it, they dancing the while a merry jig." Wild oats of this kind seem hardly compatible with a harvest of civilization, but it is contended that such of these roysterers as survived their stormy beginnings became decent and serious citizens. Indeed, Mr. Herndon insists that even in their hot youth they showed the promise of goodness and piety. "They attended church, heard the sermon, wept and prayed, shouted, got up and fought an hour, and then went back to prayer, just as the spirit moved them."† The camp-meeting may be said, with no irreverent intention, to have been their principal means of intellectual

* "History of Illinois," p. 280.

† William H. Herndon's speech at Old Settlers' Meeting, Menard County.

excitement. The circuit preachers were for a long time the only circulating medium of thought and emotion that kept the isolated settlements from utter spiritual stagnation. They were men of great physical and moral endurance, absolutely devoted to their work, which they pursued in the face of every hardship and discouragement. Their circuits were frequently so great in extent that they were forced to be constantly on the route; what reading they did was done in the saddle. They received perhaps fifty dollars from the missionary fund and half as much more from their congregations, paid for the most part in necessities of life.* Their oratory was suited to their longitude, and was addressed exclusively to the emotions of their hearers. It was often very effective, producing shouts and groans and genuflections among the audience at large, and terrible convulsions among the more nervous and excitable. We hear sometimes of a whole congregation prostrated as by a hurricane, flinging their limbs about in furious contortions, with wild outcries. To this day some of the survivors of that period insist that it was the spirit of the Almighty, and nothing less, that thus manifested itself. The minister, however, did not always share in the delirium of his hearers. Governor Reynolds tells us of a preacher in Sangamon County, who, before his sermon, had set a wolf-trap in view of his pulpit. In the midst of his exhortations his keen eyes saw the distant trap collapse, and he continued in the same intonation with which he had been preaching, "Mind the text, brethren, till I go kill that wolf!" With all the failings and eccentricities of this singular class of men, they did a great deal of good, and are entitled to especial credit among those who conquered the wilderness. The emotions they excited did not all die away in the shouts and contortions of the meeting. Not a few of the cabins in the clearings were the abode of a fervent religion and an austere morality. Many a traveler, approaching a rude hut in the woods in the gathering twilight, distrusting the gaunt and silent family who gave him an unsmiling welcome, the bare interior, the rifles and knives conspicuously displayed, has felt his fears vanish when he sat down to supper, and the master of the house, in a few fervent words, invoked the blessing of heaven on the meal.

There was very little social intercourse; a visit was a serious matter, involving the expenditure of days of travel. It was the custom among families, when the longing for the sight of kindred faces was too strong to withstand, to move in a body to the distant settlement

* "Old Times in McLean County," p. 194.

where their relatives lived and remain with them for a month at a time. The claims of consanguinity were more regarded than now. Almost the only festivities were those which accompanied weddings, and these were, of course, of a primitive kind. The perils and adventures through which the young pioneers went to obtain their brides furnish forth thousands of tales by Western firesides. Instead of taking the rosy daughter of a neighbor, the enterprising bachelor would often go back to Kentucky, and pass through as many adventures in bringing his wife home as a returning crusader would meet between Beirut and Vienna. If she was a young woman who respected herself, the household gear she would insist on bringing would entail an Iliad of embarrassments. An old farmer of Sangamon County still talks of a feather-bed weighing fifty-four pounds with which his wife made him swim six rivers under penalty of desertion.

It was not always easy to find a competent authority to perform the ceremony. A justice in McLean County lived by the bank of a river, and his services were sometimes required by impatient lovers on the other bank when the waters were too torrential to cross. In such cases, being a conscientious man, he always insisted that they should ride into the stream far enough for him to discern their features, holding torches to their faces by night and by storm. The wooing of those days was prompt and practical. There was no time for the gradual approaches of an idler and more conventional age. It is related of one Stout, one of the legendary Nimrods of Illinois, who was well and frequently married, that he had one unailing formula of courtship. He always promised the ladies whose hearts he was besieging that "they should live in the timber where they could pick up their own firewood."

Theft was almost unknown; property, being so hard to get, was jealously guarded, as we have already noticed in speaking of the settlement of Kentucky. The pioneers of Illinois brought with them the same rigid notions of honesty which their environment maintained. A man in Macoupin County left his wagon, loaded with corn, stuck in the prairie mud for two weeks near a frequented road. When he returned he found some of his corn gone, but there was money enough tied in the sacks to pay for what was taken. Men carrying bags of silver from the towns of Illinois to St. Louis rather made a display of it, as it enhanced their own importance, and there was no fear of robbery. There were of course no locks on the cabin doors, and the early merchants sometimes left their stores unprotected for days together when they went to the nearest city to replenish their

stocks. Of course there were rare exceptions to this rule, but a single theft alarmed and excited a whole neighborhood. When a crime was traced home, the family of the criminal were generally obliged to remove.

There were still, even so late as the time to which we are referring, two alien elements in the population of the State—the French and the Indians. The French settlements about Kaskaskia retained much of their national character, and the pioneers from the South who visited them or settled among them never ceased to wonder at their gayety, their peaceable industry and enterprise, and their domestic affection, which they did not care to dissemble and conceal like their shy and reticent neighbors. It was a daily spectacle, which never lost its strangeness for the Tennesseans and Kentuckians, to see the Frenchman returning from his work greeted by his wife and children with embraces of welcome "at the gate of his door-yard, and in view of all the villagers."* The natural and kindly fraternization of the Frenchmen with the Indians was also a cause of wonder to the Americans. The friendly intercourse between them, and their occasional intermarriages, seemed little short of monstrous to the ferocious exclusiveness of the Anglo-Saxon.† The Indians in the central part of Illinois cut very little figure in the reminiscences of the pioneers; they occupied much the same relation to them as the tramp to the housewife of to-day. The Winnebago war in 1827 and the Black Hawk war in 1831 disturbed only the northern portions of the State. A few scattered and vagrant lodges of Pottawatomies and Kickapoos were all the pioneers of Sangamon and neighboring counties ever met. They were spared the heroic struggle of the advance-guard of civilization in other States. A woman was sometimes alarmed by a visit from a drunken savage; poultry and pigs occasionally disappeared when they were in the neighborhood; but life was not darkened by the constant menace of massacre. A few years earlier, indeed, the relations of the two races had been more strained, as may be inferred from an act passed by the territorial Legislature in 1814, offering a reward of fifty dollars to any citizen or ranger who should kill or take any depredating Indian.‡ As only two dollars was paid for killing a wolf, it is easy to see how the pioneers regarded the forest folk in point of relative noxiousness. But ten

years later a handful only of the Kickapoos remained in Sangamon County, the specter of the vanished people. A chief named Machina came one day to a family who were clearing a piece of timber, and issued an order of eviction in these words: "Too much come white man. T'other side Sangamon." He threw a handful of dried leaves in the air to show how he would scatter the pale faces, but he never fulfilled his threats further than to come in occasionally and ask for a drink of whisky. That such trivial details are still related, only shows how barren of incident was the life of these obscure founders of a great empire. Any subject of conversation, any cause of sensation, was a godsend. When Vannoy murdered his wife in Springfield, whole families put on their best clothes and drove fifty miles through bottomless mud and swollen rivers to see him hanged.

It is curious to see how naturally in such a state of things the fabric of political society developed itself from its germ. The county of Sangamon was called by an act of the Legislature in 1821 out of a verdant solitude of half a million acres, inhabited by a few families. An election for county commissioners was ordered; three men were chosen; they came together at the cabin of John Kelly, at Spring Creek. He was a roving bachelor from North Carolina, devoted to the chase, who had built his hut three years before on the margin of this green-bordered rivulet, where the deer passed by in hundreds, going in the morning from the shady banks of the Sangamon to feed on the rich green grass of the prairie, and returning in the twilight. He was so delighted with this hunters' paradise§ that he sent for his brothers to join him. They came and brought their friends, and so it came about that in this immense county of over eight hundred square miles in extent the settlement of John Kelly at Spring Creek was the only place where there was shelter for the commissioners; and thus it became the temporary county-seat, duly described in the official report of the commissioners as "a certain point in the prairie near John Kelly's field, on the waters of Spring Creek, at a stake marked Z and D (the initials of the commissioners) to be the temporary seat of justice for said county; and we do further agree that the said county-seat be called and known by the name of Springfield"; and in this manner the future capital received that hackneyed title, when the distinctive and musical name of Sangamon was ready to their hands. The same day they agreed with John Kelly to build them a court-house, for which they paid him

* Hall's "Sketches of the West."

† Michelet notices this exclusiveness of the English, and inveighs against it in his most lyric style. "Crime contre la nature! Crime contre l'humanité! Il sera expié par la stérilité de l'esprit."

‡ "Life and Times of Ninian Edwards," p. 163.

§ Power, "Early Settlers of Sangamon County," p. 33.

forty-two dollars and fifty cents. In twenty-four days the house was built—one room of rough logs, the jury retiring to any sequestered glade they fancied for their deliberation. They next ordered the building of a jail, which cost just twice as much money as the court-house, for obvious reasons. Constables and overseers of the poor were appointed, and all the machinery of government prepared for the population which was hourly expected. It was taken for granted that malefactors would come and the constables have employment, and the poor they would have always with them, when once they began to arrive. This was only a temporary arrangement, but when, a year or two later, the time came to fix upon a permanent seat of justice for the county, the resources of the Spring Creek men were equal to the emergency. When the commissioners came to decide on the relative merits of Springfield and another site a few miles away, they led them through brake, through brier, by mud knee-deep and by water-courses so exasperating that the wearied and baffled officials declared they would seek no further, and Springfield became the county-seat for all time; and greater destinies were in store for it through means not wholly dissimilar. Nature had made it merely a pleasant hunting-ground; the craft and the industry of its first settlers made it a capital.

The courts which were held in these log huts were as rude as might be expected; yet there is evidence that although there was no superfluity of law or of learning, justice was substantially administered. The lawyers came mostly from Kentucky, though an occasional New Englander confronted and lived down the general prejudice against his region and obtained preferment. The profits of the profession were inconceivably small. One early State's Attorney* describes his first circuit as a tour of shifts and privations not unlike the wanderings of a mendicant friar. In his first county he received a fee of five dollars for prosecuting the parties to a sanguinary affray. In the next he was equally successful, but barely escaped drowning in Spoon River. In the third there were but two families at the county-seat, and no cases on the docket. Thence he journeyed across a trackless prairie sixty miles, and at Quincy had one case and gained five dollars. In Pike County our much-enduring jurist took no cash, but found a generous sheriff who entertained him without charge. "He was one of nature's noblemen, from Massachusetts," writes the grateful prosecutor. The lawyers in what was called good practice earned less than a street-sweeper to-day. It is related that the famous S. A. Douglas once traveled from

Springfield to Bloomington and made an extravagant speech, and having gained his case received a fee of five dollars.† In such a state of things it was not to be wondered at that the technicalities of law were held in somewhat less veneration than what the pioneer regarded as the essential claims of justice. The infirmities of the jury system gave them less annoyance than it gives us. Governor Ford mentions a case where a gang of horse-thieves succeeded in placing one of their confederates upon a jury which was to try them; but he was soon brought to reason by his eleven colleagues making preparations to hang him to the rafters of the jury room. The judges were less hampered by the limitations of their legal lore than by their fears of a loss of popularity as a result of too definite charges in civil suits, or too great severity in criminal cases. They grew very dexterous in avoiding any commitment as to the legal or moral bearings of the questions brought before them. They generally refused to sum up, or to comment upon evidence; when asked by the counsel to give instructions they would say, "Why, gentlemen, the jury understand this case as well as you or I. They will do justice between the parties."‡ One famous judge, who was afterwards governor, when sentencing a murderer, impressed it upon his mind, and wished him to inform his friends, that it was the jury and not the judge who had found him guilty, and then asked him on what day he would like to be hanged. It is needless to say that the bench and bar were not all of this class. There were even at that early day lawyers, and not a few, who had already won reputation in the older States, and whose names are still honored in the profession. Cook, McLean, Edwards, Kane, Thomas, Reynolds, and others, the earliest lawyers of the State, have hardly been since surpassed for learning and ability.

In a community where the principal men were lawyers, where there was as yet little commerce, and industrial enterprise was unknown, it was natural that one of the chief interests of life should be the pursuit of politics. The young State swarmed with politicians; they could be found chewing and whittling at every cross-roads inn; they were busy at every horse-race, arranging their plans and extending their acquaintance; around the burgoo-pot of the hunting party they discussed measures and candidates; they even invaded the camp-meeting and did not disdain the pulpit as a tribune. Of course there was no such thing as organization in the pioneer

* "The Good Old Times in McLean County," p. 255.

† Ford's "History of Illinois," p. 83.

* "History of Sangamon County," p. 83.

days. Men were voted for, to a great extent, independently of partisan questions affecting the nation at large, and in this way the higher offices of the State were filled for many years by men whose personal character compelled the respect and esteem of the citizens. The year 1826 is generally taken as the date which witnessed the change from personal to partisan politics, though several years more elapsed before the rule of conventions came in, which put an end to individual candidacy. In that year Mr. Cook, who had long represented the State in Congress with singular ability and purity, was defeated by Governor Duncan, the candidate of the Jackson men, on account of the vote given by Cook which elected John Quincy Adams to the Presidency. The bitter intolerance of the Jackson party naturally caused their opponents to organize against them, and there were two parties in the State from that time forward. The change in political methods was inevitable, and it is idle to deplore it; but the former system gave the better men in the new State a power and prominence which they have never since enjoyed. Such men as Governor Edwards, who came with the prestige of a distinguished family connection, a large fortune, a good education, and a distinction of manners and of dress,—ruffles, gold buttons, and fair-topped boots,—which would hardly have been pardoned a few years later; and Governor Coles, who had been private secretary to Madison, and was familiar with the courts of Europe, a man as notable for his gentleness of manners as for his nobility of nature, could never have come so readily and easily to the head of the government after the machine of the caucus had been perfected. Real ability then imposed itself with more authority upon the ignorant and unpretending politicians from the back timber; so that it is remarked by those who study the early statutes of Illinois that they are far better drawn up, better edited, than those of a later period,* when illiterate intriguants, conscious of the party strength behind them, insisted on shaping legislation according to their own fancy. The men of cultivation wielded an influence in the Legislature entirely out of proportion to their numbers, as the ruder sort of pioneers were naturally in a large majority. The type of a not uncommon class in Illinois tradition was a member from the South who could neither read nor write, and whose apparently ironical patronymic was Grammar. When first elected he had never worn anything but leather; but regarding his tattered buckskin as unfit for the garb of a lawgiver, he and his sons gathered hazelnuts enough to barter at the nearest store for

a few yards of blue strouding such as the Indians used for breech-clouts. When he came home with his purchase and had called together the women of the settlement to make his clothes, it was found that there was only material enough for a very short coat and a long pair of leggins, and thus attired he went to Kaskaskia, the territorial capital. Uncouth as was his appearance, he had in him the raw material of a politician. He invented a system—which was afterwards adopted by many whose breeches were more fashionably cut—of voting against every measure which was proposed. If it failed, the responsibility was broadly shared; if it passed and was popular, no one would care who voted against it; if it passed and did not meet the favor of the people, John Grammar could vaunt his foresight. Between the men like Coles and the men like Grammar there was a wide interval, and the average was about what the people of the State deserved and could appreciate. A legislator was as likely to suffer for doing right as for doing wrong. Governor Ford, in his admirable sketch of the early history of the State, mentions two acts of the Legislature, both of them proper and beneficial, as unequaled in their destructive influence upon the great folks of the State. One was a bill for a loan to meet the honest obligations of the commonwealth, commonly called "the Wiggins loan"; and the other was a law to prevent bulls of inferior size and breed from running at large. This latter set loose all the winds of popular fury: it was cruel, it was aristocratic; it was in the interest of rich men and pampered foreign bulls; and it ended the career of many an aspiring politician in a blast of democratic indignation and scorn. The politician who relied upon immediate and constant contact with the people certainly earned all the emoluments of office he received. His successes were hardly purchased by laborious affability. "A friend of mine," says Ford, "once informed me that he intended to be a candidate for the Legislature, but would not declare himself until just before the election, and assigned as a reason that it was so very hard to be clever for a long time at once." Before the caucus had eliminated the individual initiative, there was much more of personal feeling in elections. A vote against a man had something of offense in it, and sometimes stirred up a defeated candidate to heroic vengeance. In 1827 the Legislature elected a State treasurer after an exciting contest, and before the members had left the house the unsuccessful aspirant came in and soundly thrashed, one after the other, four of the representatives who had voted against him.† Such energy was sure

* Ford's "History of Illinois," p. 31.

† Ford, p. 81.

to meet its reward, and he was soon after made clerk of the Circuit Court. It is related by old citizens of Menard County, as a circumstance greatly to the credit of Abraham Lincoln, that when he was a candidate for the Legislature a man who wanted his vote for another place walked to the polls with him and ostentatiously voted for him, hoping to receive his vote in return. Lincoln voted against him, and the act was much admired by those who saw it.

One noticeable fact is observed in relation to the politicians of the day — their careers were generally brief. Superannuation came early. In the latter part of the last century and the first half of this, men were called old whom we should regard as in the prime of life. When the friends of Washington were first pressing the Presidency upon him in 1788, he urged his "advanced age" as an imperative reason for declining it: he was fifty-six years old. When Ninian Edwards was a candidate for Governor of Illinois in 1826, he was only fifty-one, and yet he considered it necessary in his published addresses to refer to the charge that he was too old for the place, and, while admitting the fact that he was no longer young, to urge in extenuation that there are some old things, — like old whisky, old bacon, and old friends, — which are not without their merits. Even so late as 1848, we find a remarkable letter from Mr. Lincoln, who was then in Congress, bearing upon the same point. His partner, William H. Herndon, had written him a letter, complaining that the old men in Sangamon County were unwilling to let the young ones have any opportunity to distinguish themselves. To this Lincoln answers in his usual tone of grave kindness:

"The subject of your letter is exceedingly painful to me; and I cannot but think there is some mistake in your impression of the motives of the old men. I suppose I am now one of the old men, and I declare on my veracity, which I think is good with you, that nothing could afford me more satisfaction than to learn that you and others of my young friends at home were doing battle in the contest and endearing themselves to the people and taking a stand far above any I have ever been able to reach in their admiration. I cannot conceive that other old men feel differently. Of course I cannot demonstrate what I say; but I was young once, and I am sure I was never ungenerously thrust back."

The man who thus counsels petulant youth with the experienced calmness of age was thirty-nine years old. A state of society where one could at that age call himself or be called by others an old man, is proved by that fact alone to be one of wearing hardships and early decay of the vital powers. The survivors of the pioneers stoutly insist upon the contrary view. "It was a glorious life," says one

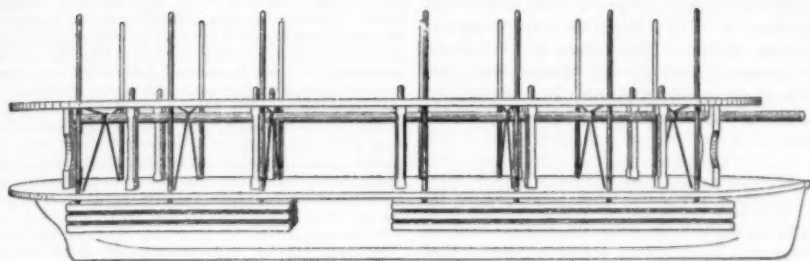
old patriarch; "men would fight for the love of it, and then shake hands and be friends; there is nothing like it now." Another says, "I never enjoy my breakfast now as I used to, when I got up and ran down a deer before I could have anything to eat." But they see the past through a rosy mist of memory, transfigured by the eternal magic of youth. The sober fact is that the life was a hard one, with few rational pleasures, few wholesome appliances. The strong ones lived, and some even attained great length of years; but to many age came early and was full of infirmity and pain. If we could go back to what our forefathers endured in clearing the Western wilderness, we could then better appreciate our obligations to them. It is detracting from the honor which is their due to say that their lives had much of happiness or comfort, or were in any respect preferable to our own.

IV.

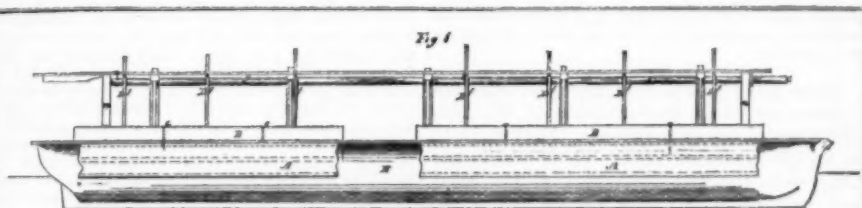
NEW SALEM.

DURING the latter part of "the winter of the deep snow," Abraham became acquainted with one Denton Offutt, an adventurous and discursive sort of merchant, with more irons in the fire than he could well manage. He wanted to take a flat-boat and cargo to New Orleans, and having heard that Hanks and Lincoln had some experience of the river, he insisted on their joining him. John Johnston was afterwards added to the party, probably at the request of his foster-brother, to share in the golden profits of the enterprise; for fifty cents a day, and a contingent dividend of twenty dollars apiece, seemed like a promise of immediate opulence to the boys. In the spring, when the rivers broke up and the melting snows began to pour in torrents down every ravine and gully, the three young men paddled down the Sangamon in a canoe to the point where Jamestown now stands; whence they walked five miles to Springfield, where Offutt had given them rendezvous. They met him at Elliott's tavern and far from happy. Amid the multiplicity of his engagements he had failed to procure a flat-boat, and the first work his new hands must do was to build one. They cut the timber, with frontier innocence, from "Congress land,"* and soon had a serviceable craft afloat, with which they descended the current of the Sangamon to New Salem, a little village which seems to have been born for the occasion, as it came into existence just before the arrival of Lincoln, flourished for seven years while he remained one of its citizens, and died soon after

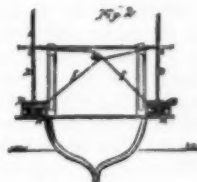
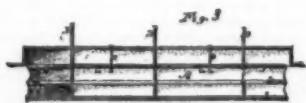
* Lamon, p. 79.



MODEL OF LINCOLN'S INVENTION IN THE PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON.



A LINCOLN'S IMP'L MANNER OF BUOYING VESSELS.—

Patented 22nd May 1849

REDUCED FAC-SIMILES OF DRAWINGS IN PATENT OFFICE.

he went away. His introduction to his fellow-citizens was effected in a peculiar and somewhat striking manner. Offutt's boat had come to serious embarrassment on Rutledge's mill-dam, and the unwonted incident brought the entire population to the water's edge. They spent a good part of the day watching the hapless flat-boat, resting midships on the dam, the forward end in the air and the stern taking in the turbid Sangamon water. Nobody knew what to do with the disaster except "the Low-oar," who is described as a gigantic youth "with his trousers rolled up some five feet," who was wading about the boat and rigging up some undescribed contrivance by which the cargo was unloaded, the boat tilted and the water let out by boring a hole through the bottom, and everything brought safely to moorings below the dam. This exploit gained for young Lincoln the enthusiastic admiration of his employer, and turned his own mind in the direction of an invention

which he afterwards patented "for lifting vessels over shoals." The model on which he obtained this patent,—a little boat whittled by his own hand in 1849, after he had become prominent as a lawyer and politician,—is still shown to visitors at the Department of the Interior. We have never learned that it has served any other purpose.

They made a quick trip down the Sangamon, the Illinois, and the Mississippi rivers. Although it was but a repetition in great part of the trip young Lincoln had made with Gentry, it evidently created a far deeper impression on his mind than the former one. The simple and honest words of John Hanks leave no doubt of this. At New Orleans, he said, they saw for the first time "negroes chained, maltreated, whipped, and scourged. Lincoln saw it; his heart bled; said nothing much, was silent, looked bad. I can say, knowing it, that it was on this trip that he formed his opinions of slavery. It run its iron in him

then and there, May, 1831. I have heard him say so often."* The sight of men in chains was intolerable to him. Ten years after this he made another journey by water with his friend Joshua Speed, of Kentucky. Writing to Speed about it after the lapse of fourteen years, he says:

"In 1841 you and I had together a tedious low-water trip on a steamboat from Louisville to St. Louis. You may remember, as I well do, that from Louisville to the mouth of the Ohio there were on board ten or a dozen slaves shackled together with irons. That sight was a continual torment to me, and I see something like it every time I touch the Ohio or any other slave border. It is not fair for you to assume that I have no interest in a thing which has, and which continually exercises, the power of making me miserable."

There have been several ingenious attempts to show the origin and occasion of Mr. Lincoln's anti-slavery convictions. They seem to us an idle waste of labor. These sentiments came with the first awakening of his mind and conscience, and were roused into active life and energy by the sight of fellow-creatures in chains on the wharf at New Orleans.

The party went up the river in the early summer, and separated in St. Louis. Abraham walked in company with John Johnston from St. Louis to Coles County, and spent a few weeks there with his father, who had made another migration the year before. His final move was to Goose Nest Prairie, where he died in 1851,† at the age of seventy-three years, after a life which, though not successful in any material or worldly point of view, was probably far happier than that of his illustrious son, being unvexed by enterprise or ambition. Abraham never lost sight of his parents. He continued to aid and befriend them in every way, even when he could ill afford it, and when his benefactions were imprudently used. He not only comforted their declining years with every aid his affection could suggest, but he did everything in his power to assist his stepbrother Johnston, a hopeless task enough. The following rigidly truthful and yet kindly letters will show how mentor-like and masterful, as well as generous, were the relations that Mr. Lincoln held to these friends and companions of his childhood:

"DEAR JOHNSTON: Your request for eighty dollars I do not think it best to comply with now. At the various times when I have helped you a little, you have said to me, 'We can get along very well now,' but in a very short time I find you in the same difficulty again. Now this can only happen by some de-

fect in your conduct. What that defect is I think I know. You are not *lazy* and still you are an *idler*. I doubt whether, since I saw you, you have done a good whole day's work in any one day. You do not very much dislike to work, and still you do not work much, merely because it does not seem to you that you could get much for it. This habit of uselessly wasting time is the whole difficulty, and it is vastly important to you, and still more so to your children, that you should break the habit. It is more important to them because they have longer to live, and can keep out of an idle habit before they are in it easier than they can get out after they are in.

"You are now in need of some money; and what I propose is that you shall go to work 'tooth and nail' for somebody who will give you money for it. Let father and your boys take charge of things at home, prepare for a crop, and make the crop; and you go to work for the best money wages, or in discharge of any debt you owe, that you can get; and to secure a fair reward for your labor, I now promise you that for every dollar you will, between this and the first of next May, get for your own labor, either in money or as discharging your own indebtedness, I will then give you one other dollar. By this, if you hire yourself at ten dollars a month, from me you will get ten more, making twenty dollars a month for your work. In this I do not mean that you shall go off to St. Louis, or the lead mines, or the gold mines in California; but I mean for you to go at it for the best wages you can get close to home, in Coles County. Now, if you will do this you will soon be out of debt, and, what is better, you will have a habit that will keep you from getting in debt again. But if I should now clear you out of debt, next year you would be just as deep in as ever. You say you would almost give your place in heaven for seventy or eighty dollars. Then you would value your place in heaven very cheap, for I am sure you can, with the offer I make, get the seventy or eighty dollars for four or five months' work. You say if I will furnish you the money you will deed me the land, and if you don't pay the money back you will deliver possession. Nonsense. If you can't live now with the land, how will you then live without it? You have always been kind to me, and I do not mean to be unkind to you. On the contrary, if you will but follow my advice, you will find it worth more than eighty times eighty dollars to you."

Here is a later epistle, still more graphic and terse in statement, which has the unusual merit of painting both confessor and penitent to the life:

"SHELBYVILLE, Nov. 4, 1851.

"DEAR BROTHER: When I came into Charleston, day before yesterday, I learned that you are anxious to sell the land where you live and move to Missouri. I have been thinking of this ever since, and cannot but think such a notion is utterly foolish. What can you do in Missouri better than here? Is the land any richer? Can you there, any more than here, raise corn and wheat and oats without work? Will anybody there, any more than here, do your work for you? If you intend to go to work, there is no better place than right where you are; if you do not intend to go to work, you cannot get along anywhere. Squirming and crawling about from place to place can do no good. You have raised no crop this year, and what you really want is to sell the land, get the money, and spend it. Part with the land you have, and, my life upon it, you will never after own a spot big enough to bury you in. Half you will get for the land you will spend in moving to Missouri, and the other half you will eat and drink and wear out, and no foot of land will be bought. Now, I feel it is my duty to have no hand in such a piece

* Lamon, p. 83.

† His grave, a mile and a half west of the town of Farmington, Illinois, is surmounted by an appropriate monument erected by his grandson, the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln.

of foolery. I feel that it is so even on your own account, and particularly on mother's account. The eastern forty acres I intend to keep for mother while she lives; if you will not cultivate it, it will rent for enough to support her; at least, it will rent for something. Her dower in the other two forties she can let you have, and no thanks to me. Now, do not misunderstand this letter. I do not write it in any unkindness. I write it in order, if possible, to get you to face the truth, which truth is, you are destitute because you have idled away all your time. Your thousand pretenses deceive nobody but yourself. Go to work is the only cure for your case."

A volume of disquisition could not put more clearly before the reader the difference between Abraham Lincoln and the common run of Southern and Western rural laborers.

(To be continued.)

He had the same disadvantages that they had. He grew up in the midst of poverty and ignorance; he was poisoned with the enervating malaria of the Western woods, as all his fellows were, and the consequences of it were seen in his character and conduct to the close of his life. But he had, what very few of them possessed any glimmering notion of, a fixed and inflexible will to succeed. He did not love work, probably, any better than John Johnston; but he had an innate self-respect, and a consciousness that his self was worthy of respect, that kept him from idleness as it kept him from all other vices, and made him a better man every year that he lived.

ON THE LIFE-MASK OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THIS bronze doth keep the very form and mold
Of our great martyr's face. Yes, this is he:
That brow all wisdom, all benignity;
That human, humorous mouth; those cheeks that hold
Like some harsh landscape all the summer's gold;
That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea
For storms to beat on; the lone agony
Those silent, patient lips too well foretold.
Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men
As might some prophet of the elder day,—
Brooding above the tempest and the fray
With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken.
A power was his beyond the touch of art
Or armed strength: It was his mighty heart.

R. W. Gilder.

THE QUESTIONER OF THE SPHINX.

BEHOLD me! with swift foot across the land,
Where desert winds are sleeping, I am come
To wrest a secret from thee; O thou, dumb,
And careless of my puny lips' command.
Cold orbs! *mine* eyes a weary world have scanned.
Slow ear! in *mine* rings ever a vexéd hum
Of sobs and strife. Of joy, *mine* earthly sum
Is buried as thy form in burning sand.
The wisdom of the nations thou hast heard;
The circling courses of the stars hast known.
Awake! Thrill! By my feverish presence stirred,
Open thy lips to still my human moan,
Breathe forth one glorious and mysterious word,
Though I should stand, in turn, transfixed,— a stone!

M. Virginia Donaghe.

THE MINISTER'S CHARGE;

OR, THE APPRENTICESHIP OF LEMUEL BARKER.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Modern Instance," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," etc.

XXVIII.

LEMUEL went through the next day in that license of revolt which every human soul has experienced in some measure at some time. We look back at it afterwards, and see it a hideous bondage.

But for the moment Lemuel rejoiced in it; and he abandoned himself boldly to thoughts that had hitherto been a furtive and trembling rapture.

In the afternoon, when he was most at leisure, he walked down to the Public Garden, and found a seat on a bench near the fountain where the Venus had shocked his inexperience the first time he saw her; he remembered that simple boy with a smile of pity, and then went back into his cloud of reverie. There, safely hid from trouble and wrong, he told his ideal how dear she was to him, and how she had shaped and governed his life, and made it better and nobler from the first moment they had met. The fumes of the romances which he had read mixed with the love-born delirium in his brain: he was no longer low, but a hero of lofty line, kept from his rightful place by machinations that had failed at last, and now he was leading her, his bride, into the ancient halls which were to be their home, and the source of beneficence and hope to all the poor and humbly-born around them. His eyes were so full of this fantastic vision, the soul of his youth dwelt so deeply within this dream-built tabernacle, that it was with a shock of anguish he saw coming up the walk towards him the young girl herself. His airy structure fell in ruins around him; he was again common and immeasurably beneath her; she was again in her own world, where, if she thought of him at all, it must be as a squalid vagabond and the accomplice of a thief. If he could have escaped, he would, but he could not move; he sat still and waited, with fallen eyes, for her to pass him.

At sight of him she hesitated and wavered; then she came towards him, and at a second impulse held out her hand, smiling with a radiant pleasure.

"I didn't know it was you, at first," she

said. "It seems so strange to see any one that I know!"

"I didn't expect to see you, either," he stammered out, getting somehow upon his feet and taking her hand, while his face burned, and he could not keep his eyes on hers; "I — didn't know you were here."

"I've only been here a few days. I'm drawing at the Museum. I've just got back. Have you been here all summer?"

"Yes — all summer. I hope you've been well — I suppose you've been away —"

"Yes, I've just got back," she repeated.

"Oh, yes! I meant that!"

She smiled at his confusion, as kindly as the ideal of his day-dream. "I've been spending the summer with Madeline, and I've spent most of it out-of-doors, sketching. Have you been well?"

"Yes — not very; oh, yes, I'm well —" She had begun to move forward with the last question, and he found himself walking with her. "Did she — has Miss Swan come back with you?" he asked, looking her in the eyes with more question than he had put into his words.

"No, I don't think she'll come back this winter," said the girl. "You know," she went on, coloring a little, "that she's married now?"

"No," said Lemuel.

"Yes. To Mr. Berry. And I have a letter from him for you."

"Was he there with you, this summer?" asked Lemuel, ignoring alike Berry's marriage and the letter from him.

"Oh, yes; of course! And I liked him better than I used to. He is very good, and if Madeline didn't have to go so far West to live! He will know how to appreciate her, and there are not many who can do that! Her father thinks he has a great deal of ability. Yes, if Madeline *had* to get married!"

She talked as if convincing and consoling herself, and there was an accent of loneliness in it all that pierced Lemuel's preoccupation; he had hardly noted how almost pathetically glad she was to see him. "You'll miss her here," he ventured.

"Oh, I don't dare to think of it!" cried the girl. "I don't know what I shall do! When I first saw you, just now, it brought up Madeline

and last winter so that it seemed too much to bear!"

They had walked out of the Garden across Charles street, and were climbing the slope of Beacon street Mall, in the Common. "I suppose," she continued, "the only way will be to work harder, and try to forget it. They wanted me to go out and stay with them; but of course I couldn't. I shall work, and I shall read. I shall not find another Madeline Swan! You must have been reading a great deal this summer, Mr. Barker," she said, in turning upon him from her bereavement. "Have you seen any of the old boarders? Or Mrs. Harmon? I shall never have another winter like that at the poor old St. Albans!"

Lemuel made what answer he could. There was happiness enough in merely being with her to have counterbalanced all the pain he was suffering; and when she made him partner of her interests and associations, and appealed to their common memories in confidence of his sympathy, his heavy heart stirred with strange joy. He had supposed that Berry must have warned her against him; but she was treating him as if he had not. Perhaps he had not, and perhaps he had done so, and this was her way of showing that she did not believe it. He tried to think so; he knew it was a subterfuge, but he lingered in it with a fleeting, fearful pleasure. They had crossed from the Common, and were walking up under the lindens of Chestnut street, and from time to time they stopped in the earnestness of their parley, and stood talking, and then loitered on again, in the summer security from oversight which they were too rapt to recognize. They reached the top of the hill, and came to a door where she stopped. He fell back a pace. "Good-bye—" It was eternal loss, but it was escape.

She smiled in timorous hesitation. "Won't you come in? And I will get Mr. Berry's letter."

She opened the door with a latch-key, and he followed her within; a servant girl came half-way up the basement stairs to see who it was, and then went down. She left him in the dim parlor a moment, while she went to get the letter. When she returned, "I have a little room for my work at the top of the house," she said, "but it will never be like the St. Albans. There's no one else here yet, and it's pretty lonesome—without Madeline."

She sank into a chair, but he remained standing, and seemed not to heed her when she asked him to sit down. He put Berry's letter into his pocket without looking at it, and she rose again.

She must have thought he was going, and she said, with a smile of gentle trust, "It's been like having last winter back again to see

you. We thought you must have gone home right after the fire; we didn't see anything of you again. We went ourselves in about a week."

Then she did not know, and he must tell her himself.

"Did Mr. Berry say anything about me—at the fire—that last day?" he began bluntly.

"No!" she said, looking at him with surprise; there was a new sound in his voice. "He had no need to say anything! I wanted to tell you—to write and tell you—how much I honored you for it—how ashamed I was for misunderstanding you just before, when——"

He knew that she meant when they all pitied him for a coward.

Her voice trembled; he could tell that the tears were in her eyes. He tried to put the sweetness of her praise from him. "Oh, it wasn't that that I meant," he groaned; and he wrenched the words out. "That fellow who said he was a friend of mine, and got into the house that way, was a thief; and Mr. Berry caught him robbing his room the day of the fire, and treated me as if I knew it, and was helping him on——"

"Oh!" cried the girl. "How cruel! How could he do that?"

Lemuel could not suffer himself to take refuge in her generous faith now.

"When I first came to Boston I had my money stolen, and there were two days when I had nothing to eat; and then I was arrested by mistake for stealing a girl's satchel; and when I was acquitted, I slept the next night in the tramps' lodging-house, and that fellow was there, and when he came to the St. Albans I was ashamed to tell where I had known him, and so I let him pass himself off for my friend."

He kept his eyes fixed on hers, but he could not see them change from their pity of him, or light up with a sense of any squalor in his history.

"And I used to think that *my* life had been hard!" she cried. "Oh, how much you have been through!"

"And after that," he pursued, "Mr. Sewell got me a place, a sort of servant's place, and when I lost that I came to be the man-of-all-work at the St. Albans."

In her eyes the pity was changing to admiration; his confession which he had meant to be so abject had kindled her fancy like a boastful tale.

"How little we know about people and what they have suffered! But I thank you for telling me this—oh, yes!—and I shall always think of myself with contempt. How easy and pleasant my life has been! And you——"

She stopped, and he stood helpless against

her misconception. He told her about the poverty he had left at home, and the wretched circumstance of his life, but she could not see it as anything but honorable to his present endeavor. She listened with breathless interest to it all, and, "Well," she sighed at last, "it will always be something for you to look back to, and be proud of. And that girl—did she never say or do anything to show that she was sorry for that cruel mistake? Did you ever see her afterwards?"

"Yes," said Lemuel, sick at heart, and feeling how much more triumphantly he could have borne ignominy and rejection than this sweet sympathy. She seemed to think he would say something more, but he turned away from her, and after a little silence of expectation she let him go, with promises to come again which she seemed to win from him for his own sake.

In the street he took out Berry's letter and read it.

"DEAR OLD MAN: I've been trying to get off a letter to you almost any time the last three months, but I've been round so much, and upside down so much since I saw you—out to W. T. and on my head in Western Mass.—that I've not been able to fetch it. I don't know as I could fetch it now, if it wasn't for the prospective Mrs. A. W. B., Jr., standing over me with a revolver, and waiting to see me do it. I've just been telling her about that little interview of ours with Williams, that day, and she thinks I ought to be man enough to write and say that I guess I was all wrong about you; I had a sneaking idea of the kind from the start almost, but if a fellow's proud at all, he's proud of his mistakes, and he hates to give them up. I'm pretty badly balled up, now, and I can't seem to get the right words about remorse, and so forth; but you know how it is yourself. I am sorry, there's no two ways about that; but I've kept my suspicions as well as my regrets to myself, and now I do the best thing I can by way of reparation. I send this letter by Miss Carver. She hasn't read it, and she don't know what it's all about; but I guess you'd better tell her. Don't spare yours truly,

"A. W. BERRY, JR."

The letter did not soften Lemuel at all towards Berry, and he was bitterly proud that he had spoken without this bidding, though he had seemed to speak to no end that he had expected. After a while he lost himself in his day-dreams again, and in the fantastic future which he built up this became a great source of comfort to him and to his ideal. Now he parted with her in sublime renunciation, and now he triumphed over all the obstacles between them; but, whatever turn he willed his fortunes to take, she still praised him, and he prided himself that he had shown himself at his worst to her of his own free impulse. Sewell praised him for it in his revelry; Mr. Corey and Mr. Bellingham both made him delicate compliments upon his noble behavior, which he feigned had somehow become known to them.

At the usual hour he was at Mr. Corey's house, where he arrived footsore and empty from supperless wanderings, but not hungry and not weary. The serving-man at the door met him with the message that Mr. Corey had gone to dine at his club and would not be at home till late. He gave Lemuel a letter, which had all the greater effect from being presented to him on the little silver tray employed to bring up the cards and notes of the visitors and correspondents of the family. The envelope was stamped in that ephemeral taste which configured the stationery of a few years ago with the lines of alligator leather, and it exhaled a perfume so characteristic that it seemed to breathe Statira visibly before him. He knew this far better than the poor, scrawly, uncultivated handwriting which he had seen so little. He took the letter, and, turning from the door, read it by the light of the next street lamp.

"Dear Lemuel—Manda Grier has told me what she said to you and I'm about crazy about it dear Lem I want you should come and see mee O Lem you dont Suppose i could of let Manda Grier talk to you that way if I had of none it but of course you didnt only do Say so I give her a real good goen over and she says shes sory she done it i dont want any body should care for mee without itse there free will but I shall always care for you if you dont care for me dont come but if you do Care I want you should come as soon as ever you can I can explane everything Manda Grier didnt mean anything but for the best but sometimes she dont know what she is sayin O Lem you mussent be mad But if you are and you dont want to come enymore dont come But O i hope you wouldnt let such a thing set you agaisne mee recollect that I never done or Said anything to set you against me.

"STATIRA."

A cruel disgust mingled with the remorse that this letter brought him. Its illiteracy made him ashamed, and the helpless fondness it expressed was like a millstone hanged about his neck. He felt the deadly burden of it drag him down.

A passer-by on the other side of the street coughed slightly in the night air, and a thought flashed through Lemuel, from which he cowered as if he had found himself lifting his hand against another's life.

His impulse was to turn and run, but there was no escape on any side. It seemed to him that he was like that prisoner he had read of, who saw the walls of his cell slowly closing together upon him, and drawing nearer and nearer till they should crush him between them. The inexperience of youth denies it perspective; in that season of fleeting and unsubstantial joys, of feverish hopes, despair wholly darkens a world which after years find full of chances and expedients.

If Mr. Sewell had been in town there might have been some hope through him; or if Mr. Evans were there; or even if Berry were at hand, it would be some one to advise with, to open his heart to in his extremity. He walked down into Bolingbroke street, knowing well that Mr. Sewell was not at home, but pretending to himself, after the fashion of the young, that if he should see a light in his house it would be a sign that all should come out right with him, and if not, it would come out wrong. He would not let himself lift his eyes to the house front till he arrived before it. When he looked his heart stood still; a light streamed bright and strong from the drawing-room window.

He hurried across the street and rang; and after some delay, in which the person coming to the door took time to light the gas in the hall, Mr. Sewell himself opened to him. They stood confronted in mutual amazement, and then Sewell said, with a cordiality which he did not keep free from reluctance, "Oh—Mr. Barker! Come in! Come in!" But after they had shaken hands, and Lemuel had come in, he stood there in the hall with him, and did not offer to take him up to his study. "I'm so glad to have this glimpse of you! How in the world did you happen to come?"

"I was passing and saw the light," said Lemuel.

Sewell laughed. "To be sure! We never have any idea how far our little candle throws its beams! I'm just here for the night, on my way from the mountains to the sea; I'm to be the 'supply' in a friend's pulpit at New Bedford; and I'm here quite alone in the house, scrambling a sermon together. But I'm so glad to see you! You're well, I hope? You're looking a little thin, but that's no harm. Do you enjoy your life with Mr. Corey? I was sure you would. When you come to know him, you will find him one of the best of men—kindly, thoughtful, and sympathetic. I've felt very comfortable about your being with him, whenever I've thought of you, and you may be sure that I've thought of you often. What about our friends of the St. Albans? Do you see Mrs. Harmon? You knew the Evanses had gone to Europe."

"Yes; I got a letter from him yesterday."

"He didn't pick up so fast as they hoped, and he concluded to try the voyage. I hear very good accounts of him. He said he was going to write you. Well! And Mr. Corey is well?" He smiled more beamingly upon Lemuel, who felt that he wished him to go, and stood haplessly trying to get away.

In the midst of his own uneasiness Sewell noted Lemuel's. "Is there anything—something—you wished to speak with me about?"

"No. No, not anything in particular. I just saw the light, and ——"

Sewell took his hand and wrung it with affection. "It was so good of you to run in and see me. Don't fancy it's been any disturbance. I'd got into rather a dim place in my work, but since I've been standing here with you—ha, ha, ha! those things do happen so curiously!—the whole thing has become perfectly luminous. I'm delighted you're getting on so nicely. Give my love to Mr. Corey. I shall see you soon again. We shall all be back in a little over a fortnight. Glad of this moment with you, if it's *only* a moment! Good-bye!"

He wrung Lemuel's hand again, this time in perfect sincerity, and eagerly shut him out into the night.

The dim place had not become so luminous to him as it had to the minister. A darkness, which the obscurity of the night faintly typified, closed round him, pierced by one ray only, and from this he tried to turn his face. It was the gleam that lights up every labyrinth where our feet wander and stumble, but it is not always easy to know it from those false lights of feeble-hearted pity, of mock-sacrifice, of sick conscience, which dance before us to betray to worse misery yet.

Some sense of this, broken and faltering, reached Lemuel where he stood, and tried to deal faithfully with his problem. In that one steadfast ray he saw that whatever he did he must not do it for himself; but what his duty was he could not make out. He knew now, if he had not known before, that whatever his feeling for Statira was, he had not released himself from her, and it seemed to him that he could not release himself by any concern for his own advantage. That notion with which he had so long played, her insufficiency for his life now and for the needs of his mind hereafter, revealed itself in its real cruelty. The things that Mr. Sewell had said, that his mother had said, that Berry had said, in what seemed a fatal succession, and all to the same effect, against throwing himself away upon some one inadequate to him at his best, fell to the ground like withered leaves, and the fire of that steadfast ray consumed them.

But whom to turn to for counsel now? The one friend in whom he had trusted, to whom he had just gone ready to fling down his whole heart before him, had failed him, failed him unwittingly, unwillingly, as he had failed him once before, but this time in infinitely greater stress. He did not blame him now, fiercely, proudly, as he had once blamed him, but again he wandered up and down the city streets, famished and outcast through his defection.

It was late when he went home, but Mr. Corey had not yet returned, and he had time

to sit down and write the letter which he had decided to send to Statira, instead of going to see her. It was not easy to write, but after many attempts he wrote it.

"DEAR STATIRA: You must not be troubled at what Amanda said to me. I assure you that, although I was angry at first, I am entirely willing to overlook it at your request. She probably spoke hastily, and I am now convinced that she spoke without your authority. You must not think that I am provoked at you.

"I received your letter this evening; and I will come to see you very soon.

"LEMUEL BARKER."

The letter was colder than he meant to make it, but he felt that he must above all be honest, and he did not see how he could honestly make it less cold. When it came to Statira's hands she read it silently to herself, over and over again, while her tears dripped upon it.

'Manda Grier was by, and she watched her till she could bear the sight no longer. She snatched the letter from the girl's hands, and ran it through, and then she flung it on the ground. "Nasty, cold-hearted, stuck-up, shameless thing!"

"Oh, don't, 'Manda; don't, 'Manda!" sobbed Statira, and she plunged her face into the pillows of the bed where she sat.

"Shameless, cold-hearted, stuck-up, nasty thing!" said 'Manda Grier, varying her denunciation in the repetition, and apparently getting fresh satisfaction out of it in that way. "Don't? St'ira Dudley, if you was a woman—if you was *half* a woman—you'd never speak to that little corpse-on-ice again."

"Oh, 'Manda, don't call him names! I can't bear to have you!"

"Names? If you was anybody at all, you wouldn't *look* at him! You wouldn't *think* of him!"

"Oh, 'Manda, 'Manda! You know I can't let you talk so," moaned Statira.

"Talk? I could talk my *head* off! 'You must not think I was provoked with you,'" she mimicked Lemuel's dignity of diction in mincing falsetto. "'I will come to see you very soon.' Miserable, worthless, conceited whipper-snapper!"

"Oh, 'Manda, you'll break my heart if you go on so!"

"Well, then, give him up! He's goin' to give you up."

"Oh, he ain't; you know he ain't! He's just busy, and I know he'll come. I'll bet you he'll be here to-morrow. It'll kill me to give him up."

She had lifted herself from the pillow, and she began to cough.

"He'll kill you anyway," cried 'Manda

Grier, in a passion of pity and remorse. She ran across the room to get the medicine which Statira had to take in these paroxysms. "There, there! Take it! I sha'n't say anything more about him."

"And do you take it all back?" gasped Statira, holding the proffered spoon away.

"Yes, yes! But *do* take your med'cine, St'ira, 'f you don't want to die where you set."

"And do you think he'll come?"

"Yes, he'll come."

"Do you say it just to get me to take the medicine?"

"No, I really do believe he'll come."

"Oh, 'Manda, 'Manda!" Statira took her medicine, and then wildly flung her arms round 'Manda Grier's neck, and began to sob and to cry there. "Oh, how hard I *am* with you, 'Manda! I should think if I was as hard with everybody else, they'd perfectly hate me."

"You hard!"

"Yes, and that's why he hates me. He does hate me. You said he did."

"No, St'ira, I didn't. You never was hard to anybody, and the meanest old iceberg in creation couldn't hate you."

"Then you think he does care for me?"

"Yes."

"And you know he'll come soon?"

"Yes."

"To-morrow?"

"Yes, to-morrow."

"Oh, 'Manda, oh, 'Manda!"

xxx.

LEMUEL had promised himself that if he could gain a little time he should be able better to decide what it was right for him to do. His heart lifted as he dropped the letter into the box, and he went through the chapters which Mr. Corey asked him to read, after he came in, with an ease incredible to himself. In the morning he woke with a mind that was almost cheerful. He had been honest in writing that letter, and so far he had done right; he should keep his word about going soon to see Statira, and that would be honest too. He did not look beyond this decision, and he felt as we all do more or less vaguely when we have resolved to do right, that he had the merit of a good action.

Statira showed herself so glad to see him that he could not do less than seem to share her joy in their making-up, as she called it, though he insisted that there had been no quarrel between them; and now there began for him a strange double life, the fact of which each reader must reject or accept according to the witness of his own knowledge.

He renewed as far as he could the old

warmth of his feeling for Statira, and in his compunction experienced a tenderness for her that he had not known before, the strange tenderness that some spirits feel for those they injure. He went oftener than ever to see her, he was very good to her, and cheered her with his interest in all her little interests; he petted her and comforted her; but he escaped from her as soon as he could, and when he shut her door behind him he shut her within it. He made haste to forget her, and to lose himself in thoughts that were never wholly absent even in her presence. Sometimes he went directly from her to Jessie, whose innocent Bohemianism kept later hours, and who was always glad to see him whenever he came. She welcomed him with talk that they thought related wholly to the books they had been reading, and to the things of deep psychological import which they suggested. He seldom came to her without the excuse of a book to be lent or borrowed; and he never quitted her without feeling inspired with the wish to know more and to be more: he seemed to be lifted to purer and clearer regions of thought. She received him in the parlor, but their evenings commonly ended in her little studio, whither some errand took them, or some intrusion of the other boarders banished them. There he read to her poems or long chapters out of the essayists or romancers; or else they sat and talked about the strange things they had noticed in themselves that were like the things they found in their books. Once when they had talked a long while in this strain, he told how when he first saw her he thought she was very proud and cold.

She laughed gayly. "And I used to be afraid of you," she said. "You used to be always reading there in your little office. Do you think I'm very proud now?"

"Are you very much afraid of me now?" he retorted.

They laughed together.

"Isn't it strange," she said, "how little we really know about people in the world?"

"Yes," he answered. "I wonder if it will ever be different. I've been wrong about nearly every one I've met since I came to Boston."

"And I have too!" she cried, with that delight in the coincidence of experience which the young feel so keenly.

He had got the habit with his growing ease in her presence, of walking up and down the room, while she sat, forgetful of everything but the things they were saying, and followed him with her eyes. As he turned about in his walk, he saw how pretty she was, with her slender form cased in the black silk she wore.

Her eyes were very bright, and her soft lips, small and fine, were red.

He faltered, and lost the thread of his speech. "I forgot what I was going to say!"

She clasped her hands over her laughing face a moment. "And I don't remember what you were saying!" They both laughed a long time at this; it seemed incomparably droll, and they became better comrades.

They spent the rest of the evening in laughing and joking.

"I didn't know you were so fond of laughing," he said, when he went away.

"And I always supposed you were very solemn," she replied.

This again seemed the drollest thing in the world.

"Well, I always was," he said.

"And I don't know when I've laughed so much before!" She stood at the head of the stairs, and held her lamp up for him to find his way down.

Again looking back, he saw her in the grace that had bewildered him before.

When he came next they met very seriously, but before the evening was past they were laughing together; and so it happened now whenever he came. They both said how strange it was that laughing with any one seemed to make you feel so much better acquainted. She told of a girl at school that she had always disliked till one day something made them laugh, and after that they became the greatest friends.

He tried to think of some experience to match this, but he could not; he asked her if she did not think that you always felt a little gloomy after you had been laughing a great deal. She said, yes; after that first night when they laughed so, she felt so depressed that she was sure she was going to have bad news from Madeline. Then she said she had received a letter from Madeline that morning, and she and Mr. Berry had both wished her to give him their regards if she ever saw him. This, when she had said it, seemed a very good joke too; and they laughed at it a little consciously, till he boldly bade her tell them he came so very seldom that she did not know when she could deliver their message.

She answered that she was afraid Madeline would not believe that; and then it came out that he had never replied to Berry's letter.

She said, "Oh! Is that the way you treat your correspondents?" and he was ashamed to confess that he had not forgiven Berry.

"I will write to him to-night, if you say so," he answered hardily.

"Oh, you must do what you think best," she said, lightly refusing the responsibility.

"Whatever you say will be best," he said with a sudden, passionate fervor that surprised himself.

She tried to escape from it. "Am I so infallible as that?"

"You are for me!" he retorted.

A silence followed, which she endeavored to break, but she sat still across the little table from him where the shaded lamp spread its glow, leaving the rest of the room, with its red curtains and its sketches pinned about, in a warm, luxurious shadow. Her eyes fell, and she did not speak.

"It must sound very strange to you, I know," he went on; "and it's strange to me too; but it seems to me that there isn't anything I've done without my thinking whether you would like me to do it."

She rose involuntarily. "You make me ashamed to think that you're so much mistaken about me! I know how we all influence each other—I know I always try to be what I think people expect me to be—I can't be myself—I know what you mean; but you—you must be yourself, and not let—" She stopped in her wandering speech, in strange agitation, and he rose too.

"I hope you're not offended with me!"

"Offended? Why? Why do you—go so soon?"

"I thought you were going," he answered stupidly.

"Why, I'm at home!"

They looked at each other, and then they broke into a happy laugh.

"Sit down again! I don't know what I got up for. It must have been to make some tea. Did you know Madeline had bequeathed me her tea-kettle—the one we had at the St. Albans?" She bustled about, and lit the spirit-lamp under the kettle.

"Blow out that match!" he cried. "You'll set your dress on fire!" He caught her hand, which she was holding with the lighted match in it at her side, after the manner of women with lighted matches, and blew it out himself.

"Oh, thank you!" she said indifferently.

"Can you take it without milk?"

"Yes, I like it so."

She got out two of the cups he remembered, and he said, "How much like last winter that seems!"

And "Yes, doesn't it?" she sighed.

The lamp purred and fretted under the kettle, and in the silence in which they waited, the elm tree that rose from the pavement outside seemed to look in consciously upon them.

When the kettle began to sing, she poured out the two cups of tea, and in handing him his their fingers touched, and she gave a lit-

tle outcry. "Oh! Madeline's precious cup! I thought it was going to drop!"

The soft night-wind blew in through the elm leaves, and their rustling seemed the expression of a profound repose, an endless content.

XXXI.

THE next night Lemuel went to see Statira, without promising himself what he should say or do, but if he were to tell her everything, he felt that she would forgive him more easily than 'Manda Grier. He was aware that 'Manda always lay in wait for him, to pierce him at every undefended point of conscience. Since the first break with her, there had never been peace between them, and perhaps not kindness for long before that. Whether or not she felt responsible for having promoted Statira's affair with him, and therefore bound to guard her to the utmost from suffering by it, she seemed always to be on the alert to seize any advantage against him. Sometimes Statira accused her of trying to act so hatefully to him that he would never come any more; she wildly blamed her; but the faithful creature was none the less constant and vigilant on that account. She took patiently the unjust reproaches which Statira heaped upon her like a wayward child, and remitted nothing of her suspicion or enmity towards Lemuel. Once, when she had been very bitter with him, so bitter that it had ended in an open quarrel between them, Statira sided with him against her, and when 'Manda Grier flounced out of the room she offered him, if he wished, to break with her, and never to speak to her again, or have anything more to do with such a person. But at this his anger somehow fell; and he said no, she must not think of such a thing; that 'Manda Grier had been her friend long before he was, and that, whatever she said to him, she was always good and true to her. Then Statira fell upon his neck and cried, and praised him, and said he was a million times more to her than 'Manda Grier, but she would do whatever he said; and he went away sick at heart.

When he came now, with his thoughts clinging to Jessie, 'Manda Grier hardly gave him time for the decencies of greeting. She was in a high nervous exaltation, and Statira looked as if she had been crying.

"What's become o' them art-students you used to have 't the St. Albans?" she began, her whopper-jaw twitching with excitement, and her eyes glaring vindictively upon Lemuel.

He had sat down near Statira on the lounge, but she drew a little away from him in a provisional fashion, as if she would first see what came of 'Manda Grier's inquisition.

"Art-students?" he repeated aimlessly, while he felt his color go.

"Yes!" she snapped. "Them girls 't used to be 't the St. Albans, 't you thought so wonderful!"

"I didn't know I thought they were very wonderful."

"Can't you answer a civil question?" she demanded, raising her voice.

"I haven't heard any," said Lemuel with sullen scorn.

"Oh! Well!" she sneered. "I forgot that you've b'en used to goin' with such fine folks that you can't bear to be spoken to in plain English."

"Manda!" began Statira, with an incipient whimper.

"You be still, S'tira Dudley! Mr. Barker," said the poor foolish thing in the mincing falsetto which she thought so cutting, "have you any idea what's become of your young lady artist friends,—them that took your portrait as a Roman youth, you know?"

Lemuel made no answer whatever, for a time. Then, whether he judged it best to do so, or was goaded to the defiance by 'Manda Grier's manner, he replied, "Miss Swan and Miss Carver? Miss Swan is married, and lives in Wyoming Territory now." Before he had reached the close of the sentence he had controlled himself sufficiently to be speaking quite calmly.

"Oh, indeed, Mr. Barker! And may I ask where Miss Carver is? She married and livin' in Wyoming Territory too?"

"No," said Lemuel quietly. She's not married. She's in Boston."

"Indeed! Then it *was* her I see in the Garden to-day, S'tira! She b'en back long, Mr. Barker?"

"About a month, I think," said Lemuel.

"Quite a spell! You seen her, Mr. Barker?"

"Yes, quite often."

"I want to know! She still paintin' Roman Boys, Mr. Barker? Didn't seem to make any great out at it last winter! But practice makes perfect, they say. I s'pose *you* seen her in the Garden too?"

"I usually see her at home," said Lemuel. "You probably receive your friends on the benches in the Garden, but young ladies prefer to have them call at their residences." He astonished himself by this brutality, he who was all gentleness with Miss Carver.

"Very well, Mr. Barker! That's all right. That's all I wanted to know. Never mind about where I meet my friends. Wherever it is, they're gentlemen; and they ain't generally goin' with three or four other girls 't the same time."

"No, one like you would be enough," retorted Lemuel.

Statira sat cowering away from the quarrel, and making little ineffectual starts as if to stay it. Heretofore their enmity had been covert if not tacit, in her presence.

Lemuel saw her wavering, and the wish to show 'Manda his superior power triumphed over every other interest and impulse in him. He got upon his feet. "There is no use in this sort of thing going on any longer. I came here because I thought I was wanted. If it's a mistake, it's easy enough to mend it, and it's easy not to make it again. I wish you good-evening."

Statira sprang from the lounge, and flung her arms around his neck. "No, no! You sha'n't go! You mustn't go, Lem! I know you're all right, and I won't have you talked to so! I ain't a bit jealous, Lem; indeed I ain't. I know you wouldn't fool with me, any more than I would with you; and that's what I tell 'Manda Grier, I'll leave it to her if I don't. I don't care who you go with, and I hain't, never since that first time. I know you ain't goin' to do anything underhanded. Don't go, Lem; oh, *don't* go!"

He was pulling towards the door; her trust, her fond generosity drove him more than 'Manda Grier's cutting tongue: that hurt his pride, his vanity, but this pierced his soul; he had only a blind, stupid will to escape from it.

Statira was crying; she began to cough; she released his neck from her clasp, and reeled backward to the lounge, where she would have fallen, if 'Manda Grier had not caught her. The paroxysm grew more violent; a bright stream of blood sprang from her lips.

"Run! Run for the doctor! Quick, Lemuel! Oh, quick!" implored 'Manda Grier, forgetting all enmity in her terror.

Statira's arms wavered towards him, as if to keep him, but he turned and ran from the house, cowed and conscience-stricken by the sight of that blood, as if he had shed it.

He did not expect to see Statira alive when he came back with the doctor whom he found at the next apothecary's. She was lying on the lounge, white as death, but breathing quietly, and her eyes sought him with an eagerness that turned to a look of tender gratitude at the look they found in his.

The doctor bent over her for her pulse and her respiration; then when he turned to examine the crimson handkerchief which 'Manda Grier showed him, Lemuel dropped on his knees beside her, and put his face down to hers.

With her lips against his cheek, she made, "Don't go!"

And he whispered, "No, I'll not leave you now!"

The doctor looked round with the hand-

kerchief still in his hand, as if doubting whether to order him away from her. Then he mutely questioned 'Manda Grier with a glance which her glance answered. He shrugged his shoulders, with a puzzled sigh. An expression of pity crossed his face, which he hardened

into one of purely professional interest, and he went on questioning 'Manda Grier in a low tone.

Statira had slipped her hand into Lemuel's, and she held it fast, as if in that clasp she were holding on to her chance of life.

(To be continued.)

W. D. Howells.

OLD CHELSEA.



ONE of my earliest London surprises came to me as I walked from Apsley House at Hyde Park corner towards the residence of Charles Reade at Knightsbridge, along the length of Piccadilly, and thence watched and wondered at the traffic of the frequent turbulent streets turning from that thoroughfare down into Chelsea. It was hard to realize that, only fifty years before, Chelsea was a rustic and retired village far from London; even as was Islington when Charles Lamb, pensioned and set free from his desk in the India House, retired to that rural spot with his sister to live "in a cottage, with a spacious garden," as he wrote, with "the New River, rather elderly by this time, running in front (if a moderate walking pace can be so termed)"; even as was Kensington, "the old court suburb pleasantly situated on the great Western Road," just fifty years ago, when wits and statesmen drove between fields to the rival courts of Gore and of Holland House, and N. P. Willis delighted our grandmothers with his gossip, in the "New York Mirror," about his visits to Lady Blessington and the celebrities who bowed before her. To-day all these villages, along with many more remote, are one with London. Yet, more than any of them, has Chelsea kept its old village character, albeit saving but few of its old village features. Of the many magnificent mansions that once gave it the name of the Village of Palaces, five alone still stand,—Blacklands, Gough, Lindsey, Stanley, and Walpole houses. Blacklands is now a private madhouse, Walpole House the infirmary of Chelsea Hospital, and all are greatly altered. In between them, and away beyond them, streets have been cut and new quarters built,—in part of "genteel" villas and rows of respectable residences, but in great part, also, of cheap dwellings, of small and shabby shops. These extremes go to make much of modern Chelsea utterly uninteresting except mayhap to the collector of rents or to the inspector of nuisances. Yet that which is

truly ancient and honorable has been fondly kept untouched, and not ignobly cleaned, as in next-door Kensington. Alongside this artistic squalor we have the curious contrast of artistic splendor in a blazing, brand-new quarter, of which the sacred center is Tite street. Here, amid much that is good and genuine in our modern manner, there is an aggressive affectation of antiquity, in the little houses and studios on the street, in the grandiose piles of mansions on the embankment front; all in raging red brick, and in the so-called Queen Anne style. The original article, deadly dull and decorous as it may be, has yet its own dignity as a real relic. But this painful pretense of ancient quaintness is a right fashionable quarter; mighty swells dwell here, and here pose some famous *farceurs* in art and literature; here, too, work many earnest men and women, in all walks of life.

Planted at intervals on the slope which rises from the river, as we see it in the olden days, stand the great mansions, set in trim gardens. Back from these isolated houses and between them stretch fair fields and fertile meadows and wooded slopes; and along the river bank runs a row of fishermen's thatched cottages. Here and there on the shore are nestled noted taverns and pleasure-gardens, much frequented by town visitors, coming up the river on excursions—like Pepys, "to make merry at the Swan." The low river shore, planted with lime and plane trees, is protected by a slight embankment, broken here and there by carved gateways, giving entrance to the grand houses, and by water staircases, from which a few country lanes—such as Church lane and Lawrence street of our own time—lead from the river front to the King's Road. This road has been first a foot-path, following the windings of the river a little inland,—worn first, perhaps, by the wandering tribes of Trinobantes,—and had gradually enlarged itself as the country around got cultivated. It led from the village of Whitehall, through the woods and fields, across the tidal swamps and the marsh lands west of Westminster—where now stretches graceful St. James's Park, and

where Belgravia is built so bravely — to the slopes of Chelsea, the first good land alongside the river, and rising fairly above it.

This was the secret of the speedy settlement of this secluded suburb. It was high and healthy, and had easy access to town by the safe, swift, silent highway of the river, when few cared to go by this land road, bad enough at its best, unsafe even in daylight by reason of the foot-pads. It was at last made wide and smooth for his coach by Charles II., who used it as the royal route to Hampton Palace, and called it the King's Private Road. But even that name did not serve to make it safe, and long after Chelsea Hospital was built, its guard nightly patrolled, as an escort for honest travelers, from where Buckingham Palace now stands, across Bloody Bridge,—at the edge of present Piclico,—and through the Five Fields, "where robbers lie in wait," as the *Tatler* puts it; for Richard Steele often went by this road to Chelsea, where he had a little house. Sometimes his friend Addison was with him; sometimes the latter walked this way alone to his own home, at the farther end of Chelsea, and once on a moonlight night he strolled out here with Colonel Esmond, you may remember. A few years later, this same walk was frequently taken by Mr. Jonathan Swift, from Mrs. Vanhomrigh's house in Suffolk street, Pall Mall,—where he used to leave his "best gown and periwig," as he tells Stella,—and so to Chelsea, a little beyond the Church.*

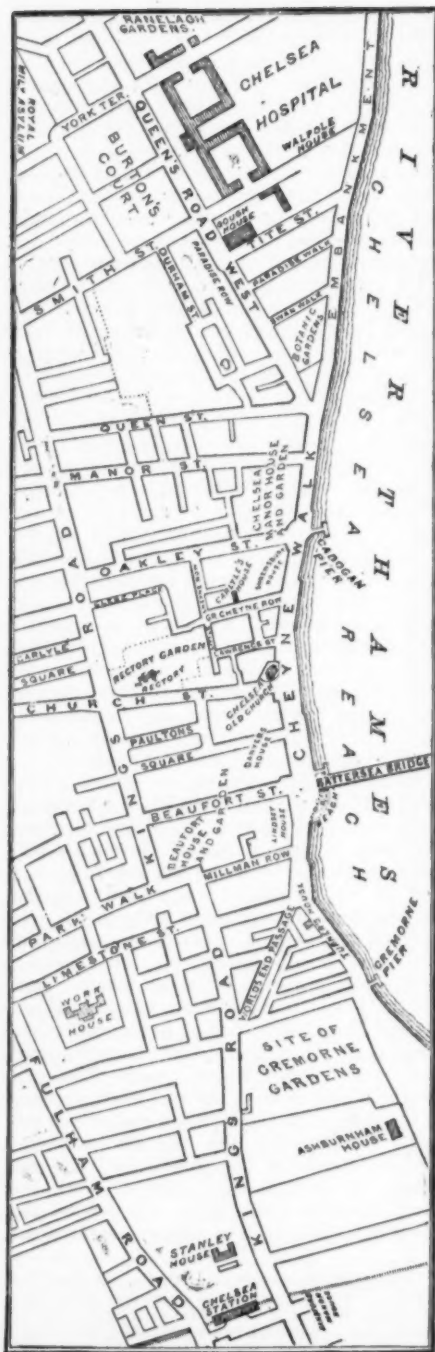
"King's Road," as we see it to-day, in dingy letters on the old brick or plaster-fronted houses, makes us almost look for the Merry Monarch—as history has misnamed one of her saddest figures—driving past, on his way to Hampton Court, in company with some of those beauties who still lure our senses from over their canvases on the walls of the old palace. As we pass on, here and there a long, low brick house, with old-time porch and square windows and flagged front yard, looks drearily out from behind its rusty railings, as if tired of waiting for its owner to come home from the Dutch wars. Through narrow archways we catch glimpses of trees and of gardens. Turning down a rural lane, we stroll into "The Vale," and find a clump of cottages, covered with vines, grown about with greenery; flowers blow, cocks crow, an air of country unconcern covers the place. The French gardeners who came here in crowds in 1685, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and set all Chelsea abloom with their nurseries, have left to their heirs but a diminished domain. Yet although Butterfly Alley, sought by sauntering swells, is gone, King's Road is still countrified by its florists: their famous wista-

rias grow on the hospital walls and climb the houses of Cheyne Walk; you still find their fig-trees in private gardens, their vines on old-fashioned trellises; they make Chelsea streets all green and golden with their massed creepers through summer and through autumn. In unexpected corners you will stumble on a collection of cozy cottages, like Camera Square. There are a few rural nooks still left; here and there a woodland walk; and in dairies hid behind stone streets the cow is milked for you while you wait to drink the warm milk.

On the river bank, although the old Roman and the old Norman wall and walk are replaced by the broad new embankment and its trim gardens, although the towering brick affectations of the Queen Anne mania stare stonily down on Cheyne Walk,—all this has not been able to vulgarize that most delightful of promenades. Starting from Chelsea Barracks, we can still walk under the old plane-trees—on our right, the ancient Dutch-fronted houses, so prim, so secluded, so reserved; on our left, the placid flow of the storied Thames, broadened here into Chelsea Reach—to dingy, dear old Battersea Bridge, and so on to Sand's End. At each end of our walk are the two small rivulets which bounded the old parish east and west: one is now arched over and flows unseen beneath the tread of busy feet; the other serves as a railway cutting and carries rattling trains. So the old-time memories of the place now flow under ground or are modernized and part of its daily life.

In the extreme north-eastern corner, as we enter Chelsea, we find Hans Place, a secluded green oval built about with old-time two-storied brick houses, in No. 25 of which—still unaltered—was born the poetess L. E. L.; and at No. 22 she went to school.* At the farthest south-western point of the parish, just over on the borders of Fulham, stands the old house once tenanted by Nell Gwynne. At the northern end of Church street, opposite the Jewish burial-ground, stands a public-house, The Queen's Elm, perpetuating the memory of the elm-tree, there standing until very lately, under which Queen Elizabeth sought shelter from a shower, when strolling in the fields with Burleigh, on one of her frequent visits to Chelsea. On the southern, the river border of the parish, lived George Eliot; and here, at No. 4 Cheyne Walk, she died. Between these spots, marked by the memories of these four women, so far apart

* Among her school-fellows, by the bye, was that Miss Roberts who wrote so well on India, and Lady Caroline Lamb, heroine of the scissors-stabbing scene for Byron's sake. Later we find among the scholars here other famous names: Miss M. R. Mitford, Mrs. S. C. Hall, and Lady Bulwer.—B. E. M.



THE RIVER FRONT OF CHELSEA.

in time, rank, and character, how much of history and romance do we traverse!

In taking you for a stroll to-day through Old Chelsea, we will not stop to puzzle over the etymology of the name, whether it came from the Saxon *Chelchythe*, or from *Chesel*, meaning gravel, and *ea*, meaning a bank; nor trace it back to its earliest appearance in Saxon chronicles, in 745, as the Hundred of Ossulston, Middlesex. You may see, if you choose, in the British Museum, the Charter of Edward the Confessor giving the "Manor of Chelsey to the Abbot and Brothers of the Ministers of the West," and by them it was rented for four pounds yearly. But it will not interest us in our stroll to-day to learn that when it was a residence of Offa, King of the Mercians, "there was a 'Geffit-fullic' held here"; nor that they had "a contentious synod." We do not partake of the joy of one Maitland, sounding up and down the river, and at last finding, on the eighteenth of September, 1732, the very ford between Chelsea and Battersea traversed by Cæsar's army in pursuit of the flying Britons.

Among the archives of Chelsea there is the will, dated in 1369, of the Earl of Warwick; and we know that long before that year he had come here with the prestige of his prowess at Poitiers, his courage at Cressy, and built himself a house—the first great nobleman's house erected here. But we do not know where it stood, nor anything more of it than that it was afterwards leased by Richard III. to the widowed Duchess of Norfolk for the yearly rental of one red rose.

Sir Thomas More's house is the first, as well as the fullest of human interest, of which there is any authentic record in Chelsea; and it was he who laid the foundations of the prosperity of the place. He built it for himself in 1520, glad to go from narrow Bucklersbury in the city to sweet sights and sounds and air for his young children. For more than two centuries his house stood there, tenanted by many illustrious families, until it was pulled down in 1740. It is not a difficult labor of love to reconstruct it, as Bowack saw it: "this house is between two hundred and three hundred feet in length, has a stately ancient front towards the Thames, also two spacious courtyards, and behind it are *very fine gardens*. It is so pleasantly situated that the late Queen Mary had a great desire to purchase it before King William built Kensington Palace, but was prevented by some secret obstacles." An old view signed "L. Knyff del: 1699," which I have seen, shows us a projecting porch in the center, a dozen or more generous windows on each floor, four of them oriel, with many gables,



A BIT OF OLD CHELSEA REACH. AFTER THE ETCHING BY PERMISSION OF SEYMOUR HAYDEN.

turrets, and a small tower. The back view crowds together in picturesque confusion a mass of casements, jutting pent-houses, crowded gables. Such was "this pore howse in Chelchith," as More dated one of his letters; and Erasmus wrote of it that it was "neither mean nor invidiously grand, and so subject to envy." It stood on the slope a little back from the river, half-way up to the King's Road, about where Beaufort street now runs up; a spacious garden lay in front, wherein the great chancellor was wont to walk, as well as on the gate-house, "which was flatt on the top, leaded, from whence is a most pleasant prospect of the Thames and the fields beyond," in the words of Aubrey. Sometimes he walked with his guest Holbein, sometimes with his friend Ellis Heywood, poet and playwright, who wrote warmly about "this enchanting spot"; sometimes with his king, Henry VIII., who, still posing as a good Catholic and defender of the Faith, used to come up the river, drop in to dinner, and walk afterwards in the garden, his arm about More's neck; More's son-in-law, Roper, records it with delight, "never having seen the King so familiar with any one else, except Wolsey." More knew just what all this was worth, and that his head would count, with the king, for nothing against a French city or citadel, say. But Wolsey's fate, the fate of so many others, warned none of the rest; else could they not have forgotten that to every neck on which had hung that royal ruffian's arm the ax soon came; and that to be his friend was only a little less dangerous than to be his wife.

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In this garden were the stocks for heretics and the "Jesus tree," or tree of troth, whereat they were flogged; for More was fond of suppressing heresy, and failing that, he used to suppress the heretics by flinging them into prison. The resolute old Catholic denied that he had ever laid hands on a heretic, but it is certain that some one did so by his orders. Near his house he had built the "newe buildinge" "for the entertainment of distressed old men and women"; and therein was a small chapel, where he spent much time, praying and scourging himself with a knotted cord. The hair shirt which he wore next his skin is still preserved in the convent of Spilsberg. He was fond of assisting in the service at the old church, carrying the cross in the procession, and doing divers duties, "like a parish clerk." One day the Duke of Norfolk, coming out to dine with him, "fortuned to finde him in the quier with a surplisse on his backe, singinge"; at the sight of which servile service the good worldly duke was moved to wrathful remonstrance. Yet this rigidity in religion was but the natural stand of a strong character against the drift of the times and the current that was carrying crowds down with the king, and it narrowed not at all this man's broad spirit, nor touched for the worse his quaint, gentle humor, his fine wit, his sweet and wholesome nature. It was he who had said, in better-balanced days, that "a man might live for the next world, yet be merry withal"; and it is of him that Erasmus writes these beautiful words: "There was not any man living who was so affectionate to his children as he; and he loveth his old wife as

well as if she were a young maid." His was, indeed, an ideal household, into which I like to look: all dwelling together in affectionate amity,—father, mother, the son and his wife, the three daughters and their husbands, with all the grandchildren, and the orphan girl, Margery Giggs, adopted as a daughter by More, "and as dear to him as if she were his own." There is work for all, and "idleness is never seen," Erasmus tells us. All the female folk study too,—a rare thing then, for More was centuries ahead of his time in his larger views of woman's education, as he—the greatest minister of humanism—was in political and in mightier matters. Pithily he put it: "It mattereth not, in harvest time, whether the corn were sown by a man or a woman."

high and lucrative office. Here he bothered no more about public matters, but busied himself with the care of his household, preparing his family and himself for the end which he saw coming. It came soon enough, and when he refused to violate his conscience by acknowledging Henry's supremacy over that of the Pope as head of the Church, and by taking the oath of succession (by which Anne Boleyn's children were to be acknowledged the lawful heirs to the crown), he was carried down the river to the Tower, and there imprisoned for a whole year, in the very cell, it is said, wherein he had sat as grand inquisitor racking heretics. "Very nigh heaven," he said it was. At nine o'clock of the morning of July 16, 1535, he was led to



THE CHELSEA RECTORY.

Around their table met the "best society" of England, and famous foreign guests. Perhaps it was here that Erasmus visited him; and Linacre, Tunstal, Grocyn, Dean Colet—he who founded St. Paul's School, and to listen to whom was to hear Plato talk, said Erasmus—were all frequent guests of More. From this home he was taken to a prison by his good king. He had refused to debase his great office by countenancing the king's divorce, and had stepped down from it on May 16, 1533, with even greater joy than he had stepped up to it, on Wolsey's disgrace, four years previously, and retired to this Chelsea mansion with but one hundred pounds a year income left to him, after so many years of

the block on Tower Hill and there beheaded. His courage and his constancy had never once failed him, save when taken back to his cell after his trial in Westminster Hall, when his favorite daughter, Margaret Roper, waiting among the crowd on Tower Wharf,—learning his sentence by the token of the blade of the headsman's ax turned towards him,—broke through the guards and clung to his neck, kissing him and sobbing, "Oh, my father!" with no other words uttered. Then for a moment the father in him was unmanned, as he moaned "My Meg," and kissed her for the last time. On the last morning he was cheerful and even jocular. "I pray you, master lieutenant," said he, at the scaffold-

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THE EMBANKMENT.

steps, "see me safe up, and for my coming down I can shift for myself." He put aside his beard out of the ax's reach, "for *it* has never committed treason"; and so he laid his reverend head on the block—too noble a head to drop in so worthless a cause.

"A dauntless soul erect, who smiled at death," is Thomson's fitting phrase. And Erasmus wrote: "How many souls hath that ax wounded which cut off More's head!"

His burial-place was long a matter of conjecture. In a record, printed in 1726, his great-grandson says: "His trunk was interred in Chelsey Church, near the middle of the south wall"; but other records tell us that the body was buried in the Tower Chapel, and it is certain that no one really knows the truth about this. We do know, however, that his head was exposed on a spike above London Bridge, "where as traytors' heads are sett upon poles; having remained some moneths there, being to be cast into the Thames, because room should be made for diverse others, who in plentiful sorte suffered martyrdom for the same supremacie"; it was taken away by Margaret Roper, by bribery or stealth, and by her buried "where she thought fittest." This was found to be, in 1835, after just three centuries of doubt, in the vault of the Roper family in St. Dunstan's Church, Canterbury; and there it remains to-day, "in a leaden box something in the shape of a beehive, open in the front, and with an iron grating before it."

And, amid all the thronging shadows which people Chelsea's shore, there walks no more vivid personality than his, as it moves before

us through all his characteristic career: from the day he was taken from his school in Threadneedle street, and made page-boy to Cardinal Morten, who said of him, seeing already his promise of brains and of wit, "This child here waiting at table, whosoever shall live to see it, will prove a marvelous man"; then to Oxford, with his scanty allowance; thence to New Inn and Lincoln's Inn, studying law for his father's sake, albeit he longed for the pulpit; then law-reader of Furnival's Inn, whence he was called to the bar, lived in the old Charter House, patiently practicing his profession, taking "no fees of poor folks, widows, or pupils," becoming known for his capacity, learning, integrity; elected to the House of Commons when only twenty-three, and soon made Speaker; finally rising to the highest place in the realm, that of Lord High Chancellor; and then, as he passed daily to his place on the woollack, he would stop always before his aged father, who sat as judge of the Court of the King's Bench in William Rufus's Hall at Westminster, and, "reverently kneeling down in the sight of all, ask his blessing."

In the Gallery of Old Masters at Brussels, I found last year, after long searching, a diminutive dark canvas set in a small black frame, six by eight inches, on each side a small gilt column. On its tiny tablet is the inscription: "Holbein le jeune, 1497-1543. Thomas Morus." This most attractive canvas shows a table on which lies a small dog peering at his master, who sits behind; in his right hand, one finger between the leaves, he holds a book; his left hand grips his dark gown at

the neck; a flat cap is on his head; a short, curling beard, steadfast, honest eyes, a plain, resolute, shrewd, strong face,—this is the man "in his habit as he lived" in the later years of his good life.

This portrait, as well as the more famous group of More and his family, now in Nostell Priory, was painted by Hans Holbein,* while the painter was living with More. Holbein had become tired of his dissipated life in

have bought the house and estate; and here her brother, Thomas Sackville, often visited her, and from here many of his letters are dated. Here he may have written his "Gorboduc," the first English tragedy. It was Sackville who was sent to tell Queen Mary that her sentence was signed, and he it was who saw it executed. Lady Dacre, surviving her husband, willed the place to the great Lord Burleigh; and so it came to his son,



CHEYNE WALK.

Basle and of his wife, and came to England with a letter of introduction to More from Erasmus, whose portrait Holbein had just finished in Basle; and More was so pleased with the man that he gave him a home with him. Here were passed three of the happiest years of the great painter's life, during which he did much good work. His stay here ended only with the murder of his good friend and patron. He then entered the king's service, and there remained until his own death, in 1543.

After More's execution and the confiscation of his property—which is a tautological way of speaking of any of Henry's murders—the house passed through many hands, noble and base, clean and dirty; and while everything is of interest concerning walls which, in Cicero's words, "could give such good reasons for their fame," it would be but dry detail to follow their forlorn fortunes fully. Of the noblemen and courtiers who dwelt here, few are worthy of notice; but as early as 1586 we find that Lord and Lady Dacre

Lord Robert Cecil, afterwards Earl of Salisbury, who rebuilt the house and improved the place in 1619, so that even then it was "the greatest house in Chelsea,"—so great that, later, James I. found it just the place he wanted for his favorite "Steenie," first Duke of Buckingham, giving its owner, then Craufield, Earl of Middlesex, snug lodgings in the Tower in exchange. Charles I., as much infatuated with the duke as his royal father had been, gave the estate out and out to him, in 1627; and his it remained until the commonwealth seized on it.

His son, George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, a man worthy of, and worse even than his sire, regained the property on the Restoration; but in 1664 it was sold, along with all the other estates of this poor and profligate scoundrel, the lowest and last of the Villiers.

In 1682 the Marquis of Worcester, afterwards Duke of Beaufort, became its owner, and from him it was named Beaufort House

* The painting in the National Portrait Gallery is a copy, by an unknown, withal a skillful, hand, of Holbein's crayon sketch, now in Windsor Castle. Its

most striking feature is More's mouth; these lips seem to speak to us at once with sweetness and with sternness.—B. E. M.



DON SALTERO'S, CHEYNE WALK.

and thereafter always called so. He selected this place that he might live, says Strype, "in an air he thought much healthier, and near enough to the town for business." In 1738 Sir Hans Sloane bought the house and soon after pulled it down, giving the famous Inigo Jones gateway to the Earl of Burlington, who removed it to his gardens at Chiswick, where it stands to-day. It was on meeting its dis-jointed stones, as they were carted down, that Alexander Pope wrote his well-known lines upon them:

"I was brought from Chelsea last year,
Batter'd with wind and weather;
Inigo Jones put me together;
Sir Hans Sloane
Let me alone;
Burlington brought me hither."

But this gateway is not the only relic of More's mansion; and the persevering prowler may find still another, well worth the search. Where King's Road curves about to Millman Row,—known in the old days as the Lover's Walk, on the old maps a "Way to Little Chelsea,"—an ancient gateway gave entrance to More's back garden and stables, and through it we now pass into the Moravian burial-ground. Here, in the most peaceful spot in all London, lie in rows, men and women on op-

posite sides, our Moravian brothers and sisters, "departed," as their little headstones tell us, in their touching simplicity. Grass grows above them, great trees guard them—trees perhaps planted by More himself. For this was part of the "very fine gardens" which Bowack speaks of; and the massive wall at the farther end was built in the century which saw the Armada. In among the gardens of the houses beyond may be found other bits of wall, all built of very narrow bricks, such as we trace in More's chapel in Chelsea Old Church—bricks made only then, peculiar to that period, not seen since. This largest piece we are looking at is still solid enough, though bulging here and there with its weight of over three hundred years, its bricks black with age and smoke. There are traces of beams set in it, here is a bit of an archway, there the remains of a fireplace. Thomas More's arm rested on this wall; it is part of him, and he mutely bequeaths it to our care. It is well that we should claim salvage for this bit of him thrown upon the beach of Time, with his mark upon it.

The little brick cottage of the keeper of the graveyard is overrun with vines, and answers to the assurance of antiquity of all within the inclosure. The long, low building of one room, formerly serving as the Moravian chapel,



A VIEW IN CHELSEA OLD CHURCH.

is now used for a Sunday-school. As I glance through the windows in this Sunday sunset, I see boys wriggling on board benches, struggling with big Bible names, mad for the fresh air and the freedom outside; one belated boy trying at the locked gate does not look unhappy at being refused entrance. There are memorial tablets on the chapel walls, two of them bearing the names of the son and daughter of the great Zinzendorf. To tell how these came here I must give you the story of another great Chelsea mansion, Lindsey House.

It still stands diagonally to the river road, just west of the quaint group of houses on the corner of Cheyne Walk and Beaufort street. Its front has been stuccoed and it has been otherwise modernized, but it has not been entirely robbed of its old-fashioned stateliness. The five separate dwellings into which it was long ago divided have harbored some famous tenants,—Martin the painter lived in the center one, which still inherits the old name of Lindsey House; here, too, lived Brunel, the great engineer; Bramah, famous for his locks, in another. It was the Earl of Lindsey who, about 1674, built this grand new mansion on the site of a former house — between Beaufort House, you see, and the river. It remained in his family until 1750, when it was bought by Count Zinzendorf as a residence for himself and the Moravian Brethren, of which he was the head; and at the same time he bought from Sir Hans Sloane the stables of More's mansion, to be used as a chapel, and the garden for a graveyard. Zinzendorf was a man of a rare nature, lifted above all that is petty and paltry in ordinary life; a spiritual knight, he had founded in his youth, at Halle, a sort of knighthood, "The Slaves of Virtue," and also the "Order of the Grain of Mustard

Seed," teaching his disciples there, teaching the Dutchmen in Holland, and the negroes in Pennsylvania, later,—teaching and preaching, all his life, the brotherhood of man, the essential unity of all forms of religion. A true Catholic, his aim in life was to unite all sects. As head and guardian of his little body of Herrnhutters, he had used his own fortune to buy one hundred thousand acres of land in North Carolina from Lord Granville, in 1749, and in the following year he bought this property at Chelsea. But no part of it now belongs to

the Moravians, except this burial-ground,—still in use, as we have seen, having been exempted by special provision from the Act of 1855, which closed the intermural graveyards of London, by reason of their burying but one body in each grave, and that so deeply.

The name of Pennsylvania, just mentioned, comes to us again as we walk a little farther west, for its famous founder, William Penn, is, oddly enough, associated with the notorious Cremorne Gardens, which lay just here. The very name of this haunt, by a peculiar irony, was derived from the Viscount Cremorne, its former owner, "this most excellent man," known, even as plain Thomas Dawson, before his peerage, as a model of all that was steady and sedate. His second wife was the granddaughter of William Penn, named Philadelphia, from the city of her birth—a good woman, whose "character it was difficult to delineate," her funeral sermon assures us. She, becoming Lady Cremorne, and outliving her husband, inherited this charming villa and grounds, called Chelsea farm, and left it at her death, in 1825, to her nephew, Granville Penn, "one of the Hereditary Governors and Proprietaries of the late Province of Pennsylvania." He soon sold it, and it became a place of drinking and dancing.

Past the prim and proper brick cottages, past the innocent nursery garden, which cover wicked old Cremorne, through new streets and crescents built on the site of the famous Ashburnham estate, out beyond a high brick wall, studded with reserve and respectability, concealing old Stanley House,—once visited by Queen Elizabeth,—we come to the westernmost edge of Chelsea. Standing on the little bridge which carries King's Road across this deep railway cutting into Sand's End, Fulham, we look over to an old plaster-fronted

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CHELSEA BRIDGE AND LINDSEY HOUSE.

house, once known as Sandford Manor House. This was one of the many residences of Nell Gwynne, and in it, a hundred years later, lived Joseph Addison. It has been newly plastered, the sloping roof raised a little, and the wings long since torn down, but it has been very slightly modernized, and Mr. McMinn, its occupant, with rare and real reverence has preserved its antique features, the more marked as they stand out against the great gasometers beyond. Within, its square hall retains the old wainscoting, and the staircase remains as when Charles II. rode up on his pony, in a freak. The delightful little back garden is perhaps hardly altered since those days, but the four walnut-trees which Charles is said to have planted in the front garden have gone to decay and have recently been uprooted. At its foot, where now the railway cuts through, once ran "the creek with barges gliding deep, beside the long grass," on the banks of which Addison went bird-nesting for eggs for the young Earl of Warwick. This was when he was thinking of marrying the lad's mother, and the letters—still in existence—which he wrote from here to the little ten-year-old earl are as genuine and charming as anything we have from his pen. One of them begins, "The business of this is to invite you to a concert of music which I have found out in the neighboring wood." I wish space allowed me to quote more of these letters. Although they

are dated simply at Sand's End, none other than Sandford House has ever stood which can fill the description of that country place, "whereto Mr. Addison often retires in summer."

On the corner of the little turning which leads to this house there stands a tavern called "The Nell Gwynne"; this, at the extreme western end of the parish, is matched by another of the same name on its easternmost edge, and between these two public-houses we may track many other foot-prints of this fair lady, "with whom, for all her frailties, the English people can never be angry," as Peter Cunningham well says. She has left her trace on Chelsea, as she left it in her time on the light-minded monarch,—both shown even yet in Chelsea Hospital, according to tradition and popular belief, which credit her with its founding. It is true that Louis XIV. had probably given the notion to the king by his foundation, a few years before, of the *Invalides* as a retreat for French veterans. It is true that as early as 1666 Evelyn had sent to Pepys, as Clerk of Admiralty, a scheme for an infirmary for disabled English sailors; and, in his diary, 1681-82, he says, "This evening Sir Stephen Fox acquainted me again with his Majesty's resolution of proceeding in the erection of a Royal Hospital for emerited soldiers." This may well be, but it is at least plausible and certainly pleasant

to believe that this good-hearted woman, by a judicious and timely movement, brought about a sudden solution of the question which had been only in suspension in the king's mind. The general destitution of the discharged soldiers after the Restoration was a scandal to the king and the country. In olden times such men had found bread and ale and a night's rest in monastic houses; but all this had been done away with by their disso-

albeit his is a memorable figure, gallant in battle, ardent in love, devoted in science. When he laid down the rapier for the retort, the broadsword for the blowpipe, he pursued chemistry even as he had pursued the flying Roundheads at Edge Hill. Later, the buildings, falling to pieces, were used as early as 1653 as a prison for the Dutch taken in the war. John Evelyn, one of the four commissioners in charge of all prisoners of war,



CHELSEA HOSPITAL, RIVER FRONT.

lution. Nell Gwynne had been poor herself, yet, strangely enough, in her prosperity she was always prone to pity poverty. They say that one day a shabby soldier just escaped from Tangiers—probably an impostor—begged at her carriage door, and she drove home and urged the king to do something for these disabled servants of the state.

There was already a building on the ground, then nearly in ruins, and the foundation walls of which may still be seen in the cellar of the chaplain's house. This was King James's college of polemic divinity—"A College of Divines and other Learned Men at Chelsea." It was a failure, for nobody would subscribe, and only one-eighth of the plan was ever built. The Royal Society used the building for a while; in one of its outhouses Prince Rupert invented the drops, which, in Macaulay's words, "have long amused children and puzzled philosophers"; and by which, absurdly enough, his name is still kept alive;

visits his charges on Ash Wednesday, 1665, and writes: "They only complained that their bread was too fine!"

This was the site fixed on for the new infirmary; and in the "Monthly Recorder" of February 17, 1682, you may read: "His Majesty went to Chelsey Colledge to lay the first stone, with several of the nobility, which is a place designed to be built and endowed by His Majesty for the relief of Indigent officers, and Incouragement to serve His Majesty." William and Mary finished the edifice; and it stands—an impressive monument of that union of proportion and fitness by which Christopher Wren gave beauty to the plainest designs—in stately solidity in the midst of its thirty acres of ground. It is handsomely supported, not only by government aid, but by valuable donations. There are nearly eighty thousand out-pensioners and over five hundred inmates, who are divided into companies and do mimic garrison duty



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BATTERSEA BRIDGE AND CHURCH, FROM TURNER'S HOUSE.

in memory of their active days. Prints of their popular commanders hang all round the walls of the great hall west of the grand entrance, once a dining-room, now used for reading and smoking. In glass cases are the war medals left by veterans dying with no surviving relatives to claim them. In this hall the body of the great duke lay in state amid the memorials of his victories, guarded by his own veterans, successors of those other veterans, exultant over the news of Waterloo, whom Wilkie had painted, years before, for the duke himself.

Framed on the wall is a record of the battles, sieges, marches of the Coldstream Guards, which tells us that this famous body is the sole surviving representative of the force which

placed Charles II. on the throne, and thus became the nucleus of the standing army of England. The regiment had been formed in 1650 by General George Monk, by drafts of picked men from the various Cromwellian regiments, and made that famous march on the first day of the year 1660 from Coldstream to London, which saved the monarchy and gave the guard its historic name. In the chapel under the tattered battle-flags, drooping, faded, and forlorn, you may see on any Sunday Hubert Herkomer's picture, in life. It is a touching scene, this entry of the veterans into their chapel, preceded by their life and drum; still more touching, the funeral of one of their dead, as they march painfully from the infirmary, the solitary drummer and fife play-



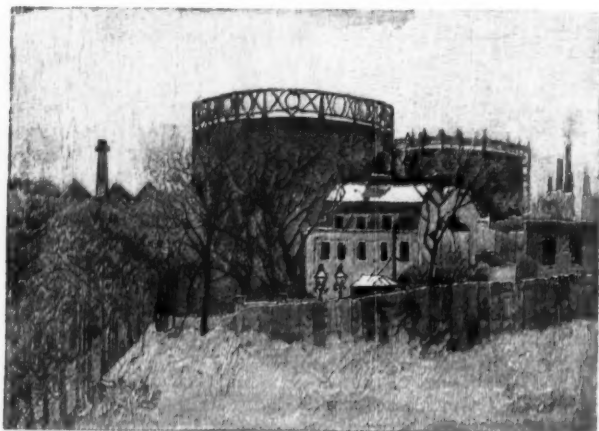
STEAMBOAT PIER, OLD BATTERSEA BRIDGE, TWENTY YEARS AGO.

ing the Dead March in Saul. In the quiet old burying-ground hard by they lie compactly enough, the dead soldiers; and among them women who have fought and died in men's attire, their sex unsuspected until their burial.

Not only in this burial-ground, but in the quadrangles and courts, and everywhere about, there rests an air of repose, of forgetfulness of the turbulent world without. Here, about the spacious central quadrangle, on massive wooden benches, loaf and smoke and chat the contented old boys, and growl withal in their content. They decorate the marble statue of Charles II., posing as a Roman, in the center, with oak-garlands on "Oak-Apple-Day," May 29th, the anniversary of his restoration; they wear oak branches in their caps,

an enchanting stillness broods, broken only by the rare rumble of trains on the farther railway-bridge. All things are half hid in the exquisite English haze; it softens every sharpness, harmonizes every harshness, rounds every shape to grace.

The old soldiers have their own gardens near at hand, and as we stroll there we shall pass College Fields, perpetuating the name of King James's College, and so on between double rows of lime-trees, gnarled and bent, under which the veterans flirt sedately with the demure nursemaids, whose neglected charges meanwhile play with the sheep. Through the gate we enter their small but well-arranged domain, divided into tiny squares, each tilled by its owner, who grows flowers



SANDFORD MANOR HOUSE.

and eat much plum-pudding at dinner that day. Open towards the river, this quadrangle looks out on gracious gardens; just beyond is the great cross, put up for their comrades in the Sepoy mutiny; "some died in battle, some of wounds, some of disease, *all* in the devoted performance of Duty." A little farther out stands the obelisk commemorating those who fell on that dark and doubtful day at Chillianwallah, January 13, 1849. As we stand here, beside a quiet Quaker cannon, these memorials to the devoted dead in front, the terraced gardens slope to the river beyond, their "carpet-beds" yellow with autumnal flowers; the graceful towers and swaying chains of Chelsea Suspension Bridge rise on the left; over the drooping limes and elms of the embankment the slim spars of lazy sloops slip slowly by; the gleaming river glides beneath, and over beyond it the feathery masses of the trees of Battersea Park stand solidly against the sky. The mellow autumn sun floods the scene, and

or vegetables, as may suit him, and gains a little more tobacco-money by his sales. They seem fond of the flowers which put themselves most in evidence, and their little gardens are all aglow with gorgeous hollyhocks, dahlias, sunflowers, of the most gigantic and highly colored kinds. You will be pleased, I hope, to learn that this little piece of ground is called Ranelagh Gardens, and is the sole surviving remnant of that famous resort so dear to an older generation. Lord Ranelagh was one of the three commissioners appointed in the beginning to manage the new hospital, and so he leases to himself seven acres of its grounds on the east, lying along the river, and there builds a grand mansion in 1691, the gardens of which are "curiously kept and elegantly designed, so esteemed the best in England." This first Earl of Ranelagh has been one of the pupils of a certain school-master named John Milton, probably at his house in Barbican in the city, so recently torn down. The earl becomes

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a famous man, in a different line from his school-teacher, and dying in 1712 leaves Ranelagh House and gardens to his son, who sold the place in 1733 to Lacy, Garrick's partner in the Drury Lane theater patent, to be made by him a place of open-air amusement, after the manner of the favorite Vauxhall; but "it quite eclipses Vauxhall," writes Horace Walpole. Of course he has his sneer at the "rival mobs" of the two places; but he did not disdain to show himself a very swell mob's man, in his famous carouse at Ranelagh with Miss Ashe and Lady Caroline Petersham. The manners and morals of this place and this time have never been so pithily presented as in George Selwyn's *not*, on hearing that one of the waiters had been convicted of robbery: "What a horrid idea he'll give of us to those fellows in Newgate!"

At this distance, however, the fêtes, frolics, fireworks, and all the fashionable frivolity of the place, look bright and attractive. Nor did grave and reverend men disdain to spend their evenings in the gardens, "to give expansion and gay sensation to the mind," as staid old Dr. Johnson asserted it did! Goldsmith found it so, when he came here to forget the misery of his lodging in Green Arbor Court, where now stands the Holborn Viaduct Station. Laurence Sterne, fresh from his Yorkshire parsonage, finding himself the fashion in town, and plunging into all its gayeties, came to Ranelagh more often than was considered seemly. Smollett sometimes emerged from out his Chelsea solitude for a sight of this festive world; and Fielding came here to study the scenes for his "Amelia"; and Addison, who chats about the place in his "Spectator." It is spoken of in the "Connoisseur" and the "Citizen of the World," the poet Bloomfield introduces it, and Fanny Burney places here a scene in her "Evelina." She was then—just one hundred years ago—a little past twenty-six, living with her father, Dr. Burney, recently made organist of the hospital chapel, next door. Ranelagh had then begun to "decline and fall off," in Silas Wegg's immortal phrase. Having been open since 1742, it finally closed at the beginning of this century, its artificial moon paling before the rising radiance of the new Cremorne.

On an old tracing of the hospital boundaries in its archives, I read: "To answer the Earl of Ranelagh's house on the east side of the college, an house was builded in the Earl of Orford's garden on the west side." This was the house into which Sir Robert Walpole moved

from his lodgings near by, where now Walpole street runs: the same lodgings in which the Earl of Sandwich had lived long before—the Edward Montague who, as commander of the fleet, brought Charles II. back to England, was made Earl of Sandwich for this service, and in 1663 he came to live in Chelsea, "to take the ayre."

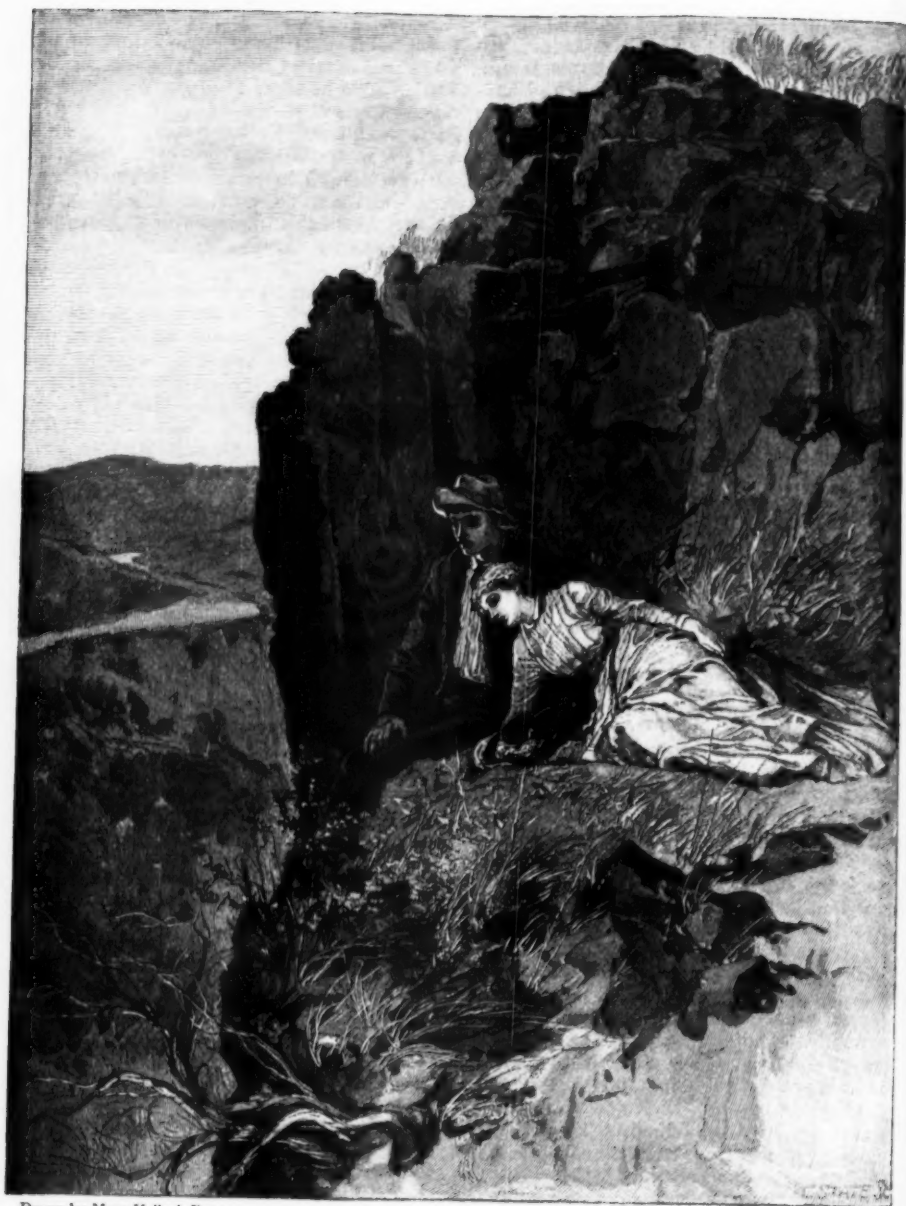
Crossing through court and quadrangle and gardens to the western side of the hospital, we are allowed to enter the infirmary, and pass into Ward No. 7. Here we stand in Sir Robert Walpole's dining-room, unchanged since he left it, except that the array of fine Italian pictures has gone from the walls, and that decrepit soldiers lie about on cots, coughing and drinking gruel from mugs. But for all this, perhaps by reason of all this, this room, with its heavily molded ceiling, its stately marble mantel—all in severe white—is one of the most impressive relics of by-gone grandeur in all London. The house, grand in its day, grand still, was built by Sir John Vanbrugh, whose architecture—florid and faulty, but with a dignity of its own—was as heavy as his comedies were light, and brought on him Swift's epitaph:

"Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
Hath laid many a heavy load on thee."

The old red-brick mansion has been raised a story, but otherwise stands almost as when Walpole lived here, from 1723 to 1746, and from its chambers ruled England through his subjects George I. and George II., whom he allowed to reign. Here came Bolingbroke on his return from his exile in France, to dine at the invitation of his great rival, whom he hated and envied. It was not a festive dinner for him, and Horace Walpole tells us that "the first morsel he put into his mouth was near choking him, and he was reduced to rise from the table and leave the room for some minutes. I never heard of their meeting more." Here Swift used to stride in to dinner, studying his host for the rôle of Flimnap, in his "Gulliver," which he was then writing. Here Gay, then secretary or steward to Lady Monmouth, a little farther on in Chelsea, swaggered in his fine clothes, and, being snubbed by his cynical host, put him on the stage as Macheath in his "Beggar's Opera." Pope used to drive over in his little trap from Twickenham, before his friend Bolingbroke's return, and entertain Sir Robert with the details of his row about Lady Mary Wortley Montague with that be-rouged fop, Lord Hervey.

(To be concluded.)

Benjamin Ellis Martin.



Drawn by Mary Hallock Foote.

ON THE BRINK.

Engraved by C. J. A. State.



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THE FATE OF A VOICE.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE,

Author of "The Led-Horse Claim," "John Bodewin's Testimony," etc.



HERE are many loose pages of the earth's history scattered through the unpeopled regions of the Far West, known but to few persons, and these unskilled in the reading of Nature's dumb records.

One of these unread pages, written over with prehistoric inscriptions, is the cañon of the Wallula River.

An ancient lava stream once submerged the valley. Its hardening crust, bursting asunder in places, left great crooked rents, through which the subsequent drainage from the mountain slopes found a way down to the desert plains. In one of these furrows, left by the fiery plowshare, a river, now called the Wallula, made its bed. Hurling itself from side to side, scouring out its straitened boundaries with tons of sand torn from the mountains, it slowly widened and deepened, and wore its ancient channel into the cañon as it may now be seen.

No one knows how long the river has been making the bed in which it lies so restlessly. Riding towards it across the sunburnt mountain pastures, its course may be traced by the black crests of the lava bluffs which line its channel, showing in the partings of the hills. From a distance the bluffs do not look formidable; they seem but a step down from the high sunlit slopes, an insignificant break in the skyward sweep of their long, buoyant lines. But ride on to the brink and look down. The bunch-grass grows to the very edge, its slight spears quivering in light against the cañon's depths of shadow. The roar of the river comes up to your ears in a continuous volume of sound, loud and low, as the wind changes. Here and there, where the speed of the river has been checked, it has left a bit of white sand beach, the only positive white in the landscape. The faded grasses of the hills look pale against the sky; it is a country of cloudless skies and long rainless summers—only the dark cañon walls dominate the intensity of its deep, unchanging blue. The broad light rests, still as in a picture, on the fixed black lines of the bluffs, on the slopes of wild pasture whose curves flatten and crowd together as they meet the horizon. A few black dots of cattle, grazing in the dis-

tance, may appear and then stray out of sight over a ridge, or a broad-winged bird may slowly mount and wheel and sink between the cañon walls. Meanwhile, your horse is picking his way, step by step, along the bluffs, cropping the tufts of dry bunch-grass, his hoofs clinking now and then on a bit of sunken rock, which, from the sound, might go down to the foundations of the hills; there are cracks, too, which look as if they went as deep. The basalt walls are reared in tiers of columns with hexagonal cleavage. A column or a group of columns becomes dislocated from the mass, rests so, slightly apart; a girl's weight might throw it over. At length the accumulation of slight, incessant propelling causes overcomes its delicate poise; it topples down; the jointed columns fall apart, and their fragments go to increase the heap of débris which has found its angle of repose at the foot of the cliff. A raw spot of color shows on the weather-worn face of the cliff, and beneath a shelf is left, or a niche, which the tough sage and the scented wild syringa creep down to and fearlessly occupy in company with straggling tufts of bunch-grass.

One summer a party of railroad engineers made their camp in the river cañon, along the side of a gulch lined with willows and wild roses, up the first hill above it, and down on the white sand beach below. There were the quarters of the division engineer, who had ladies with him in camp that summer; the tents of the younger members of the corps, the cook-tent, and the dining-shed were on the hill, and the camp of the "force" was lower down the gulch. Work on that division of the new railroad was temporarily suspended; the engineer in charge, having finished his part of the line to its junction with the valley division, was awaiting orders from his chief.

It was September, and the last week of the ladies' sojourn in camp. They were but two, the division engineer's wife and the wife's younger sister, a girl with a voice. No one who knew her ever thought of Madeline Hendric without thinking of her voice, a fact she herself would have been the last to resent. At that time she was ordering her life solely with reference to the demands of that imperious organ. An obstinate huskiness that had changed it since the damp, late Eastern spring, and veiled its brilliancy, was the mo-

tive which had sent her, with her sister, to the dry, pure air of the foot-hills. In the autumn she would go abroad for two or three years' final study.

It was Sunday afternoon in camp. Since work on the line had ceased there was little to distinguish it from any other afternoon, except that the little Duncan girls wore white dresses and broad ribbons at lunch instead of their play frocks, and were allowed to come to the six o'clock dinner in the cook-tent. Mrs. Duncan had remarked to her husband that Madeline and young Aldis seemed to be making the most of their farewells. They had spent the entire afternoon together on the river beach, not in sight of the camp, but in a little cove secluded by willows, where the brook came down. Mrs. Duncan could see them now returning with lagging steps along the shore, not looking at each other and not speaking, apparently. The rest of the camp was on its way to dinner.

"I told you how it would be, if you brought her out here, you know," Mr. Duncan said, waiting for his wife to pass him, with her skirts gathered in one hand, along the foot-bridge that crossed the brook to the cook-tent.

"Oh, Madeline is all right," she replied.

But Aldis was missing at table, and Madeline came down late, though without having changed her dress, and during dinner avoided her sister's eye.

"You're not going out with him again, Madeline!" Mrs. Duncan found a chance to say to the girl after dinner, as she was hurrying up the trail with a light shawl on her arm. "All the afternoon, and now again! What can you be thinking of?"

Mrs. Duncan could see Aldis walking about in front of the tents on the hill, evidently on the watch for Madeline.

"I must," she said hurriedly. "It is a promise."

"Oh, if it has come to that —"

"It hasn't come to anything. You need not be troubled. To-night will be the last of it."

"Madeline, you must not go. Let me excuse you to Aldis. I can't let you go till I've had a chance to talk with you."

"That is what I have promised *him* — one more chance. You cannot help us, Sallie. Go back, dear, and don't worry about me."

These words were hastily whispered on the trail, Aldis walking about and gloomily awaiting the result of this flying conference between the sisters. Mrs. Duncan went back to the house only half-satisfied that she had done her duty. It was not the first time she had found it difficult to do her duty by Madeline, when it happened to conflict with the inclinations of that imperative youngest

daughter of the house of Hendric. Besides, it was not for Madeline she was troubled.

The path leading to the bluffs was one of the many cattle-trails that wind upward with an even grade from base to summit of every grass-covered hill on the mountain ranges. Madeline and Aldis shortened the way by leaving the trail and climbing the side of the bluff where it jutted out above the river. It was a steep and breathless struggle upward, and Madeline did not refuse the accustomed help of her companion's hand, offered in silence with a look which she ignored. Mechanically they sought the place where it had been their custom to sit on other evenings of the summer they had spent together, — one of those ledges a few feet from the summit of the bluff where part of a row of columns had fallen. Cautiously they stepped down to it along a crevice slippery with dried grasses, he keeping always between her and the brink.

The sun had already set to the camp, but from their present height they could see it once more, drifting down the flaming west. Suddenly, as a fire-ship burns to the water's edge and sinks, the darkening line of the distant plains closed above that intolerable splendor. All the cool subdued tones of the cañon sprang into life; the river took a steely gleam. Up through the gate of the cañon rolled the tide of hazy glory from the valley, touched the topmost crags, and mounted thence to fade in the evening sky. The two on the bluffs still sat in silence, their faces pale in the deepening glow, but Madeline had crept forward on the ledge, nearer to Aldis, to look down. It was the first confiding natural movement she had made towards him since the shock of this new phase of their friendship had startled her. Aldis was grateful for it, while resolved to take all possible advantage of it. At his first words she drew back, and he knew, before her answer came, that she had instantly resumed the defensive.

"Everything has been said, except things it would be unkind to say. Why need we go over it all again?"

"That is what we came up here for, isn't it? To go over it all once more, and get down to the very dregs of your argument."

"It isn't an argument. It's a decision, and it is made. There is nothing more I can say, except to indulge in the meanness of recrimination."

"Go on and recriminate, by all means! That is what I want, — to make you say everything you have on your mind. Then I want you to listen to me. What is it you are keeping back?"

"Well, then, was it quite honest of you to seem to accept the conditions of our — being

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together this summer, as we have been, and all the while to be nursing this—hope,—for me to have to kill? Do you think I like to?"

"The conditions?" he repeated. "What conditions do you mean? I knew you intended yourself for a public singer."

The girl blushed hotly. "Why do you say 'intended myself'? I did not choose my fate. It has chosen me. You must have known that marrying"—the word came with a kind of awkward violence from her lips—"anybody was the last thing I should be likely to think of. A voice is a vocation in itself."

"I did not propose marriage to you as a vocation. As for that hope you accuse me of secretly harboring, I have never held you responsible for it. I took all the risks deliberately when I gave myself up to being happy with you and trying to make you happy with me. You have been happy sometimes, haven't you?"

"Yes," she confessed; "too happy, if this is the way it is to end."

"But it isn't? Perhaps I ought to thank you for being sorry for me, but that isn't what I want. I want to make you sorry for yourself and for the awful mistake you are making."

"Oh, the whole summer has been a mistake! And this place and everything have been fatal! But if you had only been honest with me, it would all have been different. I should have been on my guard."

"Thank Heaven you were not! Do you suppose the man lives who would put a girl on her guard, as you say, and endure her company on such terms?"

"You know what I mean. I am not free; I am not—eligible. I thought you understood that and admitted it. We were friends on that basis."

"I never admitted anything of the kind, or accepted any basis but the natural one. When you make your own conditions for a man and assume that he accepts them, you should ask yourself what sort of an animal he is. Most of us believe we have an inalienable right to try to win the woman we have chosen, if she is not bespoken or married to another man."

"I am bespoken then. Thank you for the word. My life is pledged to a purpose as serious as marriage itself. You need not smile. Love is not the only inspiration a woman's life can know. I shall reach far more people through my art than I could by just living for my own preferences."

"You still have preferences, then?"

"Why should I deny it? I don't call it being strong to be merely indifferent. I can care for things and yet give them up. I don't expect to have a very good time these next three years. I dare say I shall have foolish dreams like other girls, and look back and count

the time spent. But what I truly believe I was meant to do, that I will do, no matter what it costs. There is no other way to live. Listen!"—she stopped him with a gesture as he was about to speak. She raised her head. Her gray eyes, which had more light than color in them, were shining with something that looked like tears, as she gave voice to one long, heart-satisfying peal of harmony, prolonging it, filling the silence with its rich cadences, and waking from the rocks across the cañon a faint eerie repetition, an echo like the utterance of a voice imprisoned in the cliff. "There," she said, "are the two me's, the real me and what you would make of me—the ghost of a voice—an echo of other voices from the world I belonged to once, calling in the wild places where you would have me buried alive."

He smiled drearily at this girlish hyperbole. "I think there is room here even for a voice like yours. It need not perish for want of breath."

"No, but for want of listeners. I could not sing in an empty world."

"You would have one listener. I could listen for ten thousand."

"Oh, but I don't want you. I want the ten thousand. There are plenty of women with sweet voices meant for only one listener. You ought to find one of those voices and listen to it the rest of your life." There was a tremulous, insistent gayety in her manner which met with no response. "As for me," she continued, "I want to sing to multitudes. I want to lean my voice on the waves of great orchestras. I want to feel myself going crazy in the choruses, and then sing all alone in a hush. Oh, don't you know that intoxicating silence? It takes hundreds to make it. And can't you hear the first low notes, and feel the shudder of joy? I can. I can hear my own voice like a separate living thing. I love it better than I love myself! It isn't myself. I feel sometimes that it is a spirit that has trusted itself to my keeping. I will not betray it, even for you."

This little concession to the weakness of human preference escaped her in the ardor of her resolve. It was not lost upon Aldis.

"Do you think I wish to silence you?" he protested. "I love your voice, but not as a separate thing. If it is a spirit, it is your spirit. But I could dispense with it easily!"

"Of course you could. You don't care for me as I am. You have never admitted that I have a gift which is a destiny in itself. If you did, you would respect it; you could not think of me, mutilated, as I should be, if you took away my one means of expression."

"Oh, nobody who has anything to express is so limited as that. Besides, I wouldn't take

it away. I would enlarge it, not force it into one channel. I would have the woman possess the voice, not the voice possess the woman. I should be the last to deny that you have a destiny; but I have one too. My destiny is to love you and to make you my wife. There is nothing in that that need conflict with yours."

"I should think there was everything!"

"You have never let me get so far as a single detail, but if you will listen."

"I thought I had listened pretty well for one who assumes it is her mission to be heard," Madeline said again, with a piteous attempt at lightness, which her hot cheeks and anxious eyes belied.

"Granting that it is your mission, this part of the world is not so empty as it looks. The people who would make your audiences here are farther apart than in the cities, but they have the enthusiasm that makes nothing of distance. They would make pilgrimages to hear you—whole families in plains-wagons with the children packed in bed-quilts. And the cowboys! they would gather as they do to a grand round-up. It would be a unique career for a singer," he continued, ignoring an interruption from Madeline, asking who would involve this wide-spread enthusiasm, and would he have her advertised in the "Wallula News Miner."

"There would be no money in it for us" (Madeline winced at the pronoun); "I would not have your lovely gift peddled about the country. There would be no floral tributes or press notices you would care for, or interviews with reporters or descriptions of your dresses in the papers. You might never have the pleasure of seeing your picture in the back of the monthlies, advertising superior toilet articles; but to a generous woman who believes in the regenerating influence of her art, I should think there would be a singular pleasure in giving it away to those who are cut off from all such joys. I know there are singers who boast of their five-thousand-dollar-a-night voices; I would rather boast that mine was the one free voice that could not be bought."

"There are no such vagrant, prodigal voices. A beautiful, trained voice is one of the highest products of civilization; it takes the most civilized listeners to appreciate it. It needs the stimulus of refined appreciation. It needs the inspiration of other voices and the spur of intelligent criticism. I know you have been making fun of my ambitions, but I choose to take you seriously. My standard would come down to the level of my audiences—the cowboys and the children in bed-quilts."

"Oh, no, it wouldn't. Your genius is its own standard, is it not? You would be like

the early poets and the troubadours. They sang in rather an empty world, did they not, and not always to critical audiences? The knights and barons couldn't have been much above our cowboys."

"Oh, how absurd you are! No, not absurd, but unkind; you are making desperate fun of me and of my voice too, because I make so much of it—but you force me to. It is my whole argument."

"I'm desperate enough for anything, but I'm hardly in a position to make fun of any rival. Madeline, sometimes I hate your voice, and yet I love it too. I understand its power better than you think. It has just the dramatic quality which should make you the singer of a new people. Oh, how blind you are to a career so much finer, so much broader, so much sweeter, and more womanly! Your mission is here, in the camps of the Philistines. You are to bring a message to the heathen; to sing to the wandering, godless peoples,—to the Esaus and the Ishmaels of the Far West."

"That is all very fine, but you know perfectly well that your Esaus and your Ishmaels would prefer a good clog-dancer to all the 'messages' in the world."

"Oh, you don't know them,—and if they did, it would be the first part of your mission to teach them a higher sort of pleasure."

"And I am to go to Munich and study for the sake of coming out here to regenerate the cowboys?"

"That isn't the part of your destiny I insist upon," Aldis said, letting the weariness of discouragement show in his tones. "But you say you must have an audience. And I must have you —"

"But does it occur to you," Madeline interrupted quickly, "what a tremendous waste of effort and elaboration there would be between the means and the effect?"

"I don't ask for the effort and the elaboration. That is the part *you* insist upon. All I want is you, just as you are, voice or no voice. You need not go to Munich on my account."

"You expect me to give up everything."

"You would have to give up a good deal; I don't deny it. But is there any virtue in woman that becomes her better?"

"Perhaps not, from a man's point of view. But it is no use listening to you. You haven't the faintest conception of what my future is to me, as I see it, and all this you have been talking is either a burlesque on my ambition, or else it is the insanity of selfishness—masculine selfishness. I don't mean anything personal. You want to absorb into your own life a thing that was meant to have a life of its own, for all the world to share and enjoy. Yes, why not? I won't pretend to depreciate

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my gift! I am only the tenement in which a precious thing is lodged. You would drive out the divine tenant, or imprison it, for the sake of possessing the poor house it lives in."

"Good Heavens!" Aldis exclaimed, with a sort of awe of what seemed to him an almost blasphemous absurdity. "What nonsense you young geniuses can talk! I wish the precious tenant would evacuate and leave you to your sober senses, and to me."

"And this is what a man calls love!"

Aldis laughed fiercely. "Has there been any new kind of love invented lately? This is the kind that came into the world before art did."

"Art is love, without its selfishness," said Madeline, with innocent conclusiveness.

"Where the deuce do you girls learn this sort of talk?" Aldis demanded of the girl beside him.

She answered him with unexpected gentleness. She leaned towards him, and looked entreatingly in his face. "This is our last evening together. Don't let us spoil it with this wretched squabbling."

"She calls it squabbling—a man's fight for his life!" He turned and gave her back her look, with more fire than entreaty in his eyes.

"There is the moon," she said hurriedly.

"It is time to go home."

The fringe of grasses above their heads was touched with silver light, and the shadow of the bluff lay broad and distinct across the valley.

"We must go home," Madeline urged. Aldis did not move.

"Madeline, would you marry me if I had a lot of money?"

"Oh, hush!"

"No, but would you? Answer me."

"Yes, I would." She was tired of choosing her words. "For then you would not have to earn a living in these wild places."

"You would take me then as a sort of appendage? You don't want a man with work of his own to do?"

"Not if it interferes with mine."

"That is your answer?"

"Can I make it any plainer?"

"You have not said you do not love me."

"I don't need to say it. It is proved by what I do—I might have been nicer to you, perhaps, but you are so unreasonable."

"Never mind if I am. Be nice to me now!"

"I meant to be. But it is too late. We must go home." She felt that she was losing command of herself through sheer exhaustion; it could only mislead him and prolong the struggle if she should now betray any signs of weakness. "Come," she said, "you will have to get up first."

He did not move.

"Oh, sit still a little longer," he pleaded. "I will not bother you any more. Let us have one half hour of our old times together—only a little better, because it is the last."

"No, not another minute." She rose quickly to her feet, tripped in her skirt, and tottered forward. Aldis had risen too. As she reeled and threw out her hands, he sprang between her and the brink, thrusting her back with the whole force of his sudden spring. The rock upon which he had leaped, regardless of his footing, gave its final quake and dropped into the abyss. It was the uppermost segment of a loosened column. The whole mass went down, narrowing the ledge so that Madeline, by turning her head, could look into the depths below. She did not move or cry; she lay still, but for the deep gasping breaths that would not cease, though all the life had seemed to go out from her when he went down. The relief of unconsciousness did not come to her. She was aware of the soft, dry night wind growing cool, of the river's sighing, of the long grasses fluttering wildly against the moon above her head. The perfume of wild syringa blossoms, hidden in some crevice of the rock, came to her with the breeze. There were crackling, rustling noises from the depth of shadow into which she dared not look; then silence, except the wind and the river's roar, borne strongly upwards, as it freshened—And all the words they had said to each other in their long, passionate argument kept repeating themselves, forcing themselves upon her stunned, passive consciousness, she lying there, not caring if she never stirred again, and he on the rocks below—and between them the sudden, awful silence. She might have crept to the brink and called, but she could not call to the dead.

Gradually it came to her that she must get herself back somehow to the camp with her miserable story. It would be easier, it seemed, to turn once over and drop off the cliff, and let some one else tell the story for them both. But the fascination of this impulse could not prevail over the awakening shuddering fact of her physical being. She despised herself for the caution with which she crept along the ledge and up the grass-grown crevice. If he had been cautious she would be where he was lying now. It was her own rash girl's fancy for getting on the brink of things and looking over that had brought them first to that fatal place. But these thoughts were but pin-pricks following the shock of that benumbing horror she was carrying with her back to the camp.

As she looked down upon its lights she felt

like one already long estranged from the life she had been the gay center of but two hours before. She knew how her sister's little girls were asleep, the night wind softly stirring the leaves outside their bedroom window; how still the house was; how empty and white in the moonlight the tents on the hill; how the camp was assembled on the beach, waiting for her return with Aldis and for the evening singing. Sing! She could have shrieked, sobbed, and cried aloud at the thought of this home-coming—she alone with the burden of her sorrow, and by and by Aldis, borne in his comrades' arms and laid on his bed in that empty tent on the hill.

But there was a hard constriction, a dumb, convulsive ache in her throat. She felt as if no sound could ever be uttered by her again.

IF Aldis had been lying dead at the foot of the bluffs, as Madeline believed, this story would never have been told in print, except in a cold-blooded newspaper paragraph which would have omitted to mention one curious fact connected with the accident, that a young girl who was the companion of the unfortunate young man, when it occurred, suffered a shock of the nerves from the sight of his fall that deprived her entirely of her voice, so that she could not speak except in whispers.

It was not Aldis who was the victim of this tragedy of the bluffs, but Aldis's successful rival, the voice. It was hushed at the very moment of its triumph. A blow from the brain upon those nerve-chords which were its life! Love shook the house in which music dwelt, jarred it to its center, and the imperious but frail tenant had fled.

At the moment when Madeline's tortured fancy was bringing home a mangled heap and laying him in the last of that row of tents on the hill, Aldis was getting himself home, by the lower trail, as fast as his bruises would let him.

He had fallen into a scrubby growth of wild syringa that flung its wax-white blossoms out from a cranny in the cliff less than half-way down. As he crashed into it, its tough and springy mass checked his fall enough to enable him to get a firm grasp with his hands. He hung dangling at arm's length against the cliff, groping for a temporary lodgment for his feet. In the darkness he dimly perceived something like a ledge, not too far below him, towards which the face of the bluff sloped slightly outwards.

Flattening himself against the rock he let go his hold and slid, clutching and grinding downward till his feet struck the ledge. From this vantage, after getting his breath and

taking a deliberate view of his situation, it was not a difficult feat to reach the slope of broken rock below. He sat there while the trembling in his strained muscles subsided, scarcely conscious as yet of his torn and scratched and bruised condition. He was about to raise his voice in a shout to assure Madeline of his safety when the thought turned him sick, that, unnerved as she must be with the sight of his fall, she might mistake the call for a cry for help, and venture too near that treacherous edge to look down. He kept still, while the horror grew upon him of what might happen to Madeline alone on the ledge or trying to climb the slippery crevice in the shadow of the bluff. He knew that a mass of rock had fallen when he fell; was there space enough left on the ledge by which she could safely reach the crevice? He could not resist giving one low call, speaking her name as distinctly and quietly as he could, and bidding her not move but listen. There was no answer; the roar of the rapids, borne on the wind that nightly drew down the cañon, drowned his voice. Madeline did not hear him. He waited until the silence convinced him that she was no longer there; then he took his way toilsomely back to the camp.

A light showed in the window of the office, which in the evening was usually dark. He found the family assembled there in the light of a single kerosene lamp, the flame of which was streaming up the chimney unobserved, while all eyes were bent upon Madeline, seated in one of the revolving office chairs, with her back to the desk. She leaned shivering and whispering towards her sister, who knelt on the floor before her, holding her hands and staring, with a fearful interest, into the girl's colorless face.

The men who stood nearest the door turned and started as Aldis entered.

"Why, good God, Aldis!" Mr. Duncan exclaimed. "Why, man, we thought you were dead—you don't mean to say it's you—all of you?"

"I'm all here," said Aldis.

"He's all here, Madeline," Mrs. Duncan shouted hysterically to the girl, as if she were deaf as well as dumb.

THE fateful voice was undoubtedly gone. Madeline could no longer plead ineligibility when the common destiny of woman was offered her. But if Aldis had thought to profit immediately by her release from the claims of art he was disappointed.

What was the new obstacle? Only some more of Madeline's high-flown nonsense, as her sister called it. She was always making a heroic situation out of everything that hap-

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pened to her, and expecting her friends to bear her out in it.

She had been put to bed the night of the adventure on the cliff shaking with a nervous chill. Next day's packing had been suspended, and the eastward journey postponed. But in a day or two she was sufficiently recovered to be walking again with Aldis on the shore, and the old argument was resumed on a new basis. Madeline, pale and wistful, with Aldis's head very close to her's, that the river's intruding roar might not drown her whispers, protesting — sometimes with sobs, sometimes with sudden, tremulous laughter that shook her with dumb convulsions hardly more mirthful than the sobs — that she could not and she would not burden his life with the wreck she now passionately proclaimed herself to be.

But would she not give him what he wanted, had wanted, should continue to want and to try for so long as they both should live?

No, he didn't — he couldn't possibly want a ridiculous muttering shadow of a woman beside him all the days of his life. It was only his magnanimity. She wondered he could believe her capable of the meanness of taking advantage of it.

Aldis did not despair, but it was certainly difficult, with happiness almost within his reach, with the girl herself sometimes sobbing in his arms, to be obliged to treat this obstacle as seriously as Madeline insisted it should be treated. He appealed to Mrs. Duncan, who scolded and laughed at her sister alternately, and quoted with elaborate particulars a surprising number of similar cases of voices lost and found again by means of care and skillful treatment. But hers was *not* a similar case, Madeline vehemently declared. It was *not* from a cold, like Mrs. So and So's; it had not come on gradually, beginning with a hoarseness, like some one's else. It was; the girl believed in her heart that she had been made a singular and impressive example of the folly and wickedness of pride in an exceptional gift, and triumph in its corresponding destiny. The spirit she had boasted of harboring had deserted her. She deserved her punishment, but she would not permit another's life to be shadowed by it, especially one so generous — who, so far from resenting her refusal of the whole loaf, was content, or pretended to be, with the broken and rejected fragments. But all this Madeline was careful to keep from the cheerful irreverence of her sister's comments. She faltered something like it to Aldis in one of their long talks by the river; his low tones answering briefly, and at long intervals, her piercing whispers that sometimes almost shrieked her trouble in his ear. He could feel that she was still thrilling with

the double shock she had suffered; he was infinitely tender with her, and patient with her extravagant expositions of the situation between them. He longed to heap savage ridicule upon them, but he forbore. He listened and waited and let her talk until she was worn out, and then they were happiest together. For a few moments each day it seemed that she might drift back to him on the ebb of that overstrained tide of resistance and be at rest.

Madeline was always impatient of any discussion of the chances of her recovery, but one day, just before the time of their parting, Aldis surprised and captured an admission from her that there might be such a chance. Would she, then, on the strength of that possibility, consent to be engaged to him and treat him as her accepted lover, since nothing but her pride now kept them apart?

"Pride," Madeline repeated; "I don't know what I have left to be proud of."

"There is a kind of stiff-necked humility that is worse than pride," said Aldis, smiling at the easy way in which she shirked the logic of the conclusion he was forcing upon her. "You won't consent to the meanness, as you call it, of giving me what you are pleased to consider a damaged article, a thing with a flaw in it; as if a woman would be more lovable if she could be warranted proof against all wear and tear. But if the flaw can be healed, if there is a possibility that the voice may come back, why should we not be engaged on that hope?"

"And if it never does, will you promise to let me release you?"

"You can release me any time — now, if you like."

"But will you promise to take your release when I give it to you?"

"We will see about that. Perhaps by the time your voice doesn't come back I shall have been able to make you believe that it isn't the voice I care for."

"And if it should come back," cried Madeline with sudden enthusiasm, "I shall have my triumph! I am done forever with all that nonsense about Art and Destiny. If my voice ever should come back, I shall not let it bully me. It shall not decide my fate. You will see. Oh, how I wish you *might* see! I have learned my lesson in the true, awful values of things. Thank Heaven it has cost no more! There is one less singer in the world, perhaps, but there is not one less life. Your life. If you had lost it that night, and I had kept my voice, do you think I should ever have had any joy in it again — even lifted it up, as I boasted to you I would some day, before crowds of listeners? Could I have gone before the footlights, bowing and smiling,

with my arms full of flowers, and remembered your face and your last look as you went down?"

"Then it is settled at last, voice or no voice?"

"Yes,—but I am so sorry for you! It will not come back; I know it never will, and I shall go on whispering and gibbering to the end of my days, and all your friends will pity you; it is such a painfully conspicuous thing!"

"I want to be pitied. I am just pining to be an object of general compassion. Only I want to choose what I shall be pitied for."

"Choose?" said Madeline stupidly. "What do you mean?"

"I *have* chosen. Now be as sorry for me as you like. And we'll ask for the sympathy of the camp to-night. It will be a blow to the boys — my throwing myself away like this!"

"How ridiculous you are!" sighed Madeline. It was a luxury, after all, to yield. And perhaps in the depths of her consciousness, bruised and quivering as it was, there lingered a faint image of herself, as a charming girl sees herself reflected in those flattering mirrors, the eyes of friends, kindred, and adorers. Voiceless, futureless, spoiled as was the budding prima donna, the girl remained: eighteen years old and fair to look upon, with perfect health, and all the mysterious, fitful but unquenchable joy of youth thrilling through her pulses. Perhaps she was not so sorry for Aldis after all, in the innocent joy of her own intentions towards him. The sobs, the frantic whispers died away, and were hushed in a blissful acquiescence. She was not less fascinating to her lover — half amazed at his own sudden triumph — in her blushing, starry-eyed silences, than she had been in all the eager redundancy of her lost utterance. That was a wonderful last day for the young man to dream over in the long months before they should meet again!

THE camp had moved out of the cañon and down upon the desert plains. It was an open winter; up to the first of January the contractors had been able to keep their men at work, following closely the locating party.

Aldis rode up and down the line, putting in fresh stakes for the contractors, keeping them true to the line, and watching incidentally that they did not pod their embankments with sage-brush. His summer camp-dress of broad-shouldered, breezy, flannel shirt, and slender-waisted trousers, was changed to a reefing-jacket, double-buttoned to the chin, long boots, and helmet-shaped cap, pulled low down to keep the wind out of his eyes. Strong wintry reds and browns replaced, on his thin cheek, the summer's pallor.

Madeline Hendric, dressing for dinner at the Sutherland in New York, where she and her sister were spending the winter, would stand before her toilet-glass fastening her laces, her eyes fixed alternately on her own reflection in the mirror and on a dim photograph that leaned against the frame. It was not a bad specimen of amateur photography; it represented a young man on horseback in a wide and windy country, with an expression of sadness and determination in the dark eyes that looked steadfastly out of the gray, toneless picture.

They were the most beautiful eyes in the world, Madeline thought to herself, and sinking on her knees before the low table, with her arms crossed on the lace, rose-lined cover, she would brood in a fond, luxurious melancholy over the picture — over the somber line of plain and distant mountain, and the chilly little cluster of tents huddled close together by the river's dark, swift flood, flowing between icy beaches, below barren shores where a few leafless willows shivered, and the wild-twisted clumps of sage defied the cold.

A moment later she would be rustling softly down the corridor at her sister's side, passing groups of ladies who looked after them with that comprehensive but impersonal scrutiny which is a woman's recognition of anything unusual in another's dress or appearance. Mrs. Duncan looked her sister over with a quick, intelligent side glance, for those silent eye comments were all turned upon Madeline. She could see nothing amiss with the girl; she was looking very lovely, a trifle absent; Madeline had a way lately of looking as if she were alone with her own thoughts, on occasions when other women's faces took on habitually a neutral and impassive expression. It made her conspicuous, as if hers were the only sensitive human countenance exposed in a roomful of masks.

"Why do you never wear your light dresses, Madeline?" said Mrs. Duncan, with the intention of rousing the girl from her untimely dream. "You are very effective in black, with your hair, but I should think you would like once in a while to vary the effect."

"Do you suppose I am studying effects for the benefit of these people? I am *saving* my light dresses."

"Saving them! What for?"

"Do you never save up a pretty dress that Will likes, when you are away from him?"

"No, indeed I don't. It would get out of style, and he would see there was something wrong with it, though he might not know what it was. Dresses *won't* keep! Besides — do you think you are never to have any new ones, now you are engaged to an engineer?"

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"I shall not need many, if I go West, and a year or two behind won't matter to—my engineer!"

"Oh, you poor innocent! You don't know your engineer yet—and you don't know your West, either. And one is always having to pack up and come East at short notice, and I know of nothing more insupportable than finding one's self dumped off an overland train in New York, in the middle of winter, for instance, with a veteran outfit one hasn't had the strength of mind to 'give to the poor,' as Will says. You never know how your clothes look till you have packed them up on one side of the continent and unpacked them on the other. And let me tell you it pays to dress well in camp. Nothing is too good for them, poor things, so long as it's not inappropriate. Do you suppose a man ever forgets how a woman *ought* to look? Wear out your things, my dear, and take the good of them before they get *passed*, and let the future take care of itself."

Madeline was laughing, and the dreamy, soft abstraction had vanished. A stranger might look into her liquid, half-averted eyes, and see no more there than was meant for the passing glance.

Aldis had the promise of a month's leave of absence in March, but soon after the 1st of January the weather turned suddenly cold. The contractors took their men off the work, and the time of Aldis's leave was thus anticipated by two months.

He telegraphed to Mrs. Duncan that he would be in New York by the 15th, allowing for all contingencies.

Madeline's joy over the telegram was increased by one small item of relief, from the necessity of delaying a communication which she dreaded making by letter.

With rest and skillful treatment her voice had come back, as her sister had prophesied, in its full compass and purity. Her musical instructor had urged her to try it once upon an audience, in a not too conspicuous rôle, before she went abroad to study; for Madeline had not yet found courage to confess her apostasy.

The temptation to sing once as she had so often dreamed of singing, with the support of a magnificent orchestra, the longing to know just how much she was resigning in turning her back upon a musical career, were overmastering.

Moreover, her music was the sole dowry with which she could enrich her husband's life. She had a curious, persistent humility about herself, apart from the gift, which she had grown to consider the essential quality of her being. She desired intensely to know

just how much it was in her power to endow her lover with over and above what his generosity, as she insisted upon calling it, demanded. For Madeline did nothing by halves; she could abandon herself to a passion of surrender as completely as she had done to the fire of resistance; and while she was about it, she wished to feel that it was no paltry thing she was giving up. But she was wise enough in her love to feel that possibly Aldis might not be able fully to enter into the joy of her magnificent renunciation. There might be a pang, an uneasiness to him, so far away from her, in the thought that his old enemy was again in the field. So Aldis only knew this much of her recovery, that she could speak once more in her natural voice. She would reserve her triumph, if so it should prove, until his home-coming, when she could lay it at his feet with a joyous humility and such assurances of her love as no letter could convey.

On the 13th of January she was to be the soloist at one of a series of popular concerts to be given that evening, where the character of the music and of the audience was exceedingly good, and the orchestral support all that a singer's heart could desire. On the 15th Aldis would come home.

It was all delightfully dramatic; and Madeline was not yet so in love with obscurity as to be quite indifferent to the scenic element in life.

In his telegram Aldis had allowed for a two days' delay on business at Denver. Arriving at that city, however, he found that, in the absence of one of the principal parties concerned, his business would have to be deferred. He was therefore due in New York on the 13th. He had not telegraphed again to his Eastern friends; it had seemed like making too much of a ceremony of his home-coming. He dropped off the train from the North at the Grand Central depot in the white early dusk of a snowy afternoon, when the quiet up-town streets were echoing to the sound of snow-shovels, and the muffled tinkle of car-bells came at long intervals from the neighboring avenues. He hurried ahead of the long line of passengers, jumped on the rear platform of a crowded car that was just moving off, and in twenty minutes was at his hotel. He tried to master his great but tremulous joy, to dine deliberately, to do his best for his outer man, before presenting himself to Madeline, but his lonely fancy had dwelt so long and with such intensity on this meeting that now he was almost unnerved by the nearness of the reality.

The reality was after all only a neat maid, who said, as he offered his card at the door of Mrs. Duncan's apartment, that the ladies were both out. It was impossible to accept the

statement simply and go away. Were the ladies out for the evening? he asked. Yes, they had gone to a concert or the opera, or something at the Academy of Music. Mrs. Duncan always left word where she was going when she and Miss Madeline both went out, on account of the children. The maid looked at him with intelligent friendliness. She was perfectly aware of the significance of the name on the card she held. She waited while Aldis scribbled a few words on another card which she was to give to Mrs. Duncan when the ladies returned, in case he missed them at the concert. In the street he debated briefly whether to endure a few more hours of waiting, or hasten on to the mixed joy of a meeting in a crowd. Yet such meetings were not always infelicitous. Delicious moments of isolation might come to two in a great assembly, hushed, driven together in a storm of music. There seemed a peculiar fascinating fitness in the situation. Music, that had threatened to part them, should celebrate, like a hireling, their reunion. The violins were in full cry, mingled with the clear, terse notes of a piano, behind the green baize doors, as he passed into the lobby of the Academy. While he waited for the concerto to end, his eyes rested mechanically upon the portraits of prima donnas, whose names were new to him, in smiles and low corsages and wonderful coiffures of the latest fashion; and he said to himself that well it was for those fair dames but not for his lady—his little girl, she was safe among the listeners, unknown, unpublished. *For her, not of her*, the loud instruments were speaking, in that vast, hushed, resounding temple of music.

He would see her first, with her rapt face turned towards the stage. He would know her by her cheek, her little ear, and the soft light tangle of curls hiding her temples. She would not be exalted above him in the Olympian circle of the boxes; she would be in the balcony, not in full-dress, but with some marvel of a little bonnet framing the color and light and sweetness of her face. Her cloak would have slipped down from her smooth, silken arms and shoulders. In his restless, waiting dream he could see her with distracting vividness, while the music sank and swelled in endless cadences behind the barriers: her listening attitude, her lifted, half-averted face, her slender, passive hands in her lap, her soft, deep, joyous breathing stirring the fall of lace or ribbons at her throat.

He was prepared to find her very dainty and unapproachably elegant; there had been a hint of such formidable but delightful possibilities in the cut of her simple camp dresses and in the very way she wore them. He

glanced disconsolately at his own modestly dressed person, with which he was so monotonously familiar, and wondered if Madeline would find him "Western."

The concerto was over at last. He passed down the aisle and along the rear wall of the balcony, keeping under the shadow of the first tier of boxes, while he took a survey of the house. It seemed bewilderingly brilliant to Aldis, seeing it, for the first time in three years, in a setting of frontier life; a much more complex emotion to one born to the life around him, and estranged from it, than to him who sees it for the first time as a spectacle in which he has never had a part. It was with rather a heart-sick gaze he searched the rows and rows of laughing women's faces, banked like flowers against the crimson and white and gold of the partitions.

Suddenly the murmur pervading the house sank into an expectant silence—the musicians' chairs were filling up; but only the gray-headed first violins were leaning to their instruments and fingering their music. The leader's music-stand had been moved to one side to make room for the soloist, a young débutante, so the whispers around him announced, who was now coming forward, winding her silken train past the musicians' stands, her hand in that of the leader. Now she sank before the hushed crowd, dedicating to it, as it were, herself, her beauty, her song, her whole blissful young presence there.

Aldis crushed the unfolded programme he held in his hand. He did not need to consult it for the name of the fair young candidate. The blood rushed into his face, and then left it dead white. His heart was pounding with a raging excitement, but he did not move or take his eyes from Madeline's face. She stood, faintly smiling down upon the crowd, folding and unfolding the music in her hands, while the orchestra played the prelude. Then on the deepening silence came the first notes of her voice. Aldis had never imagined anything like the pang of delicious pain it gave him. Its personality pierced his very soul. Every word of the recitative, in the singer's pure enunciation, could be heard. The song was Heine's "Lorelei," with Liszt's music, and the orchestration was worthy of the music.

"I know not what it presages,"—the recitative began,— "This heart with sadness fraught." Aldis took a deep, hard breath. He knew the story that was coming. The rocks, the river, the evening sky, he knew them all. Had she forgotten? Did the great god Music deprive a woman of her memory, her tender womanly compunction, as well as her heart? Was this beautiful creature with eyes alight and soft throat swelling to the notes of

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her song merely a voice, after all, celebrating its own triumph and another's allurements and despair? Was the heart that beat under the laces that covered that white bosom merely a subtle machine for setting free those wonderful sounds that floated down to him and seemed to bid him farewell?

Now, in a wild crescendo, with a hurry of chords in the accompaniment, the end has come; the boat and man are lost. Then an interlude, and the pure, pitiless voice again lamenting now, not triumphing—"And this, with her magic singing, the Lorelei hath done—the Lorelei hath done." The song died away and ceased in mournful repetitions, and the audience gave itself up to a transport of applause. It had won—a new singer; and he had lost—only his wife. He stood there, unknown and unheeded, a pitiful minority of one, and accepted his defeat.

The frantic clappings continued. They were demanding an encore; the friendly old fellows in the orchestra were looking back across the stage to welcome the singer's return. They had assisted at the triumph of so many young aspirants and queens of the hour. This one was coming back, flushed and smiling, her face beautiful in its new joy, as she sank down again with her arms full of flowers, gratefully, submissively, before the audience at whose command she was there. The great house was enchanted with her and with its own unexpected enthusiasm. A joyous thrill and murmur, the very breath of that adulation which is dearest to the goddess of the foot-lights, floated up to the intoxicated girl, wrapt in the wonder of her own success. Aldis could bear no more. He made his way out, pursued by the furious clappings, by the silence, by the first thrilling notes of the encore. He walked the streets for hours, then he went to his room, and threw himself, face downward, on his bed. The lace curtains of his window let in a pallid glimmer from the electric lights in the square,—a ghastly fiction of a moon that never waxes nor wanes. The night spent itself, the tardy winter morning crept slowly over the city wrapt in chill sea fog.

Mrs. Duncan woke with a hoarse feverish cold, and wished she had given Aldis's card and message to Madeline the night before. She had kept them from her, sure that the excited girl would lose what was left of her night's sleep in consequence. Now she felt too ill to make the disclosure and face Madeline's alarm. She waited, with cowardly procrastination until the late breakfast was over, and her little girls had been hurried off to school. She and Madeline had drawn their chairs close to the soft coal fire to talk over the concert, Madeline with a heap of morning

papers in her lap, through which she was looking for the musical notices, when Mrs. Duncan gave her Aldis's note. It needed no explanation or comment. It said that he hoped to find them at the Academy of Music, but if he failed to do so, this was to prepare them for an early call; he was coming as early as he could hope to see them,—nine o'clock, he suggested, with insistence that made itself felt even in the careless words of the note. It was now nearly ten o'clock; he had not come. The gray morning turned a sickly yellow, and the streets looked wet and dirty; the papers were tossed into a corner of the sofa where Mrs. Duncan had taken refuge from Madeline's restless wanderings about the room.

A mass of hot-house roses, trophies of the evening's triumph, were displayed on the closed piano, shedding their languid sweetness unheeded, except once when Madeline stopped near them, and exclaimed to her sister:

"Oh, do tell Alice to take those flowers away!" and the next moment seemed to forget they were still there.

The ladies breakfasted and lunched in their own rooms, dining only in the restaurant below. When lunch was announced, Mrs. Duncan rose from her heap of shawls and sofa-cushions and went to the window where Madeline stood gazing out into the yellow mist that hid the square.

"Come, girlie, come out and keep me company. A watched pot never boils, you know."

"Do you *want* any lunch?" Madeline asked incredulously.

Mrs. Duncan did not want any, but she was willing to pretend she did for the sake of interrupting the girl's unhappy watch.

The two women sat down opposite each other in the little dark dining-room, the one window of which looked into a dingy well inclosed by the many-storied walls of the house. The gas was burning, but enough gray daylight mingled with it to give a sickly paleness to the faces it illumined.

There was a letter lying by Madeline's plate.

"When did this come?" she demanded of Alice, the maid.

"They sent it up, miss, with the lunch-tray."

"Oh!" cried Madeline. "It may have been lying there in the office for hours!"

She read a few words of the letter, got up from the table, and left the room. Mrs. Duncan gave her a few moments to herself, and then followed her. She was in the parlor, turning over the heap of papers in a distracted search for something which she could not seem to find.

"Oh, Sallie," she exclaimed, looking up piteously at her sister, "won't you find when

the Boston shore-line train goes out? I think it is two o'clock, and it's after one now."

"Why do you want to know about the Boston trains?"

"Read that letter — I'm going to try to see him before he starts — read the letter!" she repeated, in answer to her sister's amazed ex-postulatory stare. She ran out of the room while Mrs. Duncan was reading the letter, and in her own chamber tore off her wrapper and began dressing for the street. Mrs. Duncan heard bureau-drawers flying open and hurried footsteps as she read. This was Aldis's letter:

"Wednesday morning.

"DEAR MADELINE: I saw you at the Academy last night when the verdict was given that separates us.

"The destiny I would not believe in has become a reality to me at last. I must stand aside, and let it fulfill itself.

"Last night I accused you of bitter things, you can imagine what, seeing you so, without any forewarning; but I am tolerably sane this morning. I know that nothing of all that maddened me is true, except that I love you and must give you back to your fate that claims you. You were never mine except by default.

"I am going on to Boston this afternoon. I cannot trust myself to see you. I could not bear your compassion or your remorse, and if you were to offer me more than that, God knows what sacrifice I might not be base enough to accept, face to face with you again.

"Good-bye, my dearest, my only one. I think nothing can ever hurt me much after this. But do not grieve over what neither of us could have helped.

"The happiness of one man should not stand in the way of the free exercise of a divine gift like yours, and the memory of our summer in the cañon — of our last days there together, when my soul set itself to the music of those silences between us — that is still mine. Nothing can take that from me. Yours always,

"HUGH ALDIS."

"Madeline, you are not going after him!" Mrs. Duncan protested, looking up from the letter with tears in her eyes, as her sister entered the parlor, in cloak and bonnet.

Madeline heard the protest; she did not see the tears.

"Don't talk to me,—help me, Sallie! Can't you see what I have done? Find me that Boston train, won't you? I know there is one in the evening, but he said afternoon. Where is it?" she wailed, turning over with trembling hands sheet after sheet of bewildering columns which mocked her with advertisements of musical entertainments, and even with her own name, staring at her in print.

"The train goes at two o'clock, but you shall not go racing up there after him, you crazy girl! I'd go myself, only I'm too sick. I'm awfully sorry for him, but he'll come back—they always do—and give you a chance to explain."

"Explain! I'm going to see him for one instant if I can. I've got just twenty minutes, and nothing on earth shall stop me!"

"Alice," Mrs. Duncan called down the passage, as Madeline shut the outer door, "put on your things and go after Miss Madeline, quick — Third Avenue Elevated to the Grand Central; you'll catch her if you hurry before she gets up the steps."

Mistress and maid reached the Grand Central station together, a few minutes before the train moved out. The last of the line of passengers, ticket in hand, were filing past the door-keeper. It needed but a glance to see that Aldis was not among them. It would be safer, Madeline decided quickly, to get out upon the platform in broadside view from the windows of the train. If Aldis were already on the train, or, better still, on the platform, and saw her, Madeline felt sure he would instantly know why she was there.

"I only want to see a friend who is going by the Boston train," she said to the door-keeper. "I'm not going myself." He hesitated, and said something about his orders. "If I must have a ticket, my maid will get me one, but I cannot wait; you must let me through!" She handed her purse to Alice; the man at the gate said he guessed it was no matter about a ticket; he looked curiously after her as she sped along the platform, such a pretty girl, her cheeks red, and her hair all out of crimp with the dampness, but with a sob in her voice, and eyes strained wide with trouble!

"Last train down on the right!" he called after her. "You'll have to hurry." Ominous clouds of steam were puffing out of a smoke-stack far ahead of her; men were swinging themselves aboard from the platform where they had been walking up and down.

"Boston Shore-line, miss?" a porter lounging by his empty truck called to Madeline as she came panting up to the rear car.

"Oh, yes!" she sobbed. "Is it gone?"

The train gave one heavy, clanking lurch forward. The porter laughed, caught her by the arms, and swung her lightly up to the platform of the last car. The brakeman seized her and shunted her in at the door. The train was in motion. She clung wildly to the door-handle a moment, looking back, and then sank into the nearest seat and burst into tears. Curious glances were cast at her from the neighboring seats, but Madeline was oblivious of everything but the grotesque misery of her situation. What would Alice think, and what would poor, frantic Sallie think, what even would the man at the gate think, who had taken her word instead of a ticket! The conductor came round after a while, and Madeline appealed to him. She had been put on the train by mistake. She had no money and no ticket, but there was, she thought, a friend of hers aboard — would the conductor kindly

find out for her if a Mr. Aldis were in any of the forward cars, and tell him a lady, a friend of his, wished to see him?

The conductor had a broad, purple, smooth-shaven cheek, which overflowed his stiff shirt-collar; he stroked the tuft of coarse beard on the end of his chin, as he assured the young lady that she need not distress herself. He would find the gentleman if he were on the train. Was he a young gentleman, for instance?

"Yes, he was young and tall, and had dark eyes——" and suddenly Madeline stopped and blushed furiously, meeting the conductor's small and merry eye fixed upon her in the abandonment of her trouble.

The door banged behind him; the car swayed and leaped on the track as the motion of the train increased. A long interval, then a loud crash of noise from the wheels as the door opened again at the forward end of the car. A gentleman was coming down the aisle, looking from side to side as if in search of some one.

Madeline squeezed herself back into the corner of her seat next the window. The blood dropped out of her hot cheeks and stifled her breathing. She turned away her face, and buried it in her muff as some one stopped at her seat, and said, leaning with one hand on the back of it, "Is this the lady who wished to see me?"

Aldis's face was as white as her own; his hand gripped the seat to hide its shaking. Madeline swept back her skirts, and he took the seat beside her. A long silence; Madeline's cheek and profile emerged from the muff and became visible in rosy silhouette against the blank white mist outside the window. Her color had come back.

"Did you get my letter?"

"Yes. That is what brought me here."

Another silence. Madeline slid the hand next to Aldis out of her muff. He took no notice of it at first, then suddenly his own closed over it, and crushed it hard.

"You must not go to Boston to-night," she whispered.

"Why not?"

"Because I am in such trouble!—I had to see you, after that letter. I ran after the train, and they caught hold of me and put me on before I knew what they were doing; and here I am without a ticket or a cent of money—and all because you would not come and let me—tell you——" She had hidden her face again in her muff.

"Tell me—what?" His head was close to hers, his arm against her shoulder. He could feel her long, shuddering sobs.

"How could I come?" he said.

She did not answer. The roar and rattle

of the train went sounding on. It was very interesting to the people in the car; but Madeline had forgotten them, and Aldis cared no more for the files of faces than if they had been the rocky fronts of the bluffs that had kept a summer's watch over him and the girl beside him, and the noise of the train had been the far-off river's roar. He was in a dream which could not last too long.

Madeline lifted her head, and through the lulling din he heard her voice, saying:

"Oh, the river! I seemed to hear it last night when I was singing,—and the light on the rocks—do you remember? And I was so glad the rest was not true. And then your letter came——"

"Never mind; nothing is true—only this," he roused himself to say.

The crowded train went roaring and swaying on, as it had during all the days and nights of his journey home, mingling its monotone with the dream that was coming true at last.

SOMEWHERE in that vague and rapidly lessening region known as the frontier, there disappeared, a few years ago, a woman's voice. A soprano with a wonderful mezzo quality, those who knew it called it, and the girl, besides her beauty, had quite a distinct promise of dramatic power. But, they added, she seemed to have no imagination, no conception, of the value of her gifts. She threw away a charming career, just at its outset, and went West with a husband—not anybody in particular. It was altogether a great pity. Perhaps she had not the artistic temperament, or was too indolent to give the time and labor required for the perfecting of her rare gift—at all events the voice was lost.

But in the camps of engineers, within sound of unknown waters, on mountain trails, or crossing the windy cattle-ranges, or in the little churches of the valley towns, or at a lonely grave, perhaps, where his comrades are burying some unwitting, unacknowledged hero, dead in the quiet doing of his duty, a voice is sometimes heard, in ballad or gay roudade, anthem or requiem,—a voice those who have heard it say they will never forget.

Like the hermit-thrush, it sings in the deep woods and the solitudes. Lost it may be to the history of famous voices, but the treasured, self-prized gifts are not those which always carry a blessing with them; and the soul of music, wherever it is purely uttered, will find its listeners, though it be a voice singing in the wilderness, in the dawn of the day of art and beauty which is coming to a new country and a new people.

Mary Hallock Foote.

MACHINE POLITICS IN NEW YORK CITY.



IN New York city, as in most of our other great municipalities, the direction of political affairs has been for many years mainly in the hands of a class of men who make politics their regular business and means of livelihood. These men are able to keep their grip only by means of the singularly perfect way in which they have succeeded in organizing their respective parties and factions; and it is in consequence of the clock-work regularity and efficiency with which these several organizations play their parts, alike for good and for evil, that they have been nicknamed by outsiders "machines," while the men who take part in and control, or, as they would themselves say, "run" them, form now a well-recognized and fairly well-defined class in the community, and are familiarly known as machine politicians. It may be of interest to sketch in outline some of the characteristics of these men and of their machines, the methods by which and the objects for which they work, and the reasons for their success in the political field.

The terms machine and machine politician are now undoubtedly used ordinarily in a reproachful sense; but it does not at all follow that this sense is always the right one. On the contrary, the machine is often a very powerful instrument for good; and a machine politician really desirous of doing honest work on behalf of the community is fifty times as useful an ally as is the average philanthropic outsider. Indeed, it is of course true that any political organization (and absolutely no good work can be done in politics without an organization) is a machine; and any man who perfects and uses this organization is himself, to a certain extent, a machine politician. In the rough, however, the feeling against machine politics and politicians is tolerably well justified by the facts, although this statement really reflects most severely upon the educated and honest people who largely hold themselves aloof from public life, and show a curious incapacity for fulfilling their public duties.

The organizations that are commonly and distinctively known as machines are those belonging to the two great recognized parties, or to their factional subdivisions; and the reason why the word machine has come to be used, to a certain extent, as a term of opprobrium is to be found in the fact that these

organizations are now run by the leaders very largely as business concerns to benefit themselves and their followers, with little regard to the community at large. This is natural enough. The men having control and doing all the work have gradually come to have the same feeling about politics that other men have about the business of a merchant or manufacturer; it was too much to expect that if left entirely to themselves they would continue disinterestedly to work for the benefit of others. Many a machine politician who is to-day a most unwholesome influence in our politics is in private life quite as respectable as any one else; only he has forgotten that his business affects the state at large, and, regarding it as merely his own private concern, he has carried into it the same selfish spirit that actuates the majority of the mercantile community. A merchant or manufacturer works his business, as a rule, purely for his own benefit, without any regard whatever for the community at large; the merchant uses all his influence for a low tariff, and the manufacturer is even more strenuously in favor of protection, not at all from any theory of abstract right, but because of self-interest. Each views such a political question as the tariff, not from the stand-point of how it will affect the nation as a whole, but merely from that of how it will affect him personally; and private business is managed still less with a view to the well-being of the people at large. If a community were in favor of protection, but nevertheless permitted all the governmental machinery to fall into the hands of importing merchants, it would be small cause for wonder if the latter shaped the laws to suit themselves, and the chief blame, after all, would rest with the supine and lethargic majority which failed to have enough energy to take charge of their own affairs. Our machine politicians, in actual life, act in just this same way; their actions are almost always dictated by selfish motives, with but little regard for the people at large; they therefore need continually to be watched and opposed by those who wish to see good government. But, after all, it is hardly to be wondered at that they abuse power which is allowed to fall into their hands owing to the ignorance or timid indifference of those who by rights should themselves keep it.

In a society properly constituted for true democratic government — in a society such as that seen in many of our country towns, for

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example — machine rule is impossible. But in New York, as well as in most of our other great cities, the conditions favor the growth of ring or boss rule. The chief causes thus operating against good government are the moral and mental attitudes towards politics assumed by different sections of the voters. A large number of these are simply densely ignorant, and, of course, such are apt to fall under the influence of cunning leaders, and even if they do right, it is by hazard merely. The criminal class in a great city is always of some size, while what may be called the potentially criminal class is still larger. Then there is the great class of laboring men, mostly of foreign birth or parentage, who at present both expect too much from legislation and yet at the same time realize too little how powerfully though indirectly they are affected by a bad or corrupt government. In many wards the overwhelming majority of the voters do not realize that heavy taxes fall ultimately upon them, and actually view with perfect complacency burdens laid by their representatives upon the tax-payers, and, if anything, approve of a hostile attitude towards the latter — having a vague feeling of hostility towards them as possessing more than their proper proportion of the world's good things, and sharing with most other human beings the capacity to bear with philosophic equanimity ills merely affecting one's neighbors. When powerfully roused on some financial, but still more on some sentimental, question, this same laboring class will throw its enormous and usually decisive weight into the scale which it believes inclines to the right; but its members are often curiously and cynically indifferent to charges of corruption against favorite heroes or demagogues, so long as these charges do not imply betrayal of their own real or fancied interests. Thus an alderman or assemblyman representing certain wards may make as much money as he pleases out of corporations without seriously jeopardizing his standing with his constituents; but if he once, whether from honest or dishonest motives, stands by a corporation when the interests of the latter are supposed to conflict with those of "the people," it is all up with him. These voters are, moreover, very emotional; they value in a public man what we are accustomed to consider virtues only to be taken into account when estimating private character. Thus, if a man is open-handed and warm-hearted, they consider it as a fair offset to his being a little bit shaky when it comes to applying the eighth commandment to affairs of state. I have more than once heard the statement, "He is very liberal to the poor," advanced as a perfectly satisfactory answer to the charge that a cer-

tain public man was corrupt. Moreover, working-men, whose lives are passed in one unceasing round of narrow and monotonous toil, not unnaturally are inclined to pay heed to the demagogues and professional labor advocates who promise if elected to try to pass laws to better their condition; they are hardly prepared to understand or approve the American doctrine of government, which is that the state has no business whatever to attempt to better the condition of a man or a set of men, but has merely to see that no wrong is done him or them by any one else, and that all alike are to have a fair chance in the struggle for life — a struggle wherein, it may as well at once be freely though sadly acknowledged, very many are bound to fail, no matter how ideally perfect any given system of government may be.

Of course it must be remembered that all these general statements are subject to an immense number of individual exceptions; there are tens of thousands of men who work with their hands for their daily bread and yet put into actual practice that sublime virtue of disinterested adherence to the right, even when it seems likely merely to benefit others, and those others better off than they themselves are; for they vote for honesty and cleanliness, in spite of great temptation to do the opposite, and in spite of their not seeing how any immediate benefit will result to themselves.

REASONS FOR THE NEGLECT OF PUBLIC DUTIES.

This class is composed of the great bulk of the men who range from well-to-do up to very rich; and of these the former generally and the latter almost universally neglect their political duties, for the most part rather pluming themselves upon their good conduct if they so much as vote on election day. This largely comes from the tremendous wear and tension of life in our great cities. Moreover, the men of small means with us are usually men of domestic habits; and this very devotion to home, which is one of their chief virtues, leads them to neglect their public duties. They work hard, as clerks, mechanics, small tradesmen, etc., all day long, and when they get home in the evening they dislike to go out. If they do go to a ward meeting, they find themselves isolated, and strangers both to the men whom they meet and to the matter on which they have to act; for in the city a man is quite as sure to know next to nothing about his neighbors as in the country he is to be intimately acquainted with them. In the country the people of a neighborhood, when they assemble in one of their local conventions, are

already mutually well acquainted, and therefore able to act together with effect; whereas in the city, even if the ordinary citizens do come out, they are totally unacquainted with one another, and are as helplessly unable to oppose the disciplined ranks of the professional politicians as is the case with a mob of freshmen in one of our colleges when in danger of being hazed by the sophomores. Moreover, the pressure of competition in city life is so keen that men often have as much as they can do to attend to their own affairs, and really hardly have the leisure to look after those of the public. Indeed, the general tendency everywhere is towards the specialization of functions, and this holds good as well in politics as elsewhere.

The reputable private citizens of small means thus often neglect to attend to their public duties because to do so would perhaps interfere with their private business. This is bad enough, but the case is worse with the really wealthy, who still more generally neglect these same duties, partly because not to do so would interfere with their pleasure, and partly from a combination of other motives, all of them natural but none of them creditable. A successful merchant, well dressed, pompous, self-important, unused to any life outside of the counting-room, and accustomed because of his very success to be treated with deferential regard, as one who stands above the common run of humanity, naturally finds it very unpleasant to go to a caucus or primary where he has to stand on an equal footing with his groom and day-laborers, and indeed may discover that the latter, thanks to their faculty for combination, are rated higher in the scale of political importance than he is himself. In all the large cities of the North the wealthier, or, as they would prefer to style themselves, the "upper" classes, tend distinctly towards the bourgeois type; and an individual in the bourgeois stage of development, while honest, industrious, and virtuous, is also not unapt to be a miracle of timid and short-sighted selfishness. The commercial classes are only too likely to regard everything merely from the stand-point of "Does it pay?" and many a merchant does not take any part in politics because he is short-sighted enough to think that it will pay him better to attend purely to making money, and too selfish to be willing to undergo any trouble for the sake of abstract duty; while the younger men of this type are too much engrossed in their various social pleasures to be willing to give their time to anything else. It is also unfortunately true, especially throughout New England and the Middle States, that the general tendency among people of culture and high education

has been to neglect and even to look down upon the rougher and manlier virtues, so that an advanced state of intellectual development is too often associated with a certain effeminacy of character. Our more intellectual men often shrink from the raw coarseness and the eager struggle of political life as if they were women. Now, however refined and virtuous a man may be, he is yet entirely out of place in the American body politic unless he is himself of sufficiently coarse fiber and virile character to be more angered than hurt by an insult or injury; the timid good form a most useless as well as a most despicable portion of the community. Again, when a man is heard objecting to taking part in politics because it is "low," he may be set down as either a fool or a coward; it would be quite as sensible for a militiaman to advance the same statement as an excuse for refusing to assist in quelling a riot. Many cultured men neglect their political duties simply because they are too delicate to have the element of "strike back" in their natures, and because they have an unmanly fear of being forced to stand up for their own rights when threatened with abuse or insult.

Such are the conditions which give the machine men their chance; and they have been able to make the most possible out of this chance,—first, because of the perfection to which they have brought their machinery, and, second, because of the social character of their political organizations.

ORGANIZATION AND WORK OF THE MACHINES.

THE machinery of any one of our political bodies is always rather complicated; and its politicians invariably endeavor to keep it so, because, their time being wholly given to it, they are able to become perfectly familiar with all its workings, while the average outsider becomes more and more helpless in proportion as the organization is less and less simple. Besides some others of minor importance, there are at present in New York three great political organizations, viz., those of the regular Republicans, of the County Democracy, and of Tammany Hall, that of the last being perhaps the most perfect, viewed from a machine stand-point. Although with wide differences in detail, all these bodies are organized upon much the same general plan; and one description may be taken, in the rough, as applying to all. There is a large central committee, composed of numerous delegates from the different assembly districts, which decides upon the various questions affecting the party as a whole in the county

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and city; and then there are the various organizations in the assembly districts themselves, which are the real sources of strength, and with which alone it is necessary to deal. There are different rules for the admission to the various district primaries and caucuses of the voters belonging to the respective parties; but in almost every case the real work is done and the real power held by a small knot of men, who in turn pay a greater or less degree of fealty to a single boss.

The mere work to be done on election day and in preparing for it forms no slight task. There is an association in each assembly district, with its president, secretary, treasurer, executive committee, etc.; these call the primaries and caucuses, arrange the lists of the delegates to the various nominating conventions, raise funds for campaign purposes, and hold themselves in communication with their central party organizations. At the primaries in each assembly district a full set of delegates are chosen to nominate assemblymen and aldermen, while others are chosen to go to the State, county, and congressional conventions. Before election day, many thousands of complete sets of the party ticket are printed, folded, and put together, or, as it is called, "bunched." A single bundle of these ballots is then sent to every voter in the district, while thousands are reserved for distribution at the polls. In every election precinct — there are probably twenty or thirty in each assembly district — a captain and from two to a dozen subordinates are appointed. These have charge of the actual giving out of the ballots at the polls. On election day they are at their places long before the hour set for voting; each party has a wooden booth, looking a good deal like a sentry-box, covered over with flaming posters containing the names of their nominees, and the "workers" cluster around these as centers. Every voter as he approaches is certain to be offered a set of tickets; usually these sets are "straight," that is, contain all the nominees of one party, but frequently crooked work will be done, and some one candidate will get his own ballots bunched with the rest of those of the opposite party. Each captain of a district is generally paid a certain sum of money, greater or less according to his ability as a politician or according to his power of serving the boss or machine. Nominally this money goes in paying the subordinates and in what are vaguely termed "campaign expenses," but as a matter of fact it is in many instances simply pocketed by the recipient; indeed, very little of the large sums of money annually spent by candidates to bribe voters actually reaches the voters supposed to be bribed. The money thus

furnished is procured either by subscriptions from rich outsiders, or by assessments upon the candidates themselves; formerly much was also obtained from office-holders, but this is now prohibited by law. A great deal of money is also spent in advertising, placarding posters, paying for public meetings, and organizing and uniforming members to take part in some huge torchlight procession — this last particular form of idiocy being one peculiarly dear to the average American political mind. Candidates for very lucrative positions are often assessed really huge sums, in order to pay for the extravagant methods by which our canvasses are conducted. Before a legislative committee of which I was a member, the Register of New York county blandly testified under oath that he had forgotten whether his expenses during his canvass had been over or under fifty thousand dollars. It must be remembered that even now — and until recently the evil was very much greater — the rewards paid to certain public officials are out of all proportion to the services rendered; and in such cases the active managing politicians feel that they have a right to exact the heaviest possible toll from the candidate, to help pay the army of hungry heelers who do their bidding. Thus, before the same committee mentioned above, the County Clerk testified that his income was very nearly eighty thousand a year, but with refreshing frankness admitted that his own position was practically merely that of a figure-head, and that all the work was done by his deputy, on a small fixed salary. As the County Clerk's term is three years, he should nominally receive nearly a quarter of a million dollars; but as a matter of fact two-thirds of the money probably goes to the political organizations with which he is connected. The enormous emoluments of such officers are, of course, most effective in debauching politics. They bear no relation whatever to the trifling quantity of work done, and the chosen candidate readily recognizes what is the exact truth, — namely, that the benefit of his service is expected to enure to his party allies, and not to the citizens at large. Thus, one of the county officers who came before the same committee above mentioned, with a naïve openness which was appalling, testified, in answer to what was believed to be a purely formal question as to whether he performed his public duties faithfully, that he did so perform them whenever they did not conflict with his political duties! — meaning thereby, as he explained, attending to his local organizations, seeing politicians, fixing primaries, bailing out those of his friends (apparently by no means few in number) who got hauled up before a justice of the peace, etc.,

etc. This man's statements were valuable because, being a truthful person and of such dense ignorance that he was at first wholly unaware his testimony was in any way remarkable, he really tried to tell things as they were; and it had evidently never occurred to him that he was not expected by every one to do just as he had been doing,—that is, to draw a large salary for himself, to turn over a still larger fund to his party allies, and conscientiously to endeavor, as far as he could, by the free use of his time and influence, to satisfy the innumerable demands made upon him by the various small-fry politicians.

"HEELERS."

THE "heelers," or "workers," who stand at the polls, and are paid in the way above described, form a large part of the rank and file composing each organization. There are, of course, scores of them in each assembly district association, and, together with the almost equally numerous class of federal, State, or local paid office-holders (except in so far as these last have been cut out by the operations of the civil-service reform laws), they form the bulk of the men by whom the machine is run; the bosses of great and small degree chiefly merely oversee the work and supervise the deeds of their henchmen. The organization of a party in our city is really much like that of an army. There is one great central boss, assisted by some trusted and able lieutenants; these communicate with the different district bosses, whom they alternately bully and assist. The district boss in turn has a number of half subordinates, half allies, under him; and these latter choose the captains of the election districts, etc., and come into contact with the common heelers. The more stupid and ignorant the common heelers are, and the more implicitly they obey orders, the greater becomes the effectiveness of the machine. An ideal machine has for its officers men of marked force, cunning and unscrupulous, and for its common soldiers men who may be either corrupt or moderately honest, but who must be of low intelligence. This is the reason why such a large proportion of the members of every political machine are recruited from the lower grades of the foreign population. These henchmen obey unhesitatingly the orders of their chiefs, both at the primary or caucus and on election day, receiving regular rewards for so doing, either in employment procured for them or else in money outright. Of course it is by no means true that these men are all actuated merely by mercenary motives. The great majority entertain also a real feeling of allegiance towards the party to which

they belong or towards the political chief whose fortunes they follow; and many work entirely without pay and purely for what they believe to be right. Indeed, an experienced politician always greatly prefers to have under him men whose hearts are in their work and upon whose unbribed devotion and intelligence he can rely; but unfortunately he finds in most cases that their exertions have to be seconded by others which are prompted by motives far more mixed.

All of these men, whether paid or not, make a business of political life and are thoroughly at home among the obscure intrigues that go to make up so much of it; and consequently, they have quite as much the advantage when pitted against amateurs as regular soldiers have when matched against militia-men. But their numbers, though absolutely large, are, relatively to the entire community, so small that some other cause must be taken into consideration in order to account for the commanding position occupied by the machine and the machine politicians in public life. This other determining cause is to be found in the fact that all these machine associations have a social as well as a political side, and that a large part of the political life of every leader or boss is also identical with his social life.

THE SOCIAL SIDE OF MACHINE POLITICS.

THE political associations of the various districts are not organized merely at the approach of election day; on the contrary, they exist throughout the year, and for the greater part of the time are to a great extent merely social clubs. To a large number of the men who belong to them they are the chief social rallying-point. These men congregate in the association building in the evening to smoke, drink beer, and play cards, precisely as the wealthier men gather in the clubs whose purpose is avowedly social and not political—such as the Union, University, and Knickerbocker. Politics thus becomes a pleasure and relaxation as well as a serious pursuit. The different members of the same club or association become closely allied to one another, and able to act together on occasions with unison and *esprit de corps*; and they will stand by one of their own number for reasons precisely homologous to those which make a member of one of the upper clubs vote for a fellow-member if the latter happens to run for office. "He is a gentleman, and I'll support him," says the swell club man. "He's one of the boys, and I'm for him," replies the heeler from the district party association. In each case the feeling is social rather than

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political, but where the club man influences one vote the heeler controls ten. A rich merchant and a small tradesman alike find it merely a bore to attend the meetings of the local political club; it is to them an irksome duty which is shirked whenever possible. But to the small politicians and to the various workers and hangers-on, these meetings have a distinct social attraction, and attendance is a matter of preference. They are in congenial society and in the place where by choice they spend their evenings, and where they bring their friends and associates; and naturally all the men so brought together gradually blend their social and political ties, and work with an effectiveness impossible to the outside citizens whose social instincts interfere, instead of coinciding, with their political duties. If an ordinary citizen wishes to have a game of cards or a talk with some of his companions, he must keep away from the local headquarters of his party; whereas, under similar circumstances, the professional politician must go there. The man who is fond of his home naturally prefers to stay there in the evenings, rather than go out among the noisy *habitués*, whose pleasure it is to see each other at least weekly, and who spend their evenings discussing neither sport, business, nor scandal, as do other sections of the community, but the equally monotonous subject of ward politics.

The strength of our political organizations arises from their development as social bodies; many of the hardest workers in their ranks are neither office-holders nor yet paid henchmen, but merely members who have gradually learned to identify their fortunes with the party whose hall they have come to regard as the headquarters in which to spend the most agreeable of their leisure moments. Under the American system it is impossible for a man to accomplish anything by himself; he must associate himself with others, and they must throw their weight together. This is just what the social functions of the political clubs enable their members to do. The great and rich society clubs are composed of men who are not apt to take much interest in politics anyhow, and who never act as a body. The immense effect produced by a social organization for political purposes is shown by the career of the Union League Club; and equally striking proof can be seen by every man who attends a ward meeting. There is thus, however much to be regretted it may be, a constant tendency towards the concentration of political power in the hands of those men who by taste and education are fitted to enjoy the social side of the various political organizations.

THE LIQUOR-SELLER IN POLITICS.

It is this that gives the liquor-sellers their enormous influence in politics. Preparatory to the general election of 1884, there were held in the various districts of New York ten hundred and seven primaries and political conventions of all parties, and of these no less than six hundred and thirty-three took place in liquor-saloons,—a showing that leaves small ground for wonder at the low average grade of the nominees. The reason for such a condition of things is perfectly evident; it is because the liquor-saloons are places of social resort for the same men who turn the local political organizations into social clubs. Bar-tenders form perhaps the nearest approach to a leisure class that we have at present on this side of the water. They naturally are on semi-intimate terms with all who frequent their houses. There is no place where more gossip is talked than in bar-rooms, and much of this gossip is about politics,—that is, the politics of the ward, not of the nation. The tariff and the silver question may be alluded to, but the real interest comes in discussing the doings of the men with whom they are personally acquainted: why Billy so-and-so, the alderman, has quarreled with his former chief supporter; whether "old man X" has really managed to fix the delegates to a given convention; the reason why one faction bolted at the last primary; and if it is true that a great down-town boss who has an intimate friend of opposite political faith running in an up-town district has forced the managers of his own party to put up a man of straw against him. The bar-keeper is a man of much local power, and is, of course, hail-fellow-well-met with his visitors, as he and they can be of mutual assistance to one another. Even if of different politics, their feelings towards each other are influenced by personal considerations purely; and, indeed, this is true of most of the smaller bosses as regards their dealings among themselves, for, as one of them once remarked to me with enigmatic truthfulness, "there are no politics in politics" of the lower sort—which, being interpreted, means that a professional politician is much less apt to be swayed by the fact of a man's being a Democrat or a Republican than he is by his being a personal friend or foe. The liquor-saloons thus become the social headquarters of the little knots or cliques of men who take most interest in local political affairs; and by an easy transition they become the political headquarters when the time for preparing for the elections arrives; and, of course, the good-will of the owners of the places is thereby propitiated,—

an important point with men striving to control every vote possible.

The local political clubs also become to a certain extent mutual benefit associations. The men in them become pretty intimate with one another; and in the event of one becoming ill, or from any other cause thrown out of employment, his fellow-members will very often combine to assist him through his troubles, and quite large sums are frequently raised for such a purpose. Of course, this forms an additional bond among the members, who become closely knit together by ties of companionship, self-interest, and mutual interdependence. Very many members of these associations come into them without any thought of advancing their own fortunes; they work very hard for their party, or rather for the local body bearing the party name, but they do it quite disinterestedly, and from a feeling akin to that which we often see make other men devote their time and money to advancing the interests of a yacht club or racing stable, although no immediate benefit can result therefrom to themselves. One such man I now call to mind who is by no means well off, and is neither an office-seeker nor an office-holder, but who regularly every year spends about fifty dollars at election time for the success of the party, or rather the wing of the party, to which he belongs. He has a personal pride in seeing his pet candidates rolling up large majorities. Men of this stamp also naturally feel most enthusiasm for, or animosity against, the minor candidates with whom they are themselves acquainted. The names at the head of the ticket do not, to their minds, stand out with much individuality; and while such names usually command the normal party support, yet very often there is an infinitely keener rivalry among the smaller politicians over candidates for local offices. I remember, in 1880, a very ardent Democratic ward club, many of the members of which in the heat of a contest for an assemblyman coolly swapped off quite a number of votes for President in consideration of votes given to their candidate for the State Legislature; and in 1885, in my own district, a local Republican club that had a member running for alderman, performed a precisely similar feat in relation to their party's candidate for Governor. A Tammany State senator openly announced in a public speech that it was of vastly more importance to Tammany to have one of her own men Mayor of New York than it was to have a Democratic President of the United States. Very many of the leaders of the rival organizations, who lack the boldness to make such a frankly cynical avowal of what their party feeling really

amounts to, yet in practice, both as regards mayor and as regards all other local offices which are politically or pecuniarily of importance, act exactly on the theory enunciated by the Tammany statesman; and, as a consequence, in every great election not only is it necessary to have the mass of the voters waked up to the importance of the principles that are at stake, but it also unfortunately is necessary to see that the powerful local leaders are convinced that it will be to their own interest to be faithful to the party ticket.

Often there will be intense rivalry between two associations or two minor bosses; and one may take up and the other oppose the cause of a candidate with an earnestness and hearty good-will arising by no means from any liking to the man himself, but from the desire to score a triumph over the opposition. It not unfrequently happens that a perfectly good man, who would not knowingly suffer the least impropriety in the conduct of his canvass, is supported in some one district by a little knot of politicians of shady character, who have nothing in common with him at all, but who wish to beat a rival body that is opposing him, and who do not for a moment hesitate to use every device, from bribery down, to accomplish their ends. A curious incident of this sort came to my knowledge while happening to inquire how a certain man became a Republican. It occurred a good many years ago, and thanks to our election laws it could not now be repeated in all its details; but affairs similar in kind occur at every election. I may preface it by stating that the man referred to, whom we will call X, ended by pushing himself up in the world, thanks to his own industry and integrity, and is now a well-to-do private citizen and as good a fellow as any one would wish to see. But at the time spoken of he was a young laborer, of Irish birth, working for his livelihood on the docks and associating with his Irish and American fellows. The district where he lived was overwhelmingly Democratic, and the contests were generally merely factional. One small politician, a saloon-keeper named Larry, who had a good deal of influence, used to enlist on election day, by pay and other compensation, the services of the gang of young fellows to which X belonged. On one occasion he failed to reward them for their work, and in other ways treated them so shabbily as to make them very angry, more especially X, who was their leader. There was no way to pay him off until the next election; but they determined to break his influence utterly then, and as the best method for doing this they decided to "vote as far away from him" as possible, or, in other words, to strain every

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nerve to secure the election of all the candidates most opposed to those whom Larry favored. After due consultation, it was thought that this could be most surely done by supporting the Republican ticket. Most of the other bodies of young laborers or, indeed, of young roughs, made common cause with X and his friends. Everything was kept very quiet until election day, neither Larry nor the few Republicans having an inkling of what was going on. It was a rough district, and usually the Republican booths were broken up and their ballot-distributors driven off early in the day; but on this occasion, to the speechless astonishment of everybody, things went just the other way. The Republican ballots were distributed most actively, the opposing workers were bribed, persuaded, or frightened away, all means fair and foul were tried, and finally there was almost a riot,—the outcome being that the Republicans actually obtained a majority in a district where they had never before polled ten per cent. of the total vote. Such a phenomenon attracted the attention of the big Republican leaders, who after some inquiry found it was due to X. To show their gratitude and to secure so useful an ally permanently (for this was before the days of civil-service reform), they procured him a lucrative place in the New York Post-office; and he, in turn, being a man of natural parts, at once seized the opportunity, set to work to correct the defects of his early education, and is now what I have described him to be.

BOSS METHODS.

A POLITICIAN who becomes an influential local leader or boss is, of course, always one with a genuine talent for intrigue and organization. He owes much of his power to the rewards he is able to dispense. Not only does he procure for his supporters positions in the service of the state or city,—such as the custom-house, sheriff's office, etc.,—but he is also able to procure positions for many on horse railroads, the elevated roads, quarry works, etc. Great corporations are peculiarly subject to the attacks of demagogues, and they find it greatly to their interest to be on good terms with the leader in each district who controls the vote of the assemblyman and alderman; and therefore the former is pretty sure that a letter of recommendation from him on behalf of any applicant for work will receive most favorable consideration. The leader also is continually helping his henchmen out of difficulties, pecuniary and otherwise; he lends them a dollar or two now and then, helps out, when possible, such of their kinsmen as get into the clutches of the law, gets a hold over

such of them as have done wrong and are afraid of being exposed, and learns to mix bullying judiciously with the rendering of service.

But in addition to all this, the boss owes very much of his commanding influence to his social relations with various bodies of his constituents; and it is his work as well as his pleasure to keep these relations up. No *débutante* during her first winter in society has a more exacting round of social duties to perform than has a prominent ward politician. In every ward there are numerous organizations, primarily social in character, but capable of being turned to good account politically. The Amalgamated Hack-drivers' Union, the Hibernian Republican Club, the West Side Young Democrats, the Jefferson C. Mullin Picnic Association,—there are twenty such bodies as these in every district, and with, at any rate, the master spirits in each and all it is necessary for the boss to keep on terms of intimate and, indeed, rather boisterous friendship. When the Jefferson C. Mullin society goes on a picnic, the average citizen scrupulously avoids its neighborhood; but the boss goes, perhaps with his wife, and, moreover, enjoys himself heartily, and is hail-fellow-well-met with the rest of the picnickers, who, by the way, may be by no means bad fellows; and when election day comes round, the latter, in return, no matter to what party they may nominally belong, enthusiastically support their friend and guest on social, not political, grounds. The boss knows every man in his district who can control any number of votes: an influential saloon-keeper, the owner of a large livery stable, the leader among a set of horse-car drivers, a foreman in a machine-shop who has a taste for politics,—with all alike he keeps up constant and friendly relations. Of course this fact does not of itself make the boss a bad man; there are several such I could point out who are ten times over better fellows than are the mild-mannered scholars of timorous virtue who criticise them. But on the whole the qualities tending to make a man a successful local political leader under our present conditions are not apt to be qualities that make him serve the public honestly or disinterestedly; and in the lower wards, where there is a large vicious population, the condition of politics is often fairly appalling, and the boss is generally a man of grossly immoral public and private character, as any one can satisfy himself by examining the testimony taken by the last two or three legislative committees that have investigated the affairs of New York city. In these wards many of the social organizations with which the leaders are obliged to keep on good terms are composed of criminals,

or of the relatives and associates of criminals. The testimony mentioned above showed some strange things. I will take at random a few instances that occur to me at the moment. There was one case of an assemblyman who served several terms in the Legislature, while his private business was to carry on corrupt negotiations between the excise commissioners and owners of low haunts who wished licenses. The president of a powerful semi-political association was by profession a burglar; the man who received the goods he stole was an alderman. Another alderman was elected while his hair was still short from a term in State prison. A school trustee had been convicted of embezzlement, and was the associate of criminals. A prominent official in the police department was interested in disreputable houses and gambling-saloons, and was backed politically by their proprietors.

BEATING THE MACHINE.

In the better wards the difficulty comes in drilling a little sense and energy into decent people; they either do not care to combine or else refuse to learn how. In one district we did at one time and for a considerable period get control of affairs and elect a set of almost ideal delegates and candidates to the various nominating and legislative bodies, and in the end took an absolutely commanding although temporary position in State and even in national politics.

This was done by the efforts of some twenty or thirty young fellows who devoted a large part of their time thoroughly to organizing and getting out the respectable vote. The moving spirits were all active, energetic men, with common sense, whose motives were perfectly disinterested. Some went in from principle; others, doubtless, from good-fellowship or sheer love of the excitement always attendant upon a political struggle. Our success was due to our absolute freedom from caste spirit. Among our chief workers were a Columbia College professor, a crack oarsman from the same institution, an Irish quarryman, a master carpenter, a rich young merchant, the owner of a small cigar store, the editor of a little German newspaper, and a couple of employees from the post-office and custom-house, who worked directly against their own seeming interests. One of our important committees was composed of a prominent member of a Jewish synagogue, of the son of a noted Presbyterian clergyman, and of a young Catholic lawyer. We won some quite remark-

able triumphs, for the first time in New York politics, carrying primaries against the machine, and as the result of our most successful struggle completely revolutionizing the State convention held to send delegates to the National Republican Convention of 1884, and returning to that body, for the first and only time it was ever done, a solid delegation of Independent Republicans. This was done, however, by sheer hard work on the part of a score or so of men; the mass of our good citizens, even after the victories which they had assisted in winning, understood nothing about how they were won. Many of them actually objected to organizing, apparently having a confused idea that we could always win by what one of their number called a "spontaneous uprising," to which a quiet young fellow in our camp grimly responded that he had done a good deal of political work in his day, but that he never in his life had worked so hard and so long as he did to get up the "spontaneous" movement in which we were then engaged.

CONCLUSIONS.

In conclusion, it may be accepted as a fact, however unpleasant, that if steady work and much attention to detail are required, ordinary citizens, to whom participation in politics is merely a disagreeable duty, will always be beaten by the organized army of politicians to whom it is both duty, business, and pleasure, and who are knit together and to outsiders by their social relations. On the other hand, average citizens do take a spasmodic interest in public affairs; and we should therefore so shape our governmental system that the action required by the voters should be as simple and direct as possible, and should not need to be taken any more often than is necessary. Governmental power should be concentrated in the hands of a very few men, who would be so conspicuous that no citizen could help knowing all about them; and the elections should not come too frequently. Not one decent voter in ten will take the trouble annually to inform himself as to the character of the host of petty candidates to be balloted for, but he will be sure to know all about the mayor, comptroller, etc. It is not to his credit that we can only rely, and that without much certainty, upon his taking a spasmodic interest in the government that affects his own well-being; but such is the case, and accordingly we ought, as far as possible, to have a system requiring on his part intermittent and not sustained action.

Theodore Roosevelt.



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THE NEED OF TRADE SCHOOLS.



EDUCATION is in a transition state. Systems that have come down to us from past ages are found incapable of meeting the wants of the latter part of the nineteenth century.

Especially is this the case in the way in which the young are taught how to work. Silently the old plan has passed away, and as yet no definite scheme has taken its place. Neither in this country nor in Europe can the apprenticeship system be said to exist. It became the custom in the middle ages to bind a lad who wished to learn a trade by a written agreement to some master mechanic, for a specified number of years. In consideration of the lad's labor, the master was to care for him and teach him a handicraft. This custom continued until modern times. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth a law was passed forbidding any person to work at a trade without having first served an apprenticeship of seven years. Although this law was denounced by Adam Smith as tending to form labor monopolies, and the courts had decided it did not apply to any trade not practiced at the time of its enactment, it was not repealed until the year 1814. The English and American apprentice laws still provide for indenturing a lad to a master mechanic, but such indentures are seldom made except by the overseers of the poor for pauper lads. An indenture between a master plumber of New York and three of his "helpers" was recently published in trade journals as a curiosity. The old apprenticeship system perished, not because the indenture was looked upon as a species of slavery, nor because its results were unsatisfactory. It perished because the conditions of society under which it was possible no longer exist. The apprentice in former times lived with his master, sat at his table, and worked under his eye. For his conduct during his term of service and his skill when he became a journeyman, his master was responsible. The modern apprentice is merely a hired boy, who, while making himself useful about a workshop, learns what he can by observation and practice. If he sees the interior of his master's house, it is to do some work in no way connected with his trade, and which may not increase the idea of the dignity of labor in the minds of such of his associates as are employed in stores or offices. In old times skill more than capital

made the journeyman into a master. The master worked with his men. The more apprentices he could employ and the more thoroughly he could teach them, the greater his profit. The act of Elizabeth was intended to secure the lad's labor to the employer, not to be a law, as it afterwards became, to limit the number of workers. The master now rarely works at his trade. His time is more profitably spent in seeking for customers, purchasing material, or managing his finances. The workshop is put in charge of a foreman whose reputation and wages depend on the amount of satisfactory work that can be produced at the least cost. The foreman has no time to teach lads, and as there is but little profit in their untrained labor, does not usually want them. There still survives from the old apprentice system of former days the idea that a lad employed in a workshop shall, when he becomes a man, be a skilled workman and capable of earning a journeyman's wages. This theory fixes a certain amount of responsibility upon an employer, which he is not always willing to incur. Business may increase or diminish. At one time many workmen may be wanted; at other times few or none. If lads are employed with the understanding that at the expiration of a certain time they are to be converted into skilled workmen, there may be times during the customary four years of service when there will be nothing for them to do. If retained they will be a burden on the employer; if discharged the lad will not unreasonably feel that an agreement has been broken. It is not, however, with the employer that all the difficulty of learning how to work is to be found. The different trades are organized into trades-unions, and one of the accepted theories of the unions is the advantage to be derived from limiting the number of workers. Instead of the fact that work makes work, that one busy class gives employment to other classes, it is assumed that there is a certain amount of work to be done, and the fewer there are to do it the higher wages will be. It is, therefore, sought to make each trade into a monopoly, and although these efforts have been uniformly unsuccessful, they have marred the lives of thousands of young men, and still continue to do so. Such monopolies are not possible, because foreign mechanics, attracted by wages several times greater than they could earn at home, with living but little, if any, dearer, can-

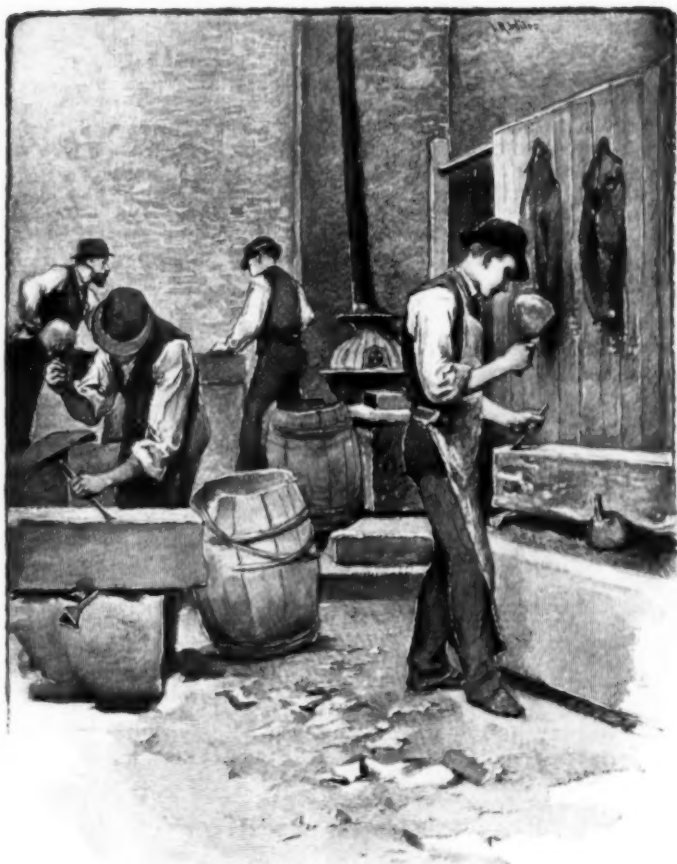
not be prevented from crossing the ocean to better their condition in life; neither can mechanics be prevented from coming to the cities from country towns, and as the strength of a union depends upon the enrollment of nearly all the workmen in the trade the union represents, these mechanics are not only invited to join, but pressure is used to force them to do so. Thus, as the exclusive policy of the unions is powerless against the stranger, its force is directed against city-born young men. This term is used because in country towns there are no unions, and consequently no opposition is made to a lad's learning a trade, if he can find some master workman who is willing to employ him. In the country, however, the standard of workmanship is not so high as it is in cities, and country mechanics cannot usually compete on even terms with city workmen. Under union rules the employer is usually allowed from two to four lads, the term of service being from four to five years. This does not allow an employer to graduate under the most favorable circumstances more than one skilled workman each year. As there are not many employers even in the largest cities in any one trade, and, as already stated, some do not want young men, it becomes a matter of no small difficulty to learn how to work. So it often happens that although a lad may be willing to work and may have strong predilections for certain kinds of work, he is more likely to meet with rebuff than encouragement. His first lesson in life teaches him that he has been born into a world where there is nothing for him to do. This lesson as he grows older he will unlearn. He will discover he was standing in a busy market-place, importuning the crowds to buy when he had nothing to sell. He was willing to do anything; there was nothing he knew how to do.

The old apprentice system is not likely to be revived. The life of the system was the personal supervision of the master, which the lad cannot have again. It may be for the interest of the master mechanic to train good workmen, but it is not his duty. The attempt to teach any large number of lads would be troublesome, even if permission could be obtained from the unions. The workmen of the future must learn how to work before they seek employment. All professional men do this. What scientific schools are to the engineer and architect, what the law school and the medical college are to the lawyer and the physician, or what the business college is to the clerk, the trade school must be to the future mechanic.

Manual instruction in schools especially designed for the purpose is not a new thing.

Its rapid development in modern times is due less to the decay of the apprenticeship system than to the discovery that without such instruction the trades themselves were deteriorating. Transmitting a handicraft from man to boy carries with it wrong as well as right ideas. The practice of a trade may be taught; the theory on which that practice is based may be forgotten. The tendency of all shops is to subdivide work. A boy learns how to do one thing, and is kept at it. He has no chance to learn his trade. Trade schools first came to be regarded as important to the welfare of the state on the continent of Europe about the middle of the last century. In England, as in this country, they are of more recent origin. The report of the Royal Commissioners on Technical Instruction, London, 1884, shows not only the extent of technical instruction in European countries, but the value that is placed upon it by the people. This report gives descriptions of schools for the building trades, for weaving in wool and silk, for iron-work, furniture, clock and watch making, pottery, for the making of beer and sugar, indeed for almost every industry in which men and women are engaged. Many of these European schools, both those for general instruction in the mechanic arts and for special trades, are on a magnificent scale. At the Imperial Technical School at Moscow the annual expenses are \$140,000 per annum. The Technical School at Verviers, in Belgium, chiefly a school for weaving and dyeing, was built at a cost of \$100,000, the annual expenses being upwards of \$13,000. The Chamber of Commerce of Crefeld, in Prussia, a town of 83,000 inhabitants, having reported that the silk industry was languishing because of the superiority of the French training-schools, an establishment costing \$210,000 was begun, to which the state contributed \$137,000 and the municipality \$60,000, the remainder being raised by subscription. This town exports upwards of twenty millions of dollars of silk products, nearly all of which goes to England and the United States. At Chemnitz, in Saxony, now the rival of Nottingham in the hosiery business, and also the center of an iron industry, is a technical school which costs \$400,000. The report referred to says there is not a manufacturer in Chemnitz whose son, assistant, or foreman has not attended this school. At Hartman's locomotive works in the same town, employing nearly three thousand men, all the boys between fourteen and sixteen years of age are obliged to attend the technical school. To allow sufficient time to do so, their hours of labor terminate at four o'clock in the afternoon twice each week.

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IN THE STONE-CUTTING ROOM.

At Arco, in the Austrian Tyrol, the founding of a small school with one teacher to give instruction in the manufacture of those articles in olive-wood which find so ready a sale to travelers, developed an important industry, orders being now filled from all parts of Northern Italy and from America. The city of Paris maintains a school on the Boulevard de la Villette for workers in wood and iron. Full wages are obtained, it is claimed, by the graduates from this school. A similar school is maintained in Paris by the Roman Catholic Church, with the idea of combating the irreligious sentiments of Parisian workmen. Besides the technical schools in various parts of France, free evening lectures are given in the large towns on scientific subjects connected

with the trades. In Sweden, according to a report made by Professor Ordway to the Massachusetts State Board of Education, there are about three hundred schools where manual instruction in the use of tools for wood and iron work is given. As a curiosity of technical education, it may be mentioned that in Ireland the Royal Agricultural Society maintains a model perambulating dairy, which, mounted on wheels, is drawn from village to village, the inhabitants being invited to witness the most approved methods of making butter and managing a dairy. In England the subject of technical education is now attracting much attention. A very fine school for apprentices has recently been completed by the city and guilds of London, and these

guilds also encourage technical education by subsidies to schools in different parts of the kingdom.

Some idea of the need of instruction in the mechanic arts in the United States was probably present in the minds of the Senators and Representatives when the Land Grant Act of 1862 was passed. A clause in this act reads as follows: "The leading object shall be, without excluding scientific and classical



TEACHER AND PUPIL.

studies, and including military tactics, to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts in such manner as the States may respectively prescribe, in order to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions of life." The report of the Secretary of the Interior, on Industrial Education, 1882, gives a list of forty-two different schools and colleges in various parts of the union which owe their existence to this land grant. Most of these are agricultural and engineering colleges. The words in the act in regard to teaching such branches of learning as are related to the mechanic arts being usually interpreted to mean instruction in the use of carpenter's and machinist's tools. Of these land grant schools, the best known are the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston and the Hampton Institute at Hampton, Virginia. Each of these illustrates an interesting experiment in industrial education. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology might properly be called a school for foremen, as its graduates can be found superintending indus-

trial establishments all over the United States. The pupil in weaving, for instance, is required to design or copy a pattern, and then work it out on the loom. In molding he makes a drawing, models the wooden pattern from it, and casts the pattern in the metal. The course of instruction is four years,—mathematics, chemistry, history, and the modern languages forming a part of the educational scheme. Hampton Institute was founded by General S. C. Armstrong as a normal school for colored teachers. General Armstrong, while serving as a staff-officer at Fort Monroe, during the war, was brought in contact with the fugitive slaves who took refuge at the fort. When slavery was abolished, and four millions of men, women, and children became the wards of the nation, General Armstrong conceived the idea that they could best be educated and civilized by the aid of their own people. It was as necessary to teach this vast multitude who had never been beyond the sound of a master's voice how to work for themselves, and how to care for themselves, as it was to teach them to read and write. Manual instruction was therefore a necessity at the Hampton Institute. The male graduates were to be leaders on the farm or in the workshop as well as teachers. The female graduates were to be capable of cooking, sewing, or caring for the sick. How thoroughly and successfully this scheme has been carried out need not be stated here. Another type of the industrial school is to be found in the Worcester (Mass.) Free Institute. At this institution three and a half years of general education is combined with instruction in mechanical engineering, in carpentering, and in machinist's work. This school more nearly approaches the trade school, as many of its graduates are returned as "journeymen mechanics." The Worcester school was founded by private liberality. Without such aid, it may be added, neither the Massachusetts Institute of Technology nor Hampton Institute could have reached its present usefulness. In the European technical schools provision is made for instructing young men already in the trades by a course specially adapted to their wants. In this country this important branch of industrial education has received but little attention. The Carriage Makers' Association in this city maintain a school in designing and construction for the young men in their trade. The Master Plumbers of Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Chicago have plumbing schools for their "helpers." The Cambria Iron Works in Pennsylvania, and several private firms like R. Hoe & Co. of this city, give scientific instruction to their lads, while two railroad companies, the Pennsylvania and

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the Baltimore and Ohio, have shown not only what it is possible to do, but how much can be done at a trifling cost for the young men in the employ of great corporations. Beyond this short list, little has been done to supplement shop-work with systematic instruction. In the Baltimore and Ohio R. R. Company's shops at Baltimore five hundred young men are employed. They are placed in charge of a graduate of the Stevens Institute whose duty it is to see that they are not employed too long at one kind of work. He can change their work as often as it may seem desirable for their future interests. He can also take parties of them from their work at any time to explain to them the machinery they may be engaged upon or may see around them. A neat building has been erected for their use, which contains a library and class-rooms for instruction in mechanics and drawing. The lads are required to wear a uniform, which, besides giving them a jaunty appearance, tends to habits of personal neatness. What is done by the Baltimore and Ohio R. R. Co. could be done in any manufacturing town by the union of a few large employers.

The difference between manual instruction and trade instruction is not always clear in the public mind. By manual instruction is meant teaching a lad how to handle certain

ever having held a tool in his hands. Manual training-schools are meant to make a lad handy; trade schools to make him proficient in some one art by which he can earn a living. Manual instruction has already been incorporated in the public school systems of Boston and Philadelphia. The New York Board of Education has maintained for several years a workshop at the Free College. It now proposes to open schools all over the city where boys and girls will be taught to use their hands. A great impression was made last spring by the exhibition, held by the Industrial Education Association of New York, of children's handiwork, and of the different methods of teaching them how to work. Not only was it shown what varied and excellent work little fingers could do, but school-teachers and superintendents came to testify that the brain-work was benefited by the hand-work.

Admitting that trade education is practicable and that it is advisable both for the purpose of giving young men an opportunity to learn how to work and to keep the trades from deteriorating, it may be well to consider how such education can best be adapted to the wants of the American people.

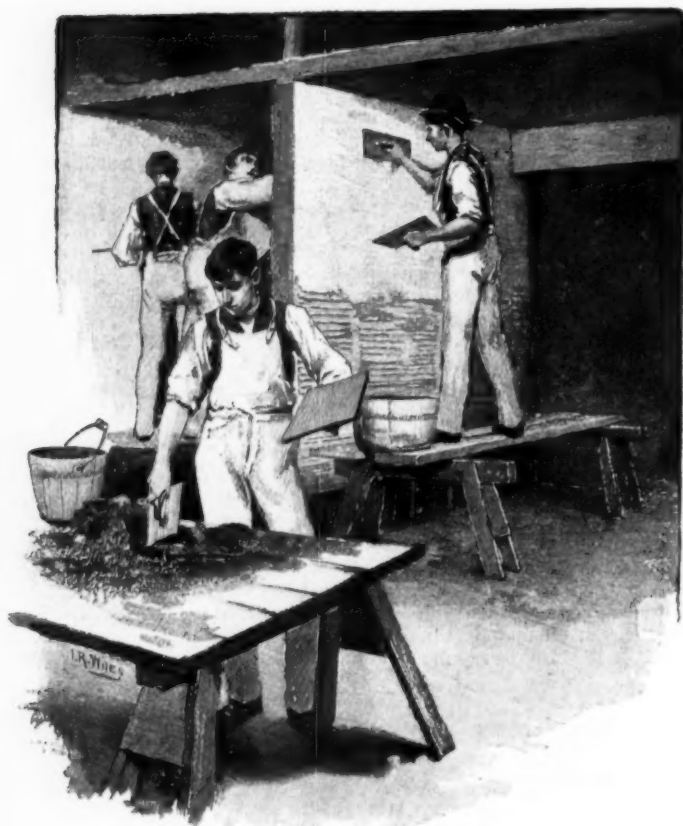
In most of the foreign trade schools the technical instruction is combined with a gen-



WOOD-CARVING.

tools, usually carpenter's and blacksmith's tools, for the purpose of developing his hands and arms, precisely as other lessons are given to develop his observation or his memory. This is not teaching a trade, although it would render the work of the trade school much easier. A lad who has gone through a course of manual instruction at a school would be more likely to be a better mechanic than one who had reached seventeen or eighteen years of age without

eral education, the course extending over several years. This system is also followed at the Hampton Institute, at the Indian school at Carlisle Barracks, at the Worcester Free Institute, and at the reformatories and asylums in this country where trades are taught. Except in special cases there seems no need of combining instruction in the trades with a general education. It is duplicating the work of the public schools and adding greatly

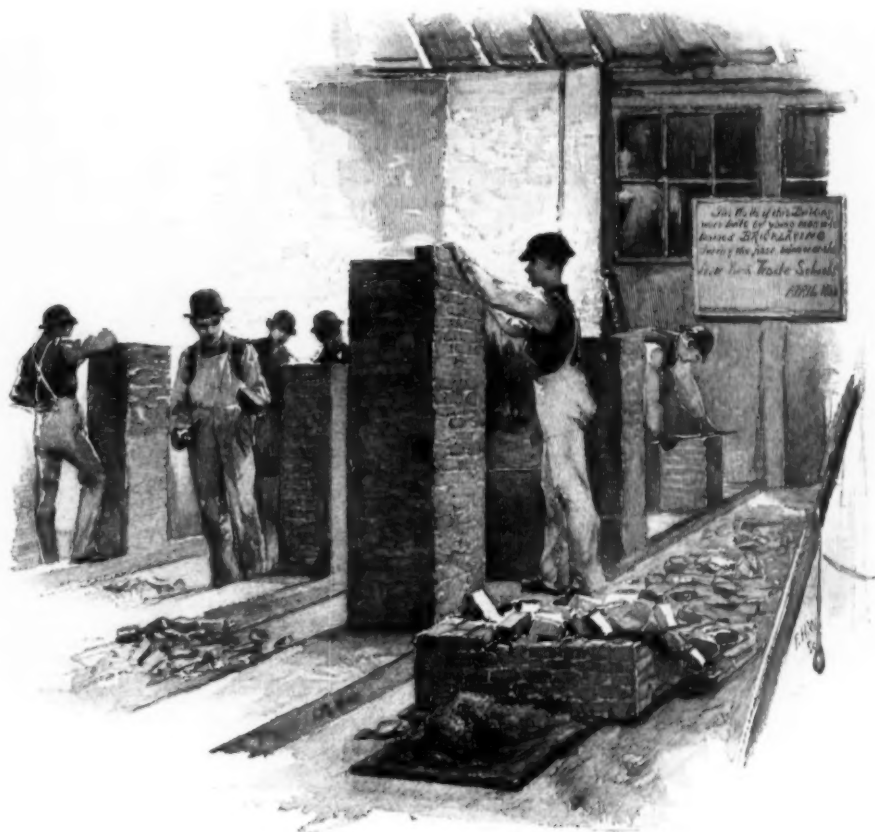


PLASTERING.

to the cost of industrial education. A lad can hardly be taught and boarded, even at a school or college which is liberally endowed, for less than two hundred and fifty dollars per annum. For a four-years' course this would be a thousand dollars, and to this sum must be added the cost of clothing, traveling expenses, etc. Such schools would be beyond the reach of those who are likely to lay brick, cut stone, or work at any of the mechanic arts. A simpler, shorter, more economical course of instruction is wanted for the future mechanic. It must be remembered that although the law requires the parent to support the child, it is an established custom that after a certain age the child shall in some way contribute to the family support. No system of trade instruction will be successful that does not recognize this fact. From eighteen to twenty years would seem to be the best age to enter a trade school. The lad is then old enough to know

what sort of work he likes and for what his strength is adapted. As regards the amount of instruction given, it would be wisest not to attempt to graduate first-class journeymen. That it is possible to do so in many trades there need be no doubt, but it would appear to be better to ground a young man thoroughly in the science and practice of the trade he has chosen, and leave the speed and experience that comes from long practice to be acquired at real work after leaving the school. Such a system would be more economical, as by it the cost of teaching and the waste of material would be greatly lessened. This probation course, as the time spent between leaving the trade school and becoming a skilled workman might be called, need not be long. Six months will suffice in most trades. Young men who begin work in this way are likely to get on better with their fellow-workmen than if taught entirely at a school,

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BUILDING PIERS IN THE BRICKLAYING ROOM.

and they will understand better how to accommodate themselves to different situations. Trade schools should not be free. They will be best appreciated when an entrance fee is required. Lawyers, physicians, engineers, architects, and clerks are expected to pay for their instruction, and there is no need to treat mechanics as objects of charity; neither do they desire it.

At the Hampton and Worcester schools the work of the pupil yields a revenue. At Hampton, contrary to the usual experience, a student's labor has been found to be of sufficient value to pay for his board and tuition. When the course of instruction at a trade school is short, it is best not to seek for any return from the pupil's work. The same temptation, otherwise, will exist as in the shop, of putting a lad at what he can do best instead of teaching him what he knows least about. The pupil's future is of more consequence

than the material that may be wasted. In a well-organized trade school the waste is not a serious item, as the same material can be used many times.

In the belief that the most practical system was a combination of the trade school and the shop, of grounding young men thoroughly in the science and practice of a trade at the school, and leaving them to acquire speed of workmanship and experience at real work after their course of instruction was finished, the New York Trade Schools on First Avenue, between Sixty-seventh and Sixty-eighth streets, from which the accompanying engravings were made, were opened in the autumn of 1881. The schools were designed to aid those who were in the trades by affording them facilities to become skilled workmen not possible in the average workshop, and to enable young men not in the trades to make their labor of sufficient value to secure work and to become

skilled workmen in a short period after leaving the schools. The instruction was given on three evenings each week from November until April. Skilled mechanics were employed as teachers. How much it would be possible to teach during that limited time was unknown, neither were there any means to ascertain what effect the instruction received at the schools would have on the young man's success in life. Instruction was given the first season in two



A FRESCO-PAINTER.

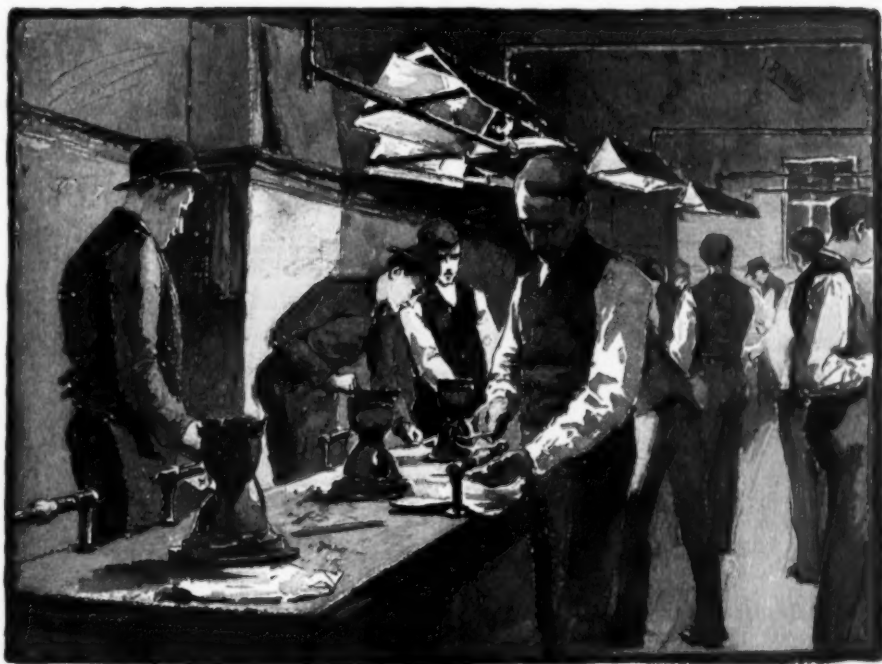
trades, plumbing and fresco-painting. The charge for instruction was made nominal to induce attendance. Twenty young men joined the plumbing class, about two-thirds of whom were in the trade as plumbers' "helpers," and thirteen joined the fresco class. Of this number one-third dropped off during the winter. The schools have now completed their fifth season. The attendance has increased from thirty-three the first season to three hundred and four the fifth season. The charges have been increased to a sum which it is hoped will ultimately meet the expenses of the schools. Instruction is now given in plumbing, fresco-painting, bricklaying, stone-cutting, plastering, carpentry, wood-carving, and gas-fitting. A class in pattern-making was abandoned for lack of support. Those who came to the schools from workshops surprised their employers and comrades by their suddenly acquired skill. Those who came to learn a trade have usually found work. There is a record at the schools of many of this latter class, who, to use the expression of more than one of them, owe their success in life to having joined the schools. Serious difficulties have to be encountered in obtaining work on account of

trades-union rules, but these difficulties have not been found to be insurmountable.

As the time spent at the schools is short, the instruction is given on a prescribed course. Each pupil is required to begin at the beginning and is advanced as rapidly as his proficiency will allow. Although the classes are kept as much as possible on the same work, no one is allowed to leave his work until he can do it well. Progress is necessarily rapid. A skilled workman is constantly on hand to show how the work should be done and explain why one method is right and another wrong. Attention is also given to the way a lad stands and how he holds his tools. An awkward habit once contracted is not easily overcome. On two occasions additions were made to the schools by the bricklaying class. The work was done at the termination of the regular course of instruction, the young men being paid in proportion to the number of bricks laid. This practice was found to be of so much value that the evening instruction for the bricklayers is now supplemented by two weeks' day work. The brick-work of three stores and a large apartment-house has also been almost entirely done by trade school young men. Better or more conscientious work it would be difficult to find. Those young men who are old enough to do a full day's work usually get from one-third to one-half a day's wages on leaving the schools, and full wages in from six to eighteen months afterwards. Thus it seems to be proved that a course of carefully arranged instruction on three evenings each week for a term of not quite six months, puts it in the power of any young man to learn how to work. He no longer need beg the employer to teach him. He stands in the labor market with something to sell.

Although the system followed at the New York Trade Schools could perhaps be improved, it has the merit of giving those who are likely to attend such schools what they want. Many well-meant schemes have failed because this point was overlooked. A longer course would be better; indeed, some young men lengthen their term of instruction by laboring two seasons, but to many, and often to the best, even a single season is a heavy tax on their strength. To work all day for a present living, and then to begin again and work during the evening to acquire the skill necessary to obtain a living in the future, requires no small amount of energy and self-denial. Work in the shop ceases at six o'clock. Work at the school can hardly begin later than seven. This leaves one hour only for food, for rest, and for travel. The young men at the New York Trade Schools come from all parts of New York, from Brooklyn, Hobo-

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PLUMBING.

ken, and Jersey City. Some have come from Staten Island, Newark, and Orange. Between two and three hundred young men thus assembled to learn how to work, and who have paid their hard-earned money for the privilege, may almost be said to form an impressive sight. These young men are employed in offices and stores, in mills and workshops, and at the various occupations for which boy labor is needed, but which have no future for the man. During the five winters the schools have been open, no rude or profane word has been heard within their walls. The young men are attentive to their instructors, and although often inconveniently crowded, are courteous to each other. Costly tools are scattered about, but they are cared for as if they belonged to those who use them. If they are fair specimens of a class which comprises fully two-thirds of the young men of this city, New York has reason to be proud of her sons.

It is often said that American parents are not desirous of having their children learn trades. The mothers, perhaps, may be responsible for this idea. The present custom of requiring a lad to work for four or five years before becoming a journeyman necessitates his beginning at an early age. Plac-

ing boys during ten hours a day with men of whose antecedents nothing is known is undoubtedly objectionable. Although less evil comes from it than is usually supposed, still injury may be done which a careful parent would guard against. A trade school not only avoids any danger of this kind, but it gives the parent an opportunity to ascertain for what sort of work the boy is suited. As it is now, the lad may work for several years at a trade and then find he has no taste for it. New places are not easily found; to change his trade may be impossible. He becomes a poor workman without interest or heart in his work. Six months at a trade school would be time well spent if it only taught the lad for what work he is fitted.

Could the opposition of the trades-unions to young men learning trades be overcome, a great source of wealth would be opened to those now approaching manhood. This opposition comes almost entirely from foreign-born workmen. The effect of their policy is a matter of indifference to them. Unlike the American, the foreigner cares but little for the future. He looks only to the number of dollars it is possible to extract for a day's work. He willingly surrenders his liberty and his judgment to his union officers. To keep their

places, these officers must be able to force the employers to obey the union rules. They not only believe in the advantages to be derived from limiting the number of workers, but they fear that if many lads are allowed to work, the employer, with the aid of his apprentices, can withstand a strike. This fear is as groundless as the theory of the benefit of trade monopolies is mistaken. Skilled work can only be done economically by skilled workmen. The master mechanics put but a small value on boy labor. Even the Chicago Master Plumbers, in their effort to educate their "helpers," do not make it easier to enter the trade. The Journeymen Stone-cutters' Union is the only union in New York which has shown any interest in the welfare of young men. The Journeymen Plumbers' Union lately passed a resolution which, if acquiesced in by the Master Plumbers' Association, will prevent three out of every four of the young men now learning the plumbing trade in this city from becoming mechanics. Until lately, the right of a man to follow any honest calling he may see fit, provided he does not violate the laws, has not been questioned. This right is now being reasserted. It is not the province of any body of men, certainly not of any self-constituted organization, to decide who or how many shall be allowed to work. No legislature is intrusted with such power. If a trade needs protection, it can be obtained in a legal manner. Lawyers and physicians seek to guard their professions and the public from incompetent men by legal enactments. The law requiring the examination and licensing of journeymen plumbers in the cities of New York and Brooklyn was intended to protect the public from ignorant workmen. Its provisions, with slight alterations, could be made to apply to any trade. The higher the standard of workmanship is made by which admission to a trade could be procured, the better for the trade and the public. Such a system would be better than "cards of protection" obtained by favor or by purchase. "An equal chance and no favor" are not idle words to the American mind. Mechanics did not invent their trades, they have no proprietary

rights in them. Some trades have been handed down from remote antiquity. Some have deteriorated instead of improving. Roman masonry was better than our own. In metal-work we do not excel the mechanics of the middle ages. Furniture of the time of Louis XVI. is preserved in art collections for its elegance and the beauty of its workmanship. The demand for skilled labor all over the United States far exceeds the supply. To such work city-born young men are admirably adapted. They are handy, quick, and generally well educated. They should not only supply the home demand, but the demand which comes from villages that are becoming towns, and towns that in a few years will be cities. A thorough knowledge of a trade often yields its possessor, if he works but two hundred days in the year, an income equal to that received from twenty thousand dollars invested in government bonds. Is this harvest to be reaped by the stranger and the foreigner, or are our own people to have a share?

Richard T. Auchmuty.



GOING HOME.




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THE HUNDREDTH MAN.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady, or the Tiger?" "The Late Mrs. Null," etc.

I.

N one of the liveliest portions of a very lively metropolitan street was situated the popular resort known as Vatoldi's. It was a restaurant which owed its extensive patronage to the inducements it offered to persons of refined tastes and moderate purses. It was in a shopping district, and from early breakfast-time until a very late dinner or supper hour, Vatoldi's seemed never to be without customers, and John People seemed always to be behind the little desk near the entrance of the long and handsome room. In fact he was not always there, because his manifold duties required his presence in a great many places, but if a customer looked up from his meal and did not see John at his ordinary post, he would be very likely to see him there the next time he looked up, and thus an impression was produced on the minds of patrons similar to the impression given by the juggler who makes one believe that because an object has been in one place a great many times it is always there.

John People was a young man of a vigorous and rotund figure, with a slightly upturned nose, very light-brown hair brushed smoothly on his well-rounded head, and a general expression of sad good humor combined with sleepless perspicacity. Dutiful resignation to his lot raised his eyebrows and slightly wrinkled his forehead, but his wide open eyes gazed steadily on the business in hand as if they had nothing to do with the future or with retrospection, no matter how the brow might choose to occupy itself.

There was about John an air of strong independence associated with a kindly willingness, which made it a pleasant thing to watch him as he attended to his varied duties. He was the chief man and manager at Vatoldi's, and although the cooks cooked, the waiters waited, and the little boy opened the door for the ladies, as they had been taught to cook, wait, and open, they all appeared to act under John's personal direction, as if they had been an orchestra moved by a conductor's baton. He was not the owner of the establishment,

and yet he was the only visible head. Early in the morning he went to the markets and selected the most desirable meats and vegetables. He personally inspected the commodities of grocers and fruiterers, and he brought a keen investigation to bear upon the necessary supplies of wines and malt liquors. All expenditures were made by him, and all receipts went into his money drawer, and were daily deposited by him in a neighboring bank. But, although he thus stood at the head of affairs, there seemed to be nothing which John was unwilling to do. If a truck arrived with some heavy merchandise, John would put his hat upon his smoothly brushed locks, and, with a slightly rolling yet energetic step, would proceed to the sidewalk and give what directions might be needed, even sometimes lending a very strong hand to a piece of difficult lifting or lowering. The moment this duty was done he would step vigorously back to his post, hang up his hat, leaving his locks as smoothly brushed as ever, and be ready again to receive the money of his customers. There was a young man who acted as cashier during his superior's occasional absences from the desk, but nearly all the money that went into the till passed directly through John People's hands.

Vatoldi's was a remarkably well-ordered establishment; its viands, its service, and its general equipment were all of the best; and yet its prices were extremely reasonable. To combine the advantages of the two classes of restaurants generally found in American cities seemed to be the moving principle of John People's mind. To dine or lunch well at Vatoldi's, one did not need to bring a friend with him to share the expense and help eat a supply of food over-abundant for one person. Instead of that, one had enough, paid not too much, and went away with pocket and stomach equally satisfied. There was nothing, however, in the aspect of Vatoldi's to suggest the ordinary cheap American restaurant. There were no shelves filled with tin cans and bottles, no tables spread with pies and cakes. Everything was in tasteful order, and placards of any kind were totally tabooed. Even on the outer front one read but the words, above the plate-glass door:

"VATOLDI
BREAKFAST AND DINING ROOMS."

Yet there was not a total absence of display of viands. After the fashion common to English hosteleries, a large round table stood near the center of the room, on which were set out huge cold joints, poultry, and game, in order that such persons who knew, or supposed they knew, exactly what they liked to eat, could say to the waiter, "Cut me a slice from here, or there," or, "Let me have the liver wing of that fowl." It was surprising with what faithfulness the clear eyes of John People, looking out from under his resigned brow, kept themselves upon these details.

It was towards the end of May, and the weather was getting to be very pleasant for outdoor life, and it was about one o'clock in the day,—an hour at which the thought of Vatoldi's began to be very pleasant to a great many people,—when there walked into the already well-filled room a tall gentleman, who took his seat at a small table at the extreme upper end of the room. As he walked slowly up the whole extent of the apartment, his glossy hat held carefully in one hand, while the other carried his silver-mounted cane, most of the people seated at the tables looked up at him as he passed; and he, in turn, gazed from side to side with such particularity that his eyes fell upon every person in the room, to many of whom he bowed, or rather nodded, with a certain stiffened graciousness that was peculiarly a manner of his own. This gentleman was a regular habitu  of Vatoldi's, and was a personage so very well known in the metropolis that he seldom entered an assembly of any size in which he did not meet some one with whom he was acquainted. His name was Mr. Stull, or, as signed by himself, J. Weatherby Stull. He was not only tall, but large, bony, and heavy. His clothes were of a costly quality, and had the appearance of being quite new. He had a good deal of watch-chain, and wore several heavy rings. His manner was grave and even solemn, but, when occasion required it, he would endeavor to produce upon the minds of his inferiors the impression that there were moments when they need not look up to J. Weatherby Stull. This was a concession which he deemed due from himself to mankind.

Mr. Stull was a very rich man, and his business operations were of various kinds. He was president of a bank; he was a large owner and improver of real estate, and it was generally understood that he had money invested in several important enterprises. He lived with his family, in a handsome house, in a fashionable quarter of the city, and his

household affairs were conducted with as much state as he considered compatible with republican institutions.

In addition to his other occupations, Mr. Stull was the proprietor of Vatoldi's, but this fact was known to no one in the world but himself and John People.

This establishment, which he had owned for many years, had been placed, upon the death of the former manager, in the charge of John People. John was a young man to hold such a responsible position, but Mr. Stull had known him from a boy and felt that he could trust him. Mr. Stull was a very good judge of the quality of subordinates, especially in a business of this kind. Those who gave John People credit for keeping such an excellent restaurant, and even those who supposed that the never-to-be-seen Vatoldi might sometimes help him with advice, gave the young man entirely too much credit. He was capable, quick-sighted, willing, and honest, but he seldom did anything of importance which had not been planned and ordered by Mr. Stull.

This gentleman was, in fact, one of the best restaurant keepers in the world. His habits of thought, his qualities of mind, all combined to make him nearly perfect in this vocation. Every day, after John had made his deposit at Mr. Stull's bank, he went into the president's private room and had a talk with him. If anybody noticed his entrance it was supposed that the young man was consulting with Mr. Stull in regard to the investment of his profits. But nothing of this kind ever took place. John had no share in the business and no profits, and the conversation turned entirely upon beef, lamb, mutton, early shad, and vegetables, and the most minute details of the management of Vatoldi's kitchen and dining and breakfast room. Every afternoon John received careful directions as to what he was to buy, what dishes he was to have prepared, and, in general, what he was to do on the following day. On the following day he did all this, and Vatoldi's was the most popular resort of its kind in the city.

But, notwithstanding the fact that in the management of his restaurant Mr. Stull showed a talent of the highest order, and notwithstanding the fact that his present wealth was founded on the profits of this establishment, and that its continued success was the source of higher pride and satisfaction than the success of any other of his enterprises, he would not, on any account, have it known that he was the proprietor of Vatoldi's. His sense of personal dignity and the position of himself and family in society positively forbade that the world should know that J. Weatherby Stull

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was the keeper of a restaurant. He had thought, at times, of cutting loose from this dangerous secret and selling Vatoldi's; but there were many objections to this plan. He did not wish to lose the steady income the business gave him, an income that could always be depended upon, no matter what the condition of stocks and real estate; he did not wish to give up the positive pleasure which the management of the establishment afforded him; and he felt that it would be a hazardous thing to attempt to sell the business without betraying his connection with it.

So Vatoldi's went on, and Mr. Stull's position went up, and John People's honor and vigilance, the rock on which they both rested, were always to be depended upon.

Mr. Stull always took his luncheon at Vatoldi's, and he believed that the fact of his being a constant patron of the establishment was one cause of its popularity. If a man in his high position took his meals there, other people of fashion and position would be likely to do the same.

"I like Vatoldi's," he would say to his friends, "because you can get as good a meal there as at any of the high-priced fancy places, without having to pay for any nonsense and frippery. Of course the extra cost of taking my meals at one of these fashionable restaurants would make very little difference to me now, but I should never have reached the position in which I at present find myself if I had not always made it a point to get the worth of my money. And, besides, it's a sensible place. They give you steel knives for your meats, and keep the silvered ones for fish and fruit, just as it's done in high-toned English society. And you are waited on by men who look like clean waiters, and not like dirty gentlemen."

As on this fine May afternoon Mr. Stull sat at his meal, which was the best the place afforded, for in every way he liked to set a good example to those around him, his eyes continually traversed the length and breadth of the room; and had there been anything out of the way John People would have heard of it that afternoon when he came to the bank. While he was thus engaged, a coupé, drawn by a pair of small sorrel horses, with tails trimmed in English fashion, stopped before Vatoldi's, and a handsomely dressed young lady got out and entered the restaurant. Mr. Stull's eyes brightened a little at this incident, and he looked about to see if other people had noticed the entrance of the new-comer. The young lady was his oldest daughter, and he had always encouraged his family to come to Vatoldi's whenever they happened to be shopping at lunch time. He did not think it wise

to say so, but he liked them to come in a carriage. Whenever bad weather gave him an excuse, he always came in a carriage himself. Nothing would have pleased him better than to have the street in front of Vatoldi's blocked by waiting carriages.

The entrance of Miss Stull had not been more quickly and earnestly noticed by her father than by John People. The eyes of that young man were fixed upon her from the moment she leaned forward to open the carriage door until she had been conducted to an advantageous vacant table. This was not near the one occupied by her father, for the young lady did not care to walk so far into the room as that.

In a refrigerator, near his little desk, John kept, under his own charge, certain cuts of choice meats which he handed out to be cooked for those customers who had specific tastes in regard to such things. In one corner of this refrigerator John kept a little plate on which always reposed a brace of especially tender lamb chops, a remarkably fine sweet-bread, or some other dainty of the kind. When Miss Stull happened to come in, the waiter was always immediately instructed to say that they had that day some very nice chops or sweet-bread, as the case might be; and the young lady being easily guided in matters of taste of this kind generally ordered the viand which John had kept in reserve for her. Sometimes, when she did not come for several days, John was obliged to give to some one else the delicacy he had reserved for her, but he always did this with a sigh which deepened the lines of dutiful resignation on his brow.

Miss Stull was a young lady of rather small dimensions, quite pretty, of a bright mind and affable disposition, and entirely ignorant that there was a man in the world who for three days would keep for her a brace of lamb chops in a corner of a refrigerator. John's secret was as carefully kept as that of his employer, but the conduct of Vatoldi's was no greater pleasure to Mr. Stull than were the visits to that establishment of Mr. Stull's daughter to John People.

When Mr. Stull had finished his meal, he walked slowly down the room and stopped at the table where his daughter still sat. That young lady thereupon offered to finish her meal instantly, and take her father to the bank in the coupé.

"No, my dear," said Mr. Stull, "there is no occasion for that. Never hurry while you eat, and be sure to eat all you want. Do you continue to like Vatoldi's?"

"Oh, yes, papa," said Miss Stull, "everything is very nice here, and I am sure the place is respectable."

"It is more than respectable," said Mr. Stull a little warmly. Then, toning down his voice, he continued: "If it were not everything it ought to be, I should not come here myself, nor recommend you and your mother to do so. I always find it well filled with the best class of people, many of them ladies. Bye-bye until dinner-time."

Then he walked to the desk and paid the amount of his bill to John People, with never a word, a gesture, or a look which could indicate to the most acute observer that he was putting the money into his own pocket.

Mr. Stull had scarcely creaked himself out of Vatoldi's when there entered an elderly man dressed in a suit of farmer's Sunday clothes. His trousers were gray and very wide, his black frock-coat was very long, and his felt hat, also black, had a very extensive brim. Deep set in his smooth-shaven face were a pair of keen gray eyes which twinkled with pleasure, as, with outstretched hand, he walked straight up to the desk behind which John People stood. John cordially grasped the hand which was offered him, and the two men expressed their satisfaction at seeing each other in tones much louder than would have been thought proper by Mr. Stull, had he been present.

"I am glad to see you, Uncle Enoch," said John. "How did you leave mother?"

"She's as lively and chipper as ever," said the other. "But I didn't come here only to see you, I came to get somethin' to eat. I want my dinner now, and I'll stop in in the afternoon, when people have thinned out, and have a talk with you."

As he said this, Mr. Enoch Bullripple moved towards the only vacant place which he saw, and it happened to be on the opposite side of the little table at which Miss Stull still sat, slowly eating an ice. At first John seemed about to protest against his uncle's seating himself at this sacred table, although, indeed, it afforded abundance of room for two persons; but then it shot into his mind that it would be a sort of bond of union between himself and the young lady to have his uncle sit at the same table with her. This was not much of a bond, but it was the only thing of the kind that had ever come between Miss Stull and himself.

When Mr. Bullripple had taken his seat, and had ordered an abundant dinner of meat and vegetables, he pushed aside the bill of fare, and his eyes fell upon Miss Stull, who sat opposite to him. After a steady gaze of a few moments, he said: "How d'ye do?"

Miss Stull, who had thrown two or three glances of interest at her opposite neighbor, which were due to his air of countreified

spruceness, now gave him a quick look of surprise, but made no answer.

"Isn't this Matilda Stull?" said the old man. "I'm Enoch Bullripple, and if I'm not a good deal mistaken your father had a farm that he used to come out to in summer-time that was pretty nigh where I lived, which is a couple of miles from Cherry Bridge."

Miss Stull, who at first had been a little shocked at being addressed by a stranger, now smiled and answered: "Oh, yes, I remember you very well, although I never saw you before dressed in this way. You always wore a straw hat, and went about in your shirt sleeves. And you would never let us walk across your big grass field."

"It wasn't on account of your hurtin' the grass," said Mr. Bullripple, "for you couldn't do that, but I don't like to see young gals in pastur' fields where there's ugly cattle. I hope you don't bear me no grudge for keepin' you out of danger."

"Oh, no," said Miss Stull. "In fact I'm much obliged to you."

When John People looked over the desk and saw his uncle talking to Miss Stull, he turned pale. This was a bond of union he had not imagined possible. He felt that his duty called upon him to protest, but when he saw the young lady entering into the conversation with apparent willingness he made no motion to interfere, but stood staring at the two with such wide-eyed earnestness that a gentleman coming up to pay his bill had to rap twice on the desk before he gained John's attention.

"How's your father?" said Mr. Bullripple.

Miss Stull replied that he was quite well, and the other continued: "That's my sister's son over there, behind the desk. He pretty much runs this place as far as I can make out, for whenever I come here I never see nothin' of Vatoldi, who must do his work in the kitchen if he does any. John's mother used to have the farm that your father owned afterwards, and he was born there. But I guess you don't know nothin' about all that."

"Was that young man born at our farm?" said Miss Stull, looking over towards John with the first glance of interest she had ever bestowed upon him.

"Yes, that's where he was born," said Mr. Bullripple; "but he lived with me when you was out there, and his mother, too, which she does yet; and I wish John could get a chance to come out there sometimes for a little country air. But Vatoldi keeps him screwed tight to his work, and it's only now and then of a Sunday that we get sight of him, unless we come to town ourselves."

"That is very mean of Vatoldi," said Miss

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Stull, rising, "for I am sure everybody ought to have a holiday now and then. Good-morning, Mr. Bullripple."

As Miss Stull advanced towards the desk John People knew that she was going to speak to him. He felt this knowledge coming hot up into his cheeks, tingling among the resignation lines on his brow, and running like threads of electricity down his back and into his very knees, which did not seem to give him their usual stout and unyielding support. Whether it was from the manner of her walk, or the steady gaze of her eyes, or the expression of her mouth, that this knowledge came to him, it came correctly, for she had no sooner reached the desk and laid her money and her bill upon it, than she said:

"Your uncle tells me, sir, that you were born on the farm where we used to live, near Cherry Bridge."

"Yes, miss," said John, "I was born there."

"Of course, there is no reason why this should not have been so," said Miss Stull, pushing her money towards John; "but, somehow or other, it seems odd to me. What is your name, please?"

John told her, and as she slowly dropped her change into her pocket-book Miss Stull began to think. Had her father been there he would not have been slow to take her aside and inform her that, for a young lady in her position, with a coupé and pair waiting at the door, it was highly improper to stand and think by the desk in a restaurant, with a person like John People behind it. But Miss Stull was a young woman of a very independent turn of mind. She placed a good value on fashion and form and all that sort of thing, but she did not allow her social position to interfere too much with her own ideas of what was good for her.

"There was an old—lady," she said, presently, "whom I used to see very often, and her name was Mrs. People. I liked her better than your uncle. Was she your mother?"

"Yes," said John, "she is my mother."

"That is very nice," remarked Miss Stull, and with a little nod she said "Good-morning, Mr. People," and went out to her coupé.

John smoothed out the bank-note which she had given him, and on the back of it he wrote "M. S.," and put the day of the month and the year beneath it. He left a space between the two initials so he could put in the middle one when he found out what it was. Then he took a note of the same value from his pocket, and put it in the money drawer, and folding carefully the one he had received from Miss Stull, he placed it tenderly in an inner receptacle of his pocket-book.

II.

MR. BULLRIPPLE returned to Vatoldi's about the middle of the afternoon to have a talk with his nephew, but the young man who had charge of the desk during this period of comparative inactivity told him that Mr. People had gone to the bank.

Mr. Bullripple reflected for a moment.

"Well, then," said he, "I would like to see Mr. Vatoldi."

The young man behind the desk laughed. "There isn't any such person," said he. "That's just the name of the place."

Mr. Bullripple looked at him fixedly. "I'd like to know, then," he said, "who is at the head of this establishment?"

"Mr. People is. If you want to sell anything, or if you have got a bill to collect, you must go to him."

Mr. Bullripple was about to whistle, but he restrained himself, his eyes sparkling as he put on his mental brakes. "Well, then," he said, "I suppose I must wait till I can see Mr. People." And, without further words, he left the place.

"I suppose I might have waited," said Enoch Bullripple, as he slowly strode up the street, "but, on the whole, I'd as lief not see John jus' now. No Vatoldi, eh? That's a piece of news I must say!"

Mr. Bullripple did not try again to see his nephew that day. He spent the rest of the afternoon in attending to the business that brought him to the city; and, about eight o'clock, he found himself in one of the up-town cross-streets, walking slowly with a visiting card in his hand, looking for a number that was printed thereon. He discovered it before long, but stopped surprised.

"It looks like a hotel," he said, "but eighty-two is the number. There can't be no mistake about that."

So saying, he mounted the few broad steps which led to the front door, and looked for a bell. The house was one of those large apartment-houses, so popular in New York, but with mansions of this kind the old man was totally unfamiliar. He did not know that it was necessary to touch the button by the side of the doorway; but, while he was peering about, the hall-boy saw him from within, and admitted him. The house was not one of the largest and finest of its class, but its appointments were of a high order. The floor was inlaid with different colored marbles, and the walls and ceiling were handsomely decorated.

"Does Mr. Horace Stratford live here?" asked Mr. Bullripple.

"Yes," said the boy, who was attired in a

neat suit of brown clothes with brass buttons, "fifth floor. There's the elevator."

The old man looked in at the door of the brightly lighted elevator, and then he glanced wistfully at the broad stairway which wound up beside it. But, repeating to himself the words "fifth floor," he entered the elevator. Thereupon a second boy in brown clothes with brass buttons stepped in after him, closed the door, pulled the wire rope, and Enoch Bullripple made his first ascent in a machine of this kind. He did not like it. "I'll come down by the stairs," he said to himself; "that is, if they run up that far." Arrived at the fifth floor, the door was opened, and Enoch gladly stepped out, whereupon the elevator immediately descended to the depths below. To the right of the hall in which he now found himself was a door on which was a small brass plate bearing the name "H. Stratford." On this door Mr. Bullripple knocked with his strong, well-hardened knuckles.

The door was opened by an elderly serving-man, who came very quickly to see who it could be who would knock on the door instead of touching the electric bell-knob. Mr. Stratford was at home, and when the visitor had sent in his name he was, without delay, conducted to a large and handsome room, at the door of which Mr. Stratford met him with extended hand.

"Why, Enoch," he said, "I am glad to see you. How do you do? And how is Mrs. People?"

"Spry as common," said Enoch. And, putting down his hat and umbrella, he seated himself in a large easy-chair which Mr. Stratford pushed towards him, and gazed around.

The floor was covered with rich heavy rugs; furniture of antique beauty and modern luxury stood wherever it could find an inviting place; the walls were hung with water-colors and etchings; here and there appeared a bas-relief or a bit of old tapestry; some bookshelves of various shapes and heights were crowded with volumes in handsome bindings; larger books stood upon the floor; while portfolios of engravings and illustrated books were piled up on a table in one corner of the room; articles of oddity or beauty, picked up by a traveler in his wanderings, were scattered about on mantel-piece or cabinet shelf; a wood fire blazed behind polished andirons and fender; and, near by, a large table held a shaded lamp, some scattered books and journals, a jar of tobacco, and the amber-tipped pipe which Mr. Stratford had just laid down. Through a partly drawn portière, which covered a wide doorway at one side of the room, could be caught a glimpse of another apart-

ment, lighted and bright-walled; and beyond the still open door by which the visitor had entered he saw across the handsome hall, with its polished floor and warm-hued rugs, other doors and glimpses of other rooms. Only the apartment in which he sat was open to view, but at every side there came suggestions of light, color, and extent. Everything was bright, warm, and akin to life and living.

Mr. Bullripple put his broad hands upon his knees and gave his head a little jerk. "Well, this beats me!" he said.

Mr. Stratford laughed. "You seem surprised, Enoch," he said. "What is it that 'beats' you?"

"It isn't the fine things," said the old man, "nor the rooms, without no end to 'em as far as I can see, for, of course, if you've got money enough you can have 'em, but it's the idee that a man, with a top-sawyer palace like this of his own, should come up-country to Mrs. People and me, with our scrubbed floors and hard chairs, and nothin' prettier than a tea company's chromo in our best room."

"Now, come," said Mr. Stratford, "that won't do, Enoch, that won't do. Your house is a very pleasant old farm-house, and I am sure that Mrs. People makes my room as comfortable and as cozy as a fisherman and country stroller should need. And, besides, I don't come to your house for things like these," waving his hand before him as he spoke; "I can buy them with money; but what I get when I come up to your country can't be bought."

"That's true as to part of it," said Mr. Bullripple. "The victuals and the lodgin' you do pay for, but the takin' in as one of us, and the dividing up our family consarns with you, just as free as we quarter a pie and give you one of the pieces, is somethin' that's not for sale neither by me nor Mrs. People. And if you can stand our hard boards and country fixin's after all this king and queen furnitur, we'll be mighty glad to have you keep on comin'. And that's one of the things that brought me here to-night. I wanted to ask you if we was to expect you when the summer shows signs of bein' on hand?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Stratford, "I certainly expect to be with you this summer, and as early as usual. Has anybody caught that old trout in the meadow brook?"

"No, sir," said Enoch. "I have seen him already this year, an' he's jes' as smart and knowin' as ever. Now I take you into the family, Mr. Stratford, jus' the same as to that trout as to any of our other consarns. If you ketch him, he's your'n, if I ketch him, he's mine. It'll be fair play between us, and I'll

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wait till you come. I wouldn't do more'n that for no man."

"No, I don't believe you would," said Mr. Stratford earnestly.

"There's another thing I want to ask you about," said Enoch, "and I will get through with it as soon as I can, for I don't want to keep you up too late talkin' about my affairs."

"Up too late!" said Mr. Stratford. And he smiled as he looked at the clock.

"I suppose you don't mind," said Mr. Bullripple, "settin' up till ten or eleven, but I do; and so I'll get right at it. What I want to say is about my nephew, John People."

"Your sister's son?" said Mr. Stratford. "Is he still cashier at Vatoldi's?"

"Yes," said Mr. Bullripple. "He's that, and pretty much everythin' besides, as far as I can see. I don't know that he washes the dishes, but I'm sure he sees that it's done. You don't happen to know Vatoldi?"

"No," said Mr. Stratford. "I seldom go there, as the place is generally crowded with ladies about the middle of the day, the only time I would be likely to drop in; and I don't suppose I should ever see the man, if I did go. Is your nephew in any trouble?"

"No," said the other, "he don't seem to be. It's me and his mother that's in the trouble. It's our opinion he works too hard, and gets too little. We like to see him come out to the farm sometimes to take some sniffs of the air he was born in, but he never gets no time for that, and as for makin' money, I'm sure he's not doin' it. Now I thought that perhaps you might know Mr. Vatoldi, and could tell me what sort of man he is, so I could know what sort of ground I'm standin' on when I go to speak to him. Perhaps you might have heard somethin' about him that would help to put me on the right tack?"

Mr. Stratford reflected for a moment before answering. "No," said he, "I know nothing about the man whatever. But let me give you a piece of advice, friend Enoch. If it is considered well to say anything to your nephew's employer about the young man's duties and his pay, let him say it himself. You can talk to him about it, and then let him speak to Vatoldi. It is a bad thing, for all parties, for mothers and uncles to undertake to arrange the business affairs of persons as old as your nephew. He must be twenty-five."

"He's all of that," said Enoch, "and it's time he was doin' better. But I won't trouble you no more about him. Since you don't know Vatoldi, there's nothin' more for us to say about that. I've found out that you're comin' to the farm this summer, and that's enough business for one night, an' pretty nigh bed-time

too." And Mr. Bullripple arose, and took up his hat and umbrella. "Now, I come to think of it," he said, "have you found your hundredth man yet?"

"No," answered Mr. Stratford, with a smile, "I can't say that I have; but I have a fancy that I'm on his track and that I may come up with him before very long."

"I often ketch myself laughin' out loud," said Mr. Bullripple, "an' I hope I won't never do it in church, when I think of your chasin' after that hundredth man. You make a dive at a feller, an' ketch him by the leg, an' hold him up, an' look at him, an' then you say: 'No, he's not the one,' an' drop him, an' go after somebody else. I don't believe you'll ever get him."

"I suppose the idea seems very odd to you, Enoch," said Mr. Stratford, "but when I find my man I'll tell you all about him."

"When they told me downstairs that you lived on the fifth floor," said Mr. Bullripple, as he stepped into the private hall and gazed about him at the tall clock, the antique chairs, the trophy-covered walls, the many-hued glass of the great lantern which hung above him, and the partly curtained doorways here and there, "I had a sort o' pity for you for havin' to lodge up so near the top of the house. But it don't appear to me now that you're in need of pity."

"No," said Mr. Stratford, "not in that regard, at any rate. As I own the whole house I might have had any floor I chose, but this one seemed to suit me better than the others, being high and airy, and yet not quite at the top of the house. There are two floors above me."

"You own this whole house!" exclaimed Mr. Bullripple. "Well, upon my word!" For a moment he stood still, and then he resumed: "I was thinkin', as I was sittin' in there, that I'd get Mrs. People to buy some bits of fancied carpets, and to hang up some more picters an' things about the house. But I guess now we'd better pull up an' take down everything of the sort we've got. I should say that after all this you'd like us better in bare boards than with any sort of fixin's we could rig up."

"Now listen to me, friend Enoch," said Mr. Stratford. "If you and your sister make any changes in that delightful old farm-house which I know so well, I'll get up in the middle of the night and catch your big trout, and never give you a chance to measure or weigh him."

"All right," said old Enoch, with a grin. "I guess you'll find us jes' as you left us."

"Are you not going to take the elevator?" said Mr. Stratford, as his visitor, after

shaking hands with him, stepped briskly towards the stairway.

"No," said the old man, "I like my legs better." And down-stairs he went.

"Now," said Mr. Bullripple to himself, when he was out upon the sidewalk, "I think I'll follow that advice Mr. Stratford gave me not to speak to old Vatoldi, for I don't believe there's any such man, but I won't let on to John that I've got any idee of that kind. I'll look into things a little more before I do that."

Horace Stratford returned to his library, his study, or his parlor, whatever one might choose to call the room in which he took his ease, or did his work, as the case might be, and, resuming his seat by the table, he lighted his pipe. He was a man of thirty years, or something more; young enough to do what he pleased, and old enough to think what he pleased. To these two pursuits he devoted his life. Possessed of a fair fortune, he invested nearly the whole of it in this apartment-house, which had been built according to his own ideas, and which yielded him a satisfying income. He was not a foolishly eccentric man, nor a selfish one, but he lived for himself, and in his own way. However, if a time came for him to live for other people, he did so cheerfully, but he always did it in his own way.

There were those who looked upon him as an old bachelor; others thought of him as a good match; and others again considered him as a hard-headed fellow whom it would be very unpleasant to live with. But the latter were persons who had never lived with him.

Horace Stratford was not an idler. He was a man of ideas, and his principal business in life was to work out these ideas, either to please or benefit himself, or for the pleasure or benefit of others.

At present he was engaged in the study of a character, or, it might be better said, in the search for a character. It had come to him, in the course of his reading and thought, that in every hundred books on a kindred subject, in every hundred crimes of a similar kind, in every hundred events of a like nature, and in every hundred men who may come within one's cognizance, there is one book, crime, circumstance, or man, which stands up above and distinct from the rest, preëminent in the fact that no one of the others is or could have been like it.

Horace Stratford's immediate occupation was the discovery of a hundredth man among his present friends and associates. This man, when found, was to be the central figure in a piece of literary work he had in mind. As the tests he applied were severe ones, he already had had several disappointments. No one of

the persons he had selected had been able to maintain against his ninety-nine competitors the position in the regard of the investigator to which he had been temporarily exalted.

Mr. Stratford sat reading and smoking until about ten o'clock, when he was called upon by a young man, in full evening dress, with an overcoat on his arm, and a crush hat in his hand. This gentleman had just descended in the elevator from the seventh, or top, floor; and he had dropped in upon Mr. Stratford for a few minutes' conversation before going out. He was a younger man than Stratford, moderately good-looking, somewhat slight in figure, and a little careworn in expression. His dress was extremely correct, according to the fashion of the day; his collar was very high, and his patent leather boots were observably pointed in the region of the toes.

Stratford was glad to see his visitor. "Will you have a pipe or cigar?" he asked.

"Neither, thank you," said the other. "I have given up smoking."

"Thorne, you astonish me!" exclaimed Stratford. "Do you find it injurious to you?"

"Oh, no," replied Mr. Thorne. "You know I never smoked very much."

"You were the most moderate smoker I ever knew," exclaimed Stratford, "with remarkably good taste in regard to tobacco, and smoking always seemed to give you so much actual pleasure."

"That is all very true," said Mr. Thorne, "but, in thinking of the matter, I have come to the conclusion that a man who goes into the society that I go into should not smoke. A cigar after dinner is sure to leave some scent upon one, and one should not carry that into a lady's drawing-room."

"If I were you," said Stratford, "I'd give up the society rather than the cigar; but I think it is not necessary to do either. I smoke as much as I like and I go into society whenever I please, and I have no reason to believe that I am found objectionable."

"It is the right thing to do," persisted Mr. Thorne. "I came to that conclusion day before yesterday, and gave up smoking from that date, with a box of cigars on my shelf that I had just opened."

Mr. Stratford made no answer, but for a few moments gazed steadily at the fire. If almost any young man of his acquaintance had told him that two days before he had given up smoking, he would have paid little attention to the statement, and would have expected to see that young man in a week or two with a cigar in his mouth. But if Arthur Thorne said he had given up this indulgence he believed that he would never smoke again.

"Going out?" presently remarked Stratford.

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"I should think you'd get dreadfully tired of that sort of thing."

"I do," said Mr. Thorne, "but, of course, it has to be done. Have you been buying anything lately?" he said, looking around the room.

"Nothing but experience," said Stratford, "and that is not on exhibition."

Mr. Thorne now put on his overcoat and departed. He had had nothing particular to say to Stratford, and had called merely because he considered it his duty to look in occasionally on his friend.

Mr. Arthur Thorne occupied apartments on the upper floor of this house. His rooms were not so extensive as those of Stratford, nor so richly furnished; but every detail of their appointments had been carefully studied by Thorne, and executed or arranged under his own supervision. The floors were stained a dull red, and upon them were spread Kensington rugs of the most somber green and unimpassioned yellow, mingled here and there with a streak of rusty black. The walls were clay color; some red clay, some yellow clay, and some of an ashen-gray hue, such as you find in very poor sections of the country where farms are cheap. The doors and wood-work were also colored in various shades of mud and clay. At the windows were heavy curtains of sad browns or yellows. Some of his furniture was antique, consisting of pieces which he had "picked up" after long and anxious searches. But much of it was modern, and invariably of that class in which the construction is plainly visible. He had a large rocking-chair, the back formed of narrow rods and the bottom of a polished board. Other chairs stood up, as strong, as right-angled, and as hard as the character of the Puritans who used the chairs from which these were copied. On his mantel-piece stood a vase of white roses which had been dead a month or more, but which were kept with great care, because Mr. Thorne knew that there was a certain harmony in their tones which they had never possessed while living. There were etchings on the walls, most of them tacked up without frames, and some with a loose corner carefully curled, so as to give the appearance of conventional ease. There were Japanese fans, but all of a subdued tone, and over the corners of pictures and by the sides of shelves hung pieces of drapery, all of them suggesting the idea that they had once been used by Arabs, and had never since been washed.

Along one side of the room was a row of book-shelves, to which easy access could be had by getting down on one's knees. These shelves were mostly filled with courses of

reading, many of which Mr. Thorne had begun, and some were nearly finished. His apartments consisted of several rooms, and throughout all of these, one perceived the same harmony of tone. Nowhere was there a single touch or point of bright color to break in upon the lugubrious unison of the saddened hues which Mr. Thorne believed to be demanded by true art.

Unless it happened to be very cold or stormy, Mr. Thorne walked every morning to his office, a distance of some three miles, wearing no overcoat, and carrying a heavy cane in his hand. He was not a very strong man, and this morning exercise frequently interfered with that freshness of mind and body with which he liked to apply himself to his work, but he knew it was the right kind of thing to do, and he did it. On certain afternoons in the week he hired a horse and rode in the Park; and this he did with a serious earnestness which showed that he was conscientiously endeavoring to do his duty by his physical self. Abstractly he cared little for dancing, preferring much a partner on a chair by his side to whom he could quietly talk; but he had devoted a great deal of attention and hard work to the study of the "german," believing that a knowledge of that complicated dance was essential to the education of a gentleman of his age and position in society.

To the requirements of what he believed to be the spirit of the nineteenth century, Arthur Thorne gave zealous heed. He was fond of novels and the ballads of Macaulay, but he read Spencer and Huxley and Ruskin, and was a steady student of Rossetti and Browning. The Proper, in his eyes, was a powerful policeman, leading by the collar a weeping urchin, who represented the personal inclinations of Arthur Thorne.

There were times when Mr. Stratford believed that he would yet find his hundredth man in Enoch Bullripple or in Arthur Thorne. "Neither of them," he said to himself, "has yet done anything which entitles him to pre-eminence among his fellows, but I believe they possess qualities which, under favoring circumstances, would send one or the other of them to that unique position, which becomes every day more interesting to me."

III.

THE village of Cherry Bridge was little more than a hamlet, lying on the banks of Cherry Creek, which came down from the mountains some five or six miles behind the village, and twisted itself, often very picturesquely, between the hills and through the

woodlands of the lower country. Three miles from the village, between the creek and the mountain, lay the farm of Enoch Bullripple; and about four o'clock on the afternoon of a June day, Mr. Horace Stratford stood on the farm-house porch, with Mrs. People, Enoch's sister, by his side. He had arrived at the place the day before, and was now going out for his first drive. His horse, a large, well-formed chestnut, with good roadster blood in him, stood near the porch, harnessed to a comfortable vehicle for two persons. This was, apparently, an ordinary buggy, but had been constructed, with a number of improvements of Mr. Stratford's own designing, for use on the diversified surface of the country about Cherry Bridge. The equipage had been sent from the city a day or two before, but this was the first time Mrs. People had seen it in its entirety, and she gazed at it with much interest.

Mrs. People was a pleasant-faced personage of about forty-five, whose growth had seemed to incline rather more towards circumference than altitude. She was dressed neatly, but with a decided leaning towards ease in the arrangement of her garments.

"That's a better horse than you had last year, Mr. Stratford," she said; "and I expect you'll get tired of a day's driving as soon as he does. He stands well without hitchin' too; but you'd better take a tie-strap along with you to-day, for Mrs. Justin has got one of them little dust-brush dogs that seems to have been born with a spite against horses. She brought him from town with her, and he even started old Janet when I drove there last Saturday."

"Why do you think I am going to Mrs. Justin's?" asked Mr. Stratford.

"Goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. People, suddenly turning the plenitude of her countenance upon him, "you don't mean to say that you've quarreled?"

"Of course not," answered Mr. Stratford, "but it seems odd that you should take it as a matter of course that I should go there the first time I drive out."

"I'm sure I never thought of anything else," said Mrs. People; "and besides, you'll be obliged to go because I told her you were comin'. I was at the store in the village yesterday mornin', when she drove up, and says I to her, 'Mrs. Justin, you'll have another visitor to-morrow, for Mr. Stratford sent up his horse and buggy yesterday, and he'll be here himself to-night, and he'll drive over to your house to-morrow afternoon. I'm not dead sure that he won't come in the mornin', but I don't think he will, because the afternoon is his time for goin' to see people, and

not disturbin' 'em before dinner when they're busy with their own concerns.' So, you see, she'll be expectin' you, Mr. Stratford. And, knowin' that, I never doubted you'd go."

Mr. Stratford smiled. "I shall certainly go now, Mrs. People," he said, "even if I had not intended to go before. But what did you mean when you said that Mrs. Justin would have another visitor?"

"I meant, she's got two now. They was in the carriage with her. One was a young girl, not twenty, I should say, settin' on the back seat with her. The other was a gentleman of some kind; young, I think, but I couldn't see him very well, havin' his back turned to me, lookin' at Mr. Pritchett with the hind wheel of his hay-wagon broke and a rail tied under. From the way his back moved I think he wanted to tell Mr. Pritchett what to do, but he didn't, and Mrs. Justin she said she'd be glad to see you mornin' or afternoon. And then that hare-lipped young man that David Betts has hired to help him in his store came out to get her orders, and I left without bein' made acquainted with her company, for, of all things, I think its the meanest to stop and listen to what your neighbor is orderin' at the store, and then go about wonderin' why they don't order more of one thing, and get it cheaper, or go without some other thing, or else make it themselves at home, which, ten to one, they couldn't, not knowin' how, and even if they did know, it would cost 'em more to make it than buy it, they knowin' their own business, anyhow, better'n anybody else."

"Well," said Mr. Stratford, going down the porch steps, "I am not sure that I am glad to hear that Mrs. Justin has strangers with her; and I shall remember what you said, Mrs. People, about tying my horse."

Mrs. Justin owned the only house in the region of Cherry Bridge which could rightly be termed a country mansion. It was spacious and handsome, surrounded by well-kept grounds, gardens, and great trees, and the prettiest part of Cherry Creek, or, as Mrs. Justin always persisted in calling it, Cherry River, flowed tranquilly at the bottom of the lawn. A mile away on the other side of the creek lay the farm on which John People was born, and which now belonged to Mr. Stull. The house had been remodeled and enlarged, but the Stull family had ceased to come there in the summer-time. The constantly increasing elevation of their social position rendered the fashionable watering-places much more suitable summer residences than this out-of-the-way country place, which was now leased to a farmer.

Mrs. Justin had no neighbors on whom she could depend for social intercourse. There

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was a clergyman at the railroad town, eight miles away, and a doctor's family in the village, and she saw a good deal of Mr. Stratford, who usually spent a portion of his summer at the Bullripple farm. But when Mrs. Justin wanted company, she invited her friends to her house, and thus, during her residence in this summer home, she held the reins of her social relations in her own hands. She came here every year because she loved the place for its own sake, and because it was the home in which her late husband had taken such pride and delight. This husband, a good deal older than Mrs. Justin, had died some four years ago; and, although the world was now obliged to look upon Mrs. Justin as a widow, she did not consider herself in that light. To her it was as if she had married again—married the memory of her husband—and to this memory she was as constant as she had been to the man himself. She was still young and charming to look upon, and there had been those who had ventured to hint at the possibility that she might marry again, but the freezing sternness with which the slightest of these hints had been received had warned all who wished to continue to be her friends not to put their feet upon her sacred ground. There was not a man who knew her well enough to like her well, who now would have dared to tell her he loved her any more than he would have dared to tell her so during the lifetime of her husband.

Mrs. Justin had her life-work, in which she took a warm and enduring interest. The object of her thought and labor, especially during that part of the year which she spent in the city, was the higher education of woman; and her plans for carrying out this purpose were very effectual, but of a simple and quiet nature. She belonged to a society which did not have for its object the establishment of colleges or similar institutions for young women, but aimed solely to assist, in the most private and unobtrusive way, those who wished to enjoy the advantages of such institutions as already existed, and were not able to do so. Many a girl who had gone through college with high honors would never have been able to touch the hem of a freshman's dress had it not been for the unseen but entirely sufficient support afforded by the association of which Mrs. Justin was the head and front.

In this enterprise Horace Stratford had long been a hearty fellow-worker, and many of its best results were due to his interest in its object, and knowledge of men and things. He had known Mrs. Justin's husband, and it was on his account that he had first come into this region; and now, for some years, he had made a home in the Bullripple house,

which stood in the midst of a country which especially suited his summer moods.

Mrs. Justin and Stratford had been sitting on her piazza for about ten minutes when he remarked: "I thought you had visitors here."

"So I have," said Mrs. Justin, "but they have gone for a walk. One of them is Gay Armatt. You remember her, don't you?"

"I remember the name, but not the person."

"You ought to remember her," said Mrs. Justin. "I expect her to be the brightest jewel in my crown, if I ever get one. She is the girl we sent to Astley University, and she has just been graduated ahead of everybody— young men, as well as her sister students."

"What are her strong points?" asked Stratford.

"Mathematics and classics," answered Mrs. Justin, and the present ambition of her life is to continue her studies, and get the degree of Ph.D.; and, knowing her as well as I do, I believe she will succeed."

"I now remember hearing of the girl," said Stratford. "But who is your other visitor?"

"That is Mr. Crisman, to whom Gay is engaged to be married."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Stratford, "I must say the young lady does not seem to be idling away any of her time. How old is she? And was this man her fellow-student?"

"She is over twenty," said Mrs. Justin; "and Mr. Crisman is not a student at all. He is in business in the city. They have been engaged for more than a year, and will be married next winter. And now, how much more do you want to know? I see by your looks that you are not satisfied."

"I like to know as much as possible about people with whom I am going to associate," said Stratford, "and I cannot help wondering why you have those young persons here."

"Gay's family live in Maryland," said Mrs. Justin, "but I did not want her to go down there this summer. I think her relatives have an idea that she has studied enough, and I am afraid of their influence upon her. Here she will have every opportunity to work as much as any one ought to in the summer-time; and I flatter myself that my influence will be good for her. I believe that Gay has an exceptionally fine future before her, and I don't intend to drop her until I see her enter upon it. And I couldn't invite her here without asking Mr. Crisman to come and spend his Sundays with her, and his vacation, when he gets it, which will be in August, I think. He would have done all that if she had gone to Maryland."

"But haven't you any fears," asked Stratford, "that the girl's marriage will be an

effectual extinguisher to this brilliant future that you talk of?"

"Not a bit of it," answered Mrs. Justin warmly. "That has all been settled. Gay and I have talked it over, and we have planned out everything. The marriage is not to interfere in the least with her studies and her future vocation in life. There is no earthly reason why it should, and I shall be very glad to see another proof in support of the fact that a woman need not remain a spinster in order to become eminent in art, science, or anything else. Here they are now." And the young couple coming up the steps of the piazza, Mr. Stratford was made acquainted with them.

After a few minutes' conversation Miss Armatt and her companion went into the house; and Mr. Stratford, as he arose to take leave of Mrs. Justin, remarked: "Did I understand you to say that girl is over twenty? She doesn't look it."

"She was nearly seventeen when I first met her, four years ago," said Mrs. Justin, "and she was then better grounded in mathematics than most students of twenty. How do you like her?"

"As far as looks go I think she is charming," said Mr. Stratford.

"And you will like her just as much in every other way," said Mrs. Justin, as she shook hands with him. "Don't forget that you are to dine with us to-morrow."

Mrs. Justin's country dinner-hour was three o'clock; and after that meal was over the next day, Stratford and Mr. Crisman sat together for an hour, smoking and talking. Mr. Crisman did most of the talking, and he told his companion a great deal about himself and his business, and also stated a good many opinions he had formed in regard to the public questions of the day. Mr. Stratford did not say much, but he smoked very steadily, and was an admirable listener.

"Well," said Crisman, when, at last, he rose and whisked away with his handkerchief some fallen ashes from his coat, "I am going to look up Miss Armatt, and see if we can't have a row on that little river, as Mrs. Justin calls it, although I should say it would have to grow a great deal before it would have a right to that name. I have got to make the most of my time, you know, as I start back to town early to-morrow morning."

"You will find the navigation of the creek rather difficult," said Mr. Stratford, "until you understand its windings and its shallows."

"Oh, I don't mind that sort of thing!" exclaimed Crisman. "If we stick fast anywhere, I'll roll up my trousers, jump out, and push her off. I'm used to roughing it."

Stratford said no more, but he noticed that shortly afterwards Miss Armatt and her *fiance* started for a stroll in the woods, and did not go upon the water.

Early on the Monday Mr. Crisman went away to resume his weekly business career in the city; and on Tuesday morning Mr. Stratford found himself again at Mrs. Justin's house. He came this time on business, as the lady wished to consult him in regard to some plans she was making for future work. Miss Gay, being left to her own companionship, concluded to take a walk along the shaded banks of Cherry River. There was no doubt in her mind as to the propriety of this designation. Her affection for Mrs. Justin was so warm that if that lady had called the little stream a lake, Gay Armatt would have thought of it only as Cherry Lake.

No one who did not know Miss Gay, and who now saw her strolling by the waterside, would have connected her in his mind with differential calculus or Sophocles in the original. In coloring she somewhat resembled Mrs. Justin, having light hair and dark eyes, but there the similarity ceased, for one was somewhat tall, with the grace of a woman, and the other was somewhat short, with the grace of a girl.

Miss Gay was in a very cheery mood, as she slowly made her way under the trees and the sometimes too familiarly bending bushes which bordered the banks of the stream; and stopping now and then in some open space, where the glorious sun of June sprinkled his gold on the leaves and the water, and filled the petals of the wild flowers that moved their fragile stems in the gentle breeze with a warm purple light. She had a secret this morning; it was not much of a secret, but it was too much for her to keep to herself; she must tell it to some one or something. A little bird sat on the twig of a tree, which still swayed on account of the youthful haste with which he had alighted upon it. Gay stood still, and looked at him.

"Little bird," she said, "I will tell you my secret. I must tell it to somebody, and I know it will be safe with you. This is my birthday, and I am twenty-one years old. I wouldn't tell Mrs. Justin because she would have been sure to make me a present, or do something for me on account of the day, and she has done so much for me already that I wouldn't have her do that. But I can tell you, little bird, and be quite sure that you won't think that I expect you to give me anything."

The little bird bobbed his head around and looked at her with one eye; then he bobbed it again and looked at her with the other; after which he fluffed up his breast-feathers with an air as though he would say:

"So old as that! I am sure you don't look it!" And then he pressed his feathers down over the secret and flew away.

Miss Gay walked on. "This is the most charming birthday I ever had," she said. "I think it is because I feel so free, and so glad that I have got through with all that hard study. And now I am going to breathe a little before I begin again, and I want every one of you to know — birds over there on the other side of the river, butterflies on the bank, and dragon-flies skimming about over the surface of the water, yes, and even the fish which I can see whisking themselves around down there, and you, whatever you were who flopped into the water just ahead of me without letting me see you, as if I would hurt you, you foolish thing — I want you all to know what a charming thing it is to breathe a little before you begin again; though I don't believe any of you ever do begin again, but just keep on always with what you have to do."

And so she walked on until the stream made a sudden bend to the left, and then she took a path which led through the trees to the right, into the open fields, where she strolled over the grass and by the hedgerows, inhaling, as she went, all the tender odors of the youth of summer. Her course now turned towards the house and the farm buildings; and after clambering over a rail fence she soon saw before her a large barn-yard, in the midst of which stood a towering straw-stack, glistening in the sun. Unlatching the wide gate, she entered the yard, and stood upon the clean straw which had been spread over its surface, gazing upon the stack.

This little mountain of wheat-stalks had probably stood there all winter, but fresh straw from the barn had recently been thrown out upon it, and it looked as sweet and clean and bright as though it had just been piled up fresh from the harvest field.

Then spoke up the happy soul of the girl, and said to her: "What a perfectly lovely straw-stack for a slide!" It had been years since Gay had slid down a stack, but all the joys of those rapturous descents came back to her as she stood and gazed. Then her eyes began to sparkle, and the longings of youth held out their arms, and drew her towards the stack.

She looked here, and she looked there, she looked towards the barn; all the windows and doors were closed. She looked towards the fields and the house; not a person was in sight. Not a living creature did she see, save two gray pullets scratching in a corner of the yard. It is not an easy thing to climb the

slippery sides of a straw-stack, but Gay had once been proficient in that art, and her hands and feet had not lost their cunning. There was some difficult scrambling and some retrogressions, but she was full of vigor and strong intent, and she soon stood upon the summit, her cheeks and lips in fullest bloom, and her whole body beating with the warm pride of success. Her hat had fallen off in the ascent, but she tossed back her ruffled hair, and thought nothing of this mishap. She looked up to the blue sky, and out upon the green fields, and then down upon the smooth sides of the stack, which sloped beneath her.

Now a little cloud spread itself over her countenance. "Gabriella Armatt," she said to herself, "is it proper for you to slide down this stack? That was all very well when you were a girl, but think of it now." Then she thought for a moment, and the cloud passed away, and she spoke for herself: "Yes, I am really and truly a girl yet," she said, "this is my birthday and only the morning of it; I shall never have such a chance as this again, and I oughtn't to take it if it comes. Yes, I will have one slide down this stack! And that will be the very end of my existence as a girl!"

Mrs. Justin and Mr. Stratford had finished their business and were walking across the lawn towards the barn. Suddenly Stratford stopped as they were passing under the shade of a wide-spreading tree.

"Is that Miss Armatt on the top of that straw-stack?" he asked.

Mrs. Justin also stopped. "Why, surely, it is!" she said. "And how in the world did she get up there?"

"Climbed up, I suppose," said Mr. Stratford, "after the fashion of boys and girls. Doesn't she look charming standing up there in the bright sunlight?"

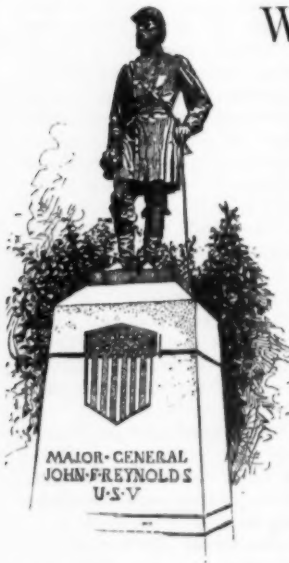
"Her pedestal is too insecure," said Mrs. Justin. "If she steps too much to one side or the other that straw will give way beneath her, and she will have a fall."

Mrs. Justin was just about to call out in a voice of warning, but she suddenly checked herself. At that moment Miss Gay sat down on the extreme edge of the top of the stack, and then, as a gull makes its swift downward swoop through the clear morning air to the glittering ocean crests, so Gay slid down the long side of that straw-stack from girlhood into womanhood.

As she arrived at the bottom, a mass of pink and white, and tumbled hair, Mrs. Justin ejaculated, "Well!" But Horace Stratford said nothing; and the two walked on.

HOOKER'S APPOINTMENT AND REMOVAL.

BY AN OFFICER WHO OCCUPIED RESPONSIBLE AND CONFIDENTIAL POSITIONS AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, AND IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT.



MONUMENT IN THE GETTYSBURG CEMETERY.

WHEN, after the Mud March that succeeded the disaster of Fredericksburg, General Burnside, in a fit of humiliation, telegraphed to Washington requesting, for the second time, to be relieved, the question of his successor was already being considered as a probability. Though stung by the loud roar that went up for McClellan from the army that had twice met disaster after parting with him, the cabinet were not shaken in the conclusion that McClellan must not be restored, for the jocund Seward, equally with the patient Lincoln, drew the line at a military dictatorship, such as would be practically implied by a second restoration, under such pressure. But while firm, the authorities were circumspect, and concluded that it would not be prudent to increase the tension between themselves and a possible pretorian camp by sending an outsider to take the command from Burnside. Subject to this conclusion, General Halleck and Secretary Stanton favored the transfer of Rosecrans, for whom McClellan might be expected to pass around a good word to supplement his inherent strength as a repeatedly victorious commander.

The choice being narrowed to the Army of the Potomac, a process of exclusion began.

* I have been told recently, on hearsay testimony, that Sedgwick was sounded and said he ought not to be appointed because he was a McClellan man. I never heard that Sedgwick was ever proposed as successor to Burnside, and I cannot believe it, knowing the limited though warm regard of Secretary Stan-

ton for him. Stanton always spoke of Sedgwick as a brave, thorough-going soldier, who staid in camp, gave Washington a wide berth, and did not intrigue against his superiors; but I never heard him attribute to Sedgwick such high qualities for a great command as he imputed to some other officers of that army. Franklin was under a cloud and decidedly out of the question; Sumner had many qualifications, but his age and growing feebleness were beyond remedy; Couch was a possible second, and still more likely third choice, and, briefly, the selection was found to lie among Hooker, Reynolds, and Meade.* The first-named had a strong, popular lead, but General Halleck, backed up by the Secretary of War, contended that there were reasons of an imperative character why he should not be intrusted with an independent command of so high a degree of responsibility. Stress was laid upon the fact that in his dispositions for the attack on Marye's Heights, General Burnside, who could at that time have had no valid motive for jealousy of Hooker, had intrusted him with no important part, although he was present on the field and of equal rank with Sumner and Franklin, to whom the active duties of the battle were assigned. President Lincoln apparently yielded to the views of those in charge of the military department of affairs, and thereupon Halleck confidentially inquired of Reynolds if he was prepared to accept the command. Reynolds replied that he expected to obey all lawful orders coming to his hands, but as the communication seemed to imply the possession of an option in himself, he deemed it his duty to say frankly that he could not accept the command in a voluntary sense, unless a liberty of action should be guaranteed to him considerably beyond any which he had reason to expect. He was thereupon dropped, and the choice further and finally restricted to Hooker and Meade, with the chances a hundred to one in favor of the latter by reason of the fixed conviction of the Secretary of War that the former ought not, in any contingency, to be chosen.

Hooker and Meade were in camp, attending to such military duties as the lull of action gave occasion for, neither having taste nor talent for intrigue, each aware that "something" was afoot, but both supposing that the ferment concerned Hooker and Reynolds, and, pos-

sible for him. Stanton always spoke of Sedgwick as a brave, thorough-going soldier, who staid in camp, gave Washington a wide berth, and did not intrigue against his superiors; but I never heard him attribute to Sedgwick such high qualities for a great command as he imputed to some other officers of that army.

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sibly, some third man beyond the lines of the army. But there were men about Hooker who believed in, and hoped to rise with him, and who, at all events, could afford to take the chances of success or failure with him; and these men were rich in personal and external resources of the kinds needed for the combination of political, financial, and social forces to a common end. By their exertions, such influences had been busy for Hooker ever since the recent battle, greatly aided by the unselfish labor of earnest men who believed that Hooker's military reputation (the pugnacious disposition implied in his popular cognomen of "Fighting Joe"), and his freedom from suspicion of undue attachment to the fortunes of General McClellan, pointed him out as the man for the occasion by the unerring processes of natural selection. The attitude and character of the Secretary of War, however, justified nothing but despair until connection was made with a powerful faction which had for its object the elevation of Mr. Chase to the Presidency at the end of Mr. Lincoln's term. Making every allowance for the strength and availability of Mr. Chase, as against Mr. Lincoln or any other civilian candidate, his friends did not conceal from themselves that the conqueror of the rebellion would have the disposal of the next Presidency, and they were on the lookout for the right military alliance when they came into communication with Hooker's friends and received their explanations, that, if it should be his good fortune to bring the war to a successful close, nothing could possibly induce him to accept other than military honors in recognition of his services. General Hooker thereupon became the candidate of Mr. Chase's friends.

As soon as Burnside's tenure of the command had become a question rather of hours than of days, new efforts were made to win over the Secretary of War, but necessarily without avail, because, apart from any personal considerations that may have had place in his mind, he had certain convictions on the subject of a kind which strong men never abandon when once formed. At this critical moment the needed impulse in the direction of Hooker

was supplied by a person of commanding influence in the councils of the administration, and Mr. Lincoln directed the appointment to be made.

Mr. Stanton's first conclusion was that he should resign; his second, that duty to his chief and the public forbade his doing so; his third, that Hooker must be loyally supported so long as there was the least chance of his doing anything with the army placed in his keeping. This latter resolution he faithfully kept, and General Hooker, who soon had occasion to know the facts connected with his appointment, was both surprised at and touched by the generous conduct of his lately implacable opponent.

Mr. Chase found his situation as sponsor for the new commander embarrassing. As a member of the cabinet he could freely express



BREAKING UP THE UNION CAMP AT FALMOUTH.

his views with reference to any military question coming up for cabinet discussion, or, upon any matter introduced to him by the President he had fair opportunity of making a desired impression; but further than this he could not directly go without disclosing a personal interest inconsistent with his place and duty. Yet the circumstances connected with the appointment of Hooker made it imperatively necessary that the influence of Mr. Chase should be exerted in respect of matters which could not formally come to him for consideration, although, on the other hand, they could not safely be intrusted wholly to the keeping of a suspicious and probably hostile War Department. Fortunately for the perplexed statesman, the influence which had proved sovereign when the balance had hung in suspense between Hooker and Meade was safely

and wholly at his service, and, being again resorted to, provided a *modus vivendi* so long as one was needed. Out of all these anomalies a correspondence resulted between Mr. Chase and General Hooker, the publication of which is historically indispensable to the saying of the final word in respect of the leading events of Mr. Lincoln's administration.

When General Hooker telegraphed to Washington that he had brought his army back to the north side of the river, because he could not find room for it to fight at Chancellorsville, President Lincoln grasped General Halleck and started for the front post-haste. He would likewise have taken the Secretary of War, in his anxiety, but for the obvious indelicacy of the latter's appearance before Hooker at such a moment. Mr. Lincoln went back to Washington that night, enjoining upon Halleck to remain till he knew "everything." Halleck was a keen lawyer, and the reluctant generals and staff-officers had but poor success in stopping anywhere short of the whole truth. When he got back to his post, a conference of the President and Secretary of War with himself was held at the War Department, whereat it was concluded that both the check at Chancellorsville and the retreat were inexcusable, and that Hooker must not be intrusted with the conduct of another battle. Halleck had brought a message from Hooker to the effect that as he had never sought the command he could resign it without embarrassment and would be only too happy if, in the new arrangement, he could have the command of his old division and so keep in active service.

The friends of Mr. Chase considered that the fortunes of their leader were too much bound up with Hooker to permit of the latter's ignominious removal and, although the President had learned much that he did not dream of at the time he parted company with the War Department in the matter of appointing a successor to Burnside, the Treasury faction had grown so powerful that he could not consent to a rupture with it, and a temporizing policy was adopted all around, which General Couch, commander of the Second Corps, all unconsciously, nearly spoiled by contemptuously refusing to serve any longer under Hooker, despite the latter's abject appeal to him not to leave the army.

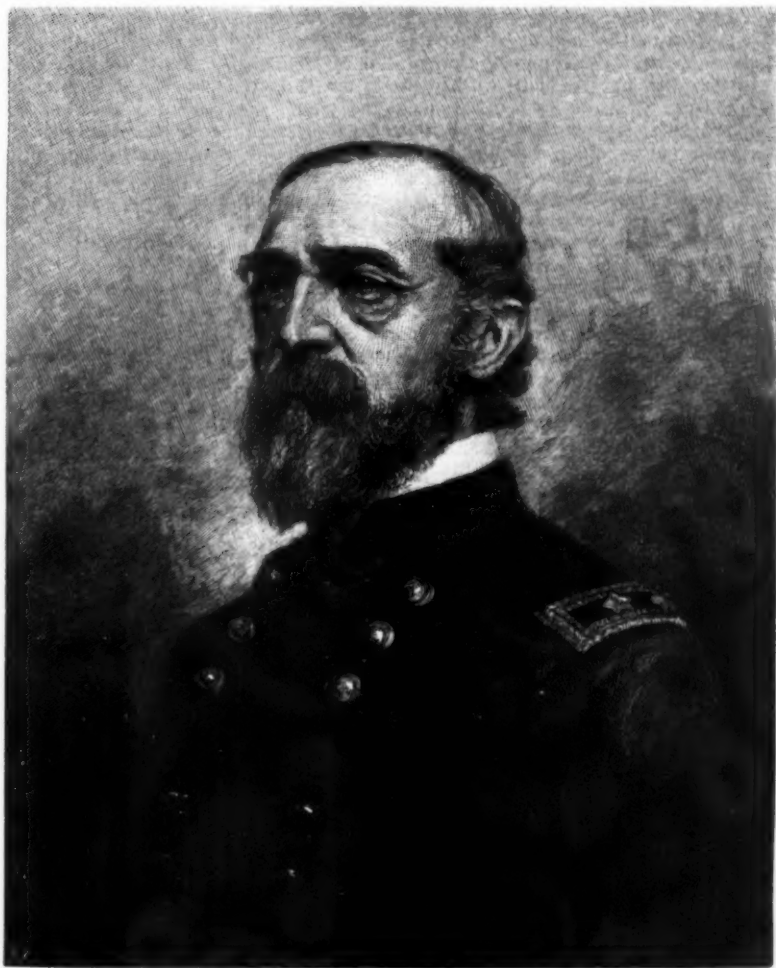
Mr. Stanton was for having it out with the Chase party at once, and a disposition on the part of Hooker to arrange for a further movement against Lee presenting an opportunity, he caused Halleck, in his character of General-in-Chief, to notify Hooker that he must make no movement, nor changes in the dispositions of his army, without obtaining prior approval from himself. Hooker was greatly annoyed

by the receipt of this relentless dispatch, but he had parted with his freedom of action, and those who had made themselves responsible for him had not yet found a way of letting him go without falling with him. Their dilemma became that of the nation, and so the army lay idle while the campaign season was at its height.

General Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania broke up the nearly intolerable situation, and Hooker's diligent and skillful management of his army rapidly brought matters back to the hopeful state they were in before the late battle. But Mr. Stanton was determined that the deliberate decision of the council of war, held after Halleck's return from the front, should not be set aside, and he was now the master of the situation. Hooker was so full of hope and energy that severe measures had to be resorted to in order to wring from him that tender of resignation deemed to be necessary to enable his supporters at Washington to keep on outward terms with the administration. When it did come, the impending battle was evidently so close at hand that the Secretary of War was seized with the fear that, either by accident or design, the change of command to General Meade would not be effected in time to avoid the very contingency aimed at by the change. At the last moment the President too became alarmed, and there was another conference in the council-room at the Department to settle the means of insuring the transfer.

Duplicate copies of the President's order changing the command were made, authenticated by the signature of the adjutant-general and addressed, severally, to Generals Hooker and Meade. Colonel Hardie, chief of the staff of the Secretary of War and a personal friend of both the officers concerned, was then called into the conference room and directed to start at once for Frederick City and, without disclosing his presence or business, make his way to General Meade and give him to understand that the order for him to assume the command of the army immediately was intended to be as unquestionable and peremptory as any which a soldier could receive. He was then, as the representative of the President, to take General Meade to the headquarters of General Hooker and transfer the command from the latter to the former. Colonel Hardie manifested some reluctance to doing his appointed task in the prescribed manner, but Mr. Stanton sententiously remarked that in this case the manner was of the substance of the matter, to which Mr. Lincoln added that he would take the responsibility upon himself for any wound to the feelings of the two generals, or of the bearer of the order.

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MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE G. MEADE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

Colonel Hardie was supplied with passes and orders to facilitate his progress, and with money to buy his way through to his destination if delayed or obstructed on the road. If compelled by the imminency of capture by Stuart's raiders to destroy his papers, and he could still make his way through, he was to deliver verbally the order for the changing of the command and supervise its execution.

Colonel Hardie got safely to Frederick, and by diligent inquiry ascertained the whereabouts of General Meade's headquarters, several miles from town. By some oversight at headquarters, no governor or provost marshal had been appointed for the town, and the streets

and all the roads leading to the camps were thronged with boisterous soldiers, more or less filled with Maryland whisky, and many of them ripe for rudeness or mischief. By liberal use of money he at last obtained a buggy and a driver who knew the roads, but his progress through straggling parties of soldiers and trains of wagons was so slow, and he was so often obliged to appeal to officers to secure passage and safety from one stage to another that the night was far spent when he reached General Meade's headquarters and, after some wrangling, penetrated to his tent.

Meade was asleep, and when awakened was confounded by the sight of an officer from

the War Department standing over him. He afterwards said that, in his semi-stupor, his first thought was that he was to be taken to Washington in arrest, though no reason occurred to him why he should be. When he realized the state of affairs he became much agitated, protesting against being placed in command of an army which was looking towards Reynolds as the successor, if Hooker should be displaced; referring to the personal friendship between Reynolds and himself which would make the President's order an instrument of injustice to both; urging the heaviness of the responsibility so suddenly placed upon him, in presence of the enemy and when he was totally ignorant of the positions and dispositions of the army he was to take in charge; and strenuously objecting to the re-

quirement that he should go to Hooker's headquarters to take over the command without being sent for by the commanding-general as McClellan had sent for Burnside and the latter for Hooker. It was a mental relief to the stern Secretary of War, when General Meade's spontaneous utterances were reported to him, to note that he had uttered no protest against Hooker's being relieved of the command, even in what might almost be called the presence of the enemy. This silence on the part of a man so regardless of himself, so regardless of others, Mr. Stanton accepted as being, in itself, his complete vindication.

After taking Colonel Hardie's opinion, as a professional soldier, that he had no lawful discretion to vary from the orders given, horses and an escort were ordered out and the party proceeded to general headquarters, some miles distant. Hardie undertook to break the news to Hooker, who did not need to be told anything after seeing who his visitors were. It was a bitter moment to all, for Hooker had construed favorably the delay in responding to his tender of resignation, and could not wholly mask the revulsion of feeling. General Butterfield, the chief of staff, between whom and General Meade much coldness existed, was called in, and the four officers set themselves earnestly to work to do the state some service by honestly transferring the command and all that could help to make it available for good. Tension was somewhat eased by Meade's insisting upon being regarded as a guest at headquarters while General Hooker was present, and by his requesting General Butterfield, upon public grounds, not to exercise his privilege of withdrawing with his chief; but Hooker's chagrin and Meade's overstrung nerves made the lengthy but indispensable conference rather trying to the whole party.

When Reynolds heard the news, he dressed himself with scrupulous care and, handsomely attended, rode to headquarters to pay his respects to the new commander. Meade, who looked like a wagon-master in the marching clothes he had hurriedly slipped on when awakened in his tent, understood the motive of the act, and after the exchange of salutations all around, he took Reynolds by the arm, and, leading him aside, told him how surprising, imperative, and unwelcome were the orders he had received; how much he would have preferred the choice to have fallen on Reynolds; how anxious he had been to see Reynolds and tell him these things, and how helpless he should hold himself to be did he not feel that Reynolds would give him the earnest support which he would have given to Reynolds in a like situation. Reynolds



GENERAL MEADE IN THE FIELD. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)



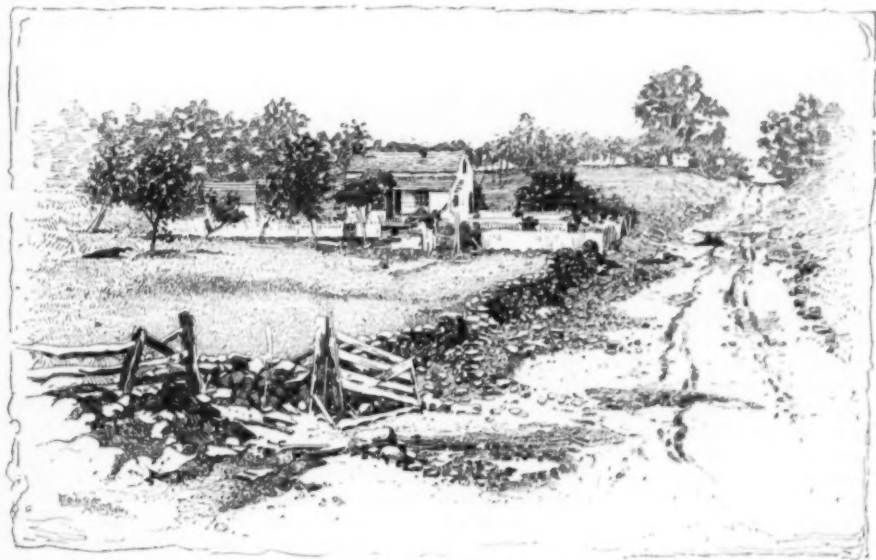
BRIGADIER-GENERAL HENRY J. HUNT,
CHIEF OF ARTILLERY OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

answered that, in his opinion, the command had fallen where it belonged, that he was glad that such a weight of responsibility had not come upon him, and that Meade might

count upon the best support he could give him. Meade then communicated to Reynolds all that he had learned from Hooker and Butterfield concerning the movements and positions of the two armies, and hastily concerted with him a plan of coöperation which resulted in the fighting of the battle of Gettysburg upon ground selected by Reynolds.

During the afternoon the consultations were ended and, with the aid of the representative of the War Department, the two generals drew up the orders which were to announce formally the change of command. In the evening, standing in front of the commanding general's tent, General Hooker took leave of the officers, soldiers, and civilians attached to headquarters, and amid many a "God bless you, General!" got into the spring wagon that was to convey him and Colonel Hardie to the railroad station *en route* to Washington. When all was ready for the start, the throng about the vehicle respectfully drew back as Meade approached with uncovered head; the two men took each other by the hand, some words passed between them in a low tone, the wagon moved off, and Meade walked silently into the tent just vacated by his predecessor.

Z.



GENERAL MEADE'S HEADQUARTERS ON THE TANEYTOWN ROAD. (FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.)

General Meade arrived at Cemetery Hill at one o'clock in the morning of July 2d, and after daylight established his headquarters in a small farm-house on the Taneytown road, little more than an eighth of a mile east of Hancock's line of battle, which was the Union center. In the afternoon of July 2d, headquar-

ters became the center of a heavy artillery fire which caused a scattering of officers and staffs and the headquarters signal corps. During the terrific cannonade which preceded Pickett's charge on July 3d, Meade's headquarters received a still greater storm of shot and shell, with the same result.—EDITOR.



BUFORD'S CAVALRY OPPOSING THE
CONFEDERATE ADVANCE UPON
GETTYSBURG.

THE BATTLE OF THE FIRST DAY AT GETTYSBURG.

BY THE CHIEF OF ARTILLERY OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

THE battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville raised the confidence of the Confederate army of Northern Virginia to such a height as to cause its subordinate officers and soldiers to believe that, as opposed to the Army of the Potomac, they were equal to any demand that could be made upon them. Their belief in the superiority of the Southerner to the Northerner as a fighter was no longer, as at the beginning of the war, a mere provincial conceit, for it was now supported by signal successes in the field. On each of these two occasions the Army of the Potomac had been recently reorganized under a new general, presumably abler than his predecessor and possessing the confidence of the War Department, and the results were crowning victories for the Confederates. Yet at Fredericksburg defeat was not owing to any lack of fighting qualities on the part of the Federal soldier, but rather to defective leadership.

At Chancellorsville both qualities were called in question. In none of the previous battles between these armies had the disparity of numbers been so great. The Federal general had taken the initiative, his plan of operations was excellent, and his troops eager for battle. The Confederates could at first oppose but a portion of their inferior force to the attack of greatly superior numbers, and the boast of the Federal commander, that "the Army of Northern Virginia was the legitimate property of the Army of the Potomac," seemed in a fair way to be justified, when at the first contact the advantages already gained were thrown away, and a timid defensive attitude assumed. Lee's bold offensive which followed

immediately on this exhibition of weakness, the consequent rout of a Federal army-corps, and the subsequent retreat of the whole army, a large portion of which had not been engaged, confirmed the exultant Confederates in their conviction — which now became an article of faith — that both in combat and in generalship the superiority of the Southerner was fully established. The Federal soldiers returned to their camps on the northern bank of the Rappahannock, mortified and incensed at finding themselves, through no fault of their own, in the condition of having in an offensive campaign lost a battle without fighting, except when the enemy forced it upon them.

Yet in this battle the Northern soldier fought well. No men could under the circumstances have withstood such a sudden attack as that made by "Stonewall" Jackson on the flank and rear of the Eleventh Corps; but as soon as Jackson encountered troops in condition for action, his pursuit was checked and he was brought to a stand. The panic did not extend beyond the routed corps, nor to all of that, for its artillery and so much of its infantry as could form a proper line did their duty, and the army, far from being "demoralized" by this mishap, simply ridiculed the corps which from its supposed want of vigilance had allowed itself to be surprised in a position in which it could not fight. The surprise itself was not the fault of the troops, and the corps redeemed its reputation in subsequent battles. Both armies were composed of the main of Americans, and there was little more difference between their men than might be found between those of either army at different periods, or under varying circumstances; for

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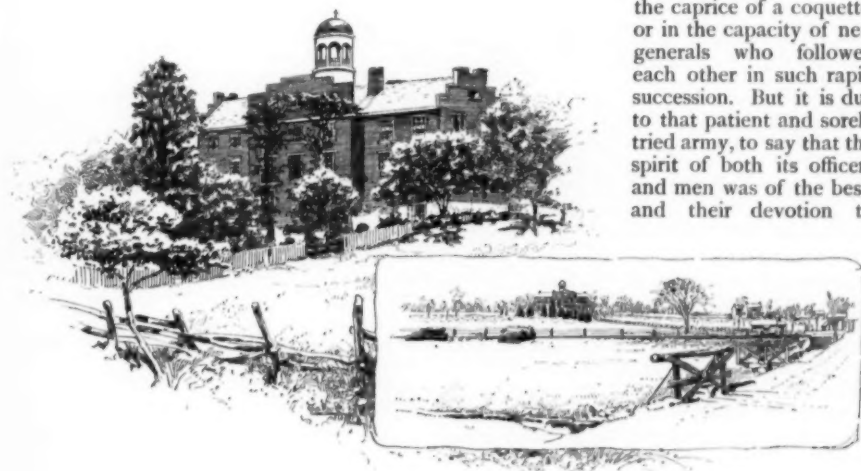
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although high bounties had already brought into the Federal ranks an inferior element which swelled the muster rolls and the number of stragglers, "bounty jumping" had not as yet become a regular business.

The morale of the Confederate army was, however, much higher at this time than that of its adversary. It was composed of men not less patriotic, many of whom had gone into the war with reluctance, but who now felt that they were defending their homes. They were by this time nearly all veterans, led by officers having the confidence of their government, which took pains to inspire its soldiers with the same feeling. Their successes were extolled and magnified; their reverses palliated or ignored. Exaggerations as to the relative numbers of the troops had been common enough on both sides, but those indulged in at the South had been

difficulties. The Army of the Potomac was not in favor at the War Department. Rarely, if ever, had it heard a word of official commendation after a success, or of sympathy or encouragement after a defeat. From the very beginning its camps had been filled with imputations and charges against its leaders, who were accused on the streets, by the press, in Congress, and even in the War Department itself, and after victories as well as after defeats, not only of incapacity or misconduct, but sometimes of "disloyalty" to their superiors, civil and military, and even to the cause for which they fought. These accusations were followed or accompanied by frequent changes of commanders of the army, army-corps, and even of divisions. Under such circumstances, but little confidence could be felt by the troops, either in the wisdom of a war office which seemed

to change its favorites with the caprice of a coquette, or in the capacity of new generals who followed each other in such rapid succession. But it is due to that patient and sorely tried army, to say that the spirit of both its officers and men was of the best, and their devotion to



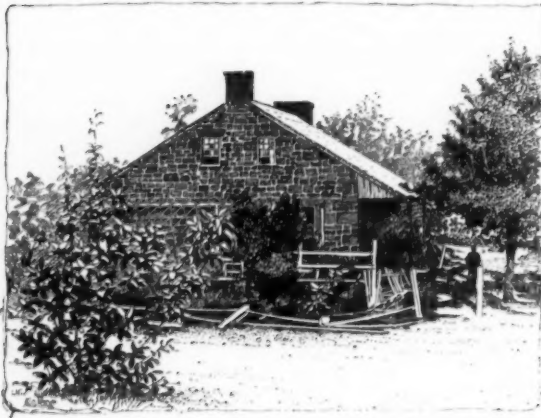
THE LUTHERAN SEMINARY. (THE UPPER PICTURE FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.)

Both pictures show the seminary as facing the town, and in the right-hand view is seen the Chambersburg Pike. On the first day, Buford, Reynolds, and Howard used the cupola for observations; thereafter it was the chief signal-station and observatory for the Confederates.—EDITOR.

echoed, sometimes suggested, in the North by a portion of the press and people, so that friends and enemies united in inspiring in the Confederate soldier a belief in himself and a contempt for his enemy.

In the Army of the Potomac it was different; the proportion of veterans was much smaller; a cessation of recruiting at the very beginning of active operations, when men were easily obtainable to supply losses in existing regiments, had been followed, as emergencies arose, by new levies for short periods of service, and in new organizations which could not readily be assimilated by older troops. And there were special

duty unconquerable. The army itself had originally been so admirably disciplined and tempered, that there always remained to it a firm self-reliance and a stern sense of duty and of honor that was proof against its many discouragements. In battle it always acquitted itself well, and displayed the highest soldierly qualities, no matter who commanded it nor whence he came. Chambersburg furnishes no exception to this assertion, nor evidence of inferiority of the Northern to the Southern soldier, but it does furnish striking illustrations of Napoleon's well-known saying, "In war men are nothing, a man is everything."



GENERAL LEE'S HEADQUARTERS ON THE CHAMBERSBURG PIKE.
(FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.)

This dwelling, which stands on the Chambersburg Pike where it crosses Seminary ridge, is called Lee's headquarters; the tents of the Confederate general were pitched in the yard behind the house.—EDITOR.

General Lee, who felt great confidence in his own troops, and overrated the effects of successive reverses on the Federal soldiers, now resolved to assume the offensive, for he knew that to remain on the defensive would in the end force him back on Richmond. He determined, therefore, in case the Army of the Potomac could not be brought to action under favorable circumstances in Virginia, to transfer, if permitted, the field of operations to Northern soil, where a victory promptly followed up would give him possession of Baltimore or Washington, and perhaps lead to the recognition of the Confederacy by foreign powers. The valley of the Shenandoah offered a safe line of operations; the Federal troops occupying it were rather a bait than an obstacle, and to capture or destroy them seemed quite practicable to one who controlled absolutely all Confederate troops within the sphere of his operations. The sharp lesson he had administered the previous year had not been heeded by the Federal War Office; an opportunity now offered to repeat it, and he took his measures accordingly. In case his government would not consent to a bolder offensive, he could at least clear the valley of Virginia of the enemy,—a distinct operation, yet a necessary preliminary to an

invasion of the North. This work was assigned to Lieutenant-General Ewell, an able officer, in every way qualified for such an enterprise.

In anticipation of the new campaign, Lee's army was strengthened and reorganized into three army corps* of three divisions each. Each division consisted of four brigades, except Rodes's and Anderson's, which had five each, and Pickett's, which had three at Gettysburg,—in all, thirty-seven infantry brigades. The cavalry were the select troops of the Confederacy. Officers and men had been accustomed all their lives to the use of horses and arms, "and to the very end the best blood in the land rode after Stuart, Hampton, and the Lees." They were now organized as a division, under Major-General

J. E. B. Stuart, consisting of the six brigades of Hampton, Robertson, Fitzhugh Lee, Jenkins, Jones, and W. H. F. Lee, and six batteries of horse-artillery under Major R. F. Beckham. To these should be added Imboden's command, a strong brigade of over two thousand effective horsemen, and a battery of horse-artillery, which had been operating in the mountain country and was now near Staunton, awaiting orders. The

* First Corps, Longstreet: divisions, McLaws, Pickett, Hood; artillery, Walton.

Second Corps, Ewell: divisions, Early, Johnson, Rodes; artillery, Brown.

Third Corps, A. P. Hill: divisions, R. H. Anderson, Heth, Pender; artillery, Walker.—H. J. H.



PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE, GETTYSBURG. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TIPTON.)

During the withdrawal of the First and Eleventh Corps through the town to Cemetery Hill, there was hard fighting in the college grounds.—EDITOR.

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artillery had recently received an excellent organization under its commandant-in-chief, General Pendleton. It consisted, besides the horse-artillery, of fifteen so-called "battalions," each of four batteries, with one lieutenant-colonel and a major. To each army-corps were attached five battalions, one for each division and two as a reserve, the whole under a colonel as chief of artillery. The total number of batteries was sixty-nine, of guns two hundred and eighty-seven, of which thirty were with the cavalry. With few exceptions the batteries were of four guns each. The army was commanded by a full general, each army-corps, except the artillery, by a lieutenant-

general and twenty-nine colonels. The average strength of army corps and divisions was about half that of the Confederates, a fact that should be kept in mind, or the terms will be misleading. The cavalry had been raised under disadvantages. Men accustomed to the use of both horses and arms were comparatively few in the North and required training in everything that was necessary to make a trooper. The theater of war was not considered favorable for cavalry, and it was distributed to the various headquarters for escort duty, guards, and orderlies. It was not until 1863 that it was united under General Pleasanton in a corps consisting of three weak



GETTYSBURG FROM OAK HILL. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TIPTON.)

Oak Hill is a mile north-west of Gettysburg, and the view here is south-east, showing the county almshouse on the left, then Culp's Hill, then the college, and, to the right of its cupola, the observatory on Cemetery Hill.—EDITOR.

ant-general, each division by a major-general, each brigade, except two, by brigadier-generals. Nearly all these officers were veterans of proved ability and many had served in the Mexican war.

In the Army of the Potomac the discharge of fifty-eight regiments had reduced its strength since Chancellorsville by twenty-five thousand effectives, partly replaced by five brigades numbering less than twelve thousand men. At the battle of Gettysburg the seven army-corps* consisted of nineteen infantry divisions, seven of which had two brigades, eleven had three, and one had four: in all fifty-one brigades. The army and army-corps were commanded by major-generals, the divisions by three major- and sixteen brigadier-generals, the infantry brigades by twenty-two brigadier-

divisions, Buford's, D. McM. Gregg's, and Duffié's, afterwards consolidated into two, Stahel's cavalry, which joined at Frederick, June 28th, becoming the third division. The corps was then organized as follows: First Division, Buford: brigades, Gamble, Devin, Merritt; Second Division, Gregg: brigades, McIntosh, Huey, J. Irvin Gregg; Third Division, Kilpatrick: brigades, Farnsworth, Custer. The divisions and three of the brigades were commanded by brigadier-generals, the other five brigades by colonels. To the cavalry were attached Robertson's and Tidball's brigades of horse-artillery. Under excellent chiefs and the spirit created by its new organization, the Federal cavalry soon rivaled that of the Confederates.

The field-artillery was in an unsatisfactory

Slocum: divisions, A. S. Williams, Geary; artillery, Muhlenberg.

Engineers, commandant-in-chief, G. K. Warren; Engineer brigade, Benham.

Artillery, commandant-in-chief, Hunt; artillery reserve, Tyler; brigades of Ransom, McGilvery, Taft, Huntington, Fitzhugh.

General Headquarters, Chief of Staff Butterfield, Adjutant-General Williams, Inspector-General Schriver, Provost-Marshal General Patrick.—H. J. H.

*First Corps, J. F. Reynolds: divisions, Wadsworth, Robinson, Doubleday; artillery, Wainwright. Second Corps, Hancock: divisions, Caldwell, Gibbon, Alexander Hays; artillery, Hazard. Third Corps, Sickles: divisions, Birney, Humphreys; artillery, Randolph. Fifth Corps, Sykes: divisions, Barnes, Ayres, Crawford; artillery, A. P. Martin. Sixth Corps, Sedgwick: divisions, Wright, Howe, Wheaton; artillery, Tompkins. Eleventh Corps, Howard: divisions, Barlow, Steinwehr, Schurz; artillery, Osborn. Twelfth Corps,



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN F. REYNOLDS.

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

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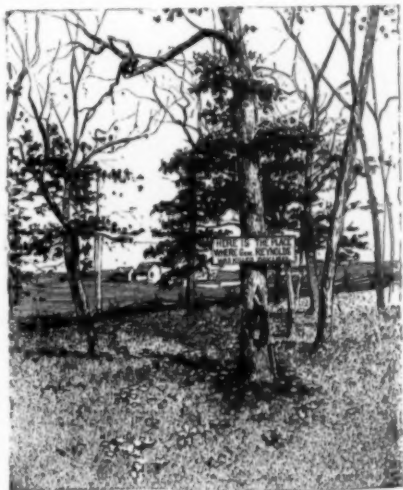
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condition. The high reputation it had gained in Mexico was followed by the active and persistent hostility of the War Department, which almost immediately dismantled three-fourths of its authorized batteries. Congress in 1853 made special provision for remounting them as schools of instruction for the whole arm, a duty which the War Department on shallow pretexts evaded. Again in 1861, Congress amply provided for the proper organization and command of the artillery in the field, but as there was no chief nor special administration for the arm, and no regulations for its government, its organization control and direction were left to the fancies of the various army commanders. General officers were practically denied it, and in 1862 the War Department announced in orders that field-officers of artillery were an unnecessary expense and their muster into service forbidden. Promotion necessarily ceased, and such brilliant artillerists as Hays, DeRussy, Getty, Gibbon, Griffin, and Ayres could only receive promotion by transfer to the infantry or cavalry. No adequate measures were taken for the supply of recruits, and the batteries were frequently dependent on the troops to which they were attached for men enough to work their guns in battle. For battery-draft they were often glad to get the refuse horses after the ambulance and quartermasters' trains were supplied. Still, many of the batteries attained a high degree of excellence, due mainly to the self-sacrifice, courage, and intelligence of their own officers and men.

On taking command of the army, General Hooker had transferred the military command of the artillery to his own headquarters, to be resumed by the chief of artillery only under specific orders and for special occasions, which resulted in such mismanagement and confusion at Chancellorsville that he consented to organize the artillery into brigades. This was a decided improvement, which would have been greater if the brigade commanders had held adequate rank. As it was, there was no artillery commandant-in-chief for months before the battle of Gettysburg, and of the fourteen brigades four were commanded by field-officers, nine by captains, and one by a lieutenant, taken from their batteries for the purpose. The number of field batteries at Gettysburg was sixty-five, of guns three hundred and seventy, of which two hundred and twelve were with the infantry, fifty with the cavalry, one hundred and eight in the reserve. The disadvantages under which the artillery labored all through the war, from want of proper regulations, supervision, and command, were simply disgraceful to our army administration from the close of the Mexican to that of the Civil War, and

caused an unnecessary expenditure of both blood and treasure.

It will be perceived by comparison that the organization of the Army of the Potomac was at this period in every way inferior to that of its adversary. The army-corps and divisions were too numerous and too weak. They required too many commanders and staffs, and this imposed unnecessary burdens on the general-in-chief, who was often compelled to



NORTH-EAST CORNER OF THE MCPHERSON WOODS, WHERE GENERAL REYNOLDS WAS KILLED.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TIPTON.)

The McPherson Farm buildings, on the Chambersburg Pike, are seen in the background. Reynolds's first line of artillery lay across the pike near these buildings.—EDITOR.

place several army-corps under the command of one of them, thus reproducing the much abused "grand divisions" of Burnside, under every possible disadvantage. Had the number of infantry corps been reduced to four at most, and the divisions to twelve, the army would have been more manageable and better commanded, and the artillery, without any loss, but rather a gain of efficiency, could have been reduced by a dozen or fifteen batteries.

EARLY in June Lee's army began to move, and by the 8th, Longstreet's and Ewell's corps had joined Stuart's cavalry at Culpeper. A. P. Hill's corps was left in observation at Fredericksburg; and so skillfully were the changes concealed that Hooker, believing that all the enemy's infantry were still near that town, ordered Pleasanton to beat up Stuart's camps at Culpeper, and get information as to the enemy's position and proposed movements. For these purposes he gave

Pleasanton two small brigades of infantry, 3000 men under Generals Ames and Russell, which carried his total force to 10,981. They were echeloned along the railroad which crosses the river at Rappahannock Station, and runs thence ten miles to Culpeper. About midway is Brandy Station, a few hundred yards north of which is Fleetwood Hill. Dividing his force equally, Pleasanton ordered Buford and Ames to cross at Beverly's, and

first report of the crossing, sent Robertson's brigade toward Kelly's to watch that ford, and Colonel M. C. Butler's Second South Carolina to Brandy Station. He himself took the command at the church where he was attacked by Buford. In one of the engagements W. H. F. Lee was wounded, and Colonel Chambliss took command of his brigade. Meantime Gregg had crossed at Kelly's Ford, and, Duffié leading, took a southerly road, by which he missed Robertson's brigade. Learning that Duffié's advance had reached Stevensburg and that Buford was heavily engaged, Gregg pushed direct for Brandy Station, sending orders to Duffié to follow his movement. Stuart, notified of his approach, had sent in haste some artillery and two of Jones's regiments to Fleetwood, and Colonel Butler started at once for Stevensburg, followed soon after by Wickham's Fourth Virginia. On their approach two squadrons of the Sixth Ohio, in occupation of the place, fell back skirmishing. Duffié sent two regiments to their aid, and after a severe action, mainly with the Second South Carolina, reoccupied the village. In this action Colonel Butler lost a leg, and his lieutenant-colonel, Hampton, was killed.

On Gregg's arrival near Brandy Station the enemy appeared to be in large force, with artillery, on and about Fleetwood Hill. He promptly ordered an attack; the hill was carried, and the two regiments sent by Stuart driven back. Buford now attacked vigorously and gained ground steadily, for Stuart had to reinforce his troops at Fleetwood from the church. In the struggles that followed, the hill several times changed masters; but as Duffié did not make his appearance, Gregg was finally overmatched and withdrew, leaving three of his guns, two of them disabled, in the enemy's hands, nearly all of their horses being killed and most of their cannoneers *hors de combat*. There were some demonstrations of pursuit, but the approach of Buford's reserve brigade stopped them. Duffié finally came up and Gregg reported to Pleasanton, informing him of the approach of Confederate infantry from Culpeper. Pleasanton, who had captured some important dispatches and orders, now considered his mission as accomplished, and ordered a withdrawal of his whole command. This was effected leisurely and without molestation. Gregg recrossed at Rappahannock Station, Buford at Beverly's Ford, and at sunset the river again flowed between the opposing forces. Stuart reports his losses at four hundred and eighty-five, of whom three hundred and one were killed or wounded. Pleasanton reports an aggregate loss (exclusive of Duffié's, which would not exceed twenty-five) of nine hundred and seven, of whom



LUTHERAN CHURCH ON CHAMBERSBURG STREET, USED AS A HOSPITAL. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TIPTON.)

Gregg, Duffié, and Russell at Kelly's Ford. All were to march to Brandy Station, Duffié being thrown out to Stevensburg to watch the Fredericksburg road. Then the whole force was to move on Culpeper. The crossing was ordered for June 9th; but on the 8th, General Lee having sent Jenkins's brigade as Ewell's advance into the valley, reviewed the other five brigades of Stuart, 10,292 combatants, on the plains near Brandy Station. After the review they were distributed in the neighborhood with a view to their crossing the Rappahannock on the 9th, Stuart establishing his headquarters at Fleetwood. Accident had thus disposed his forces in the most favorable manner to meet Pleasanton's converging movements.

At daybreak Buford crossed and drove the enemy's pickets from the ford back to the main body, near St. James's church. Stuart, on the

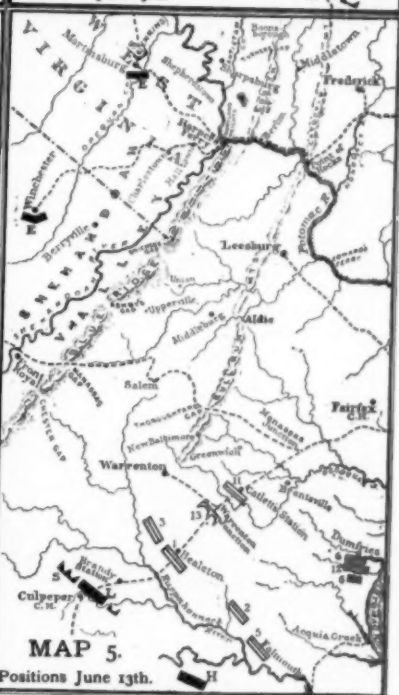
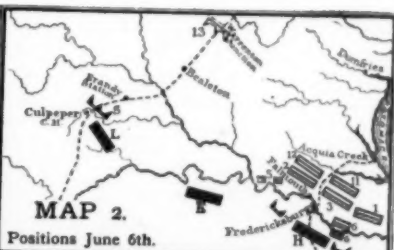
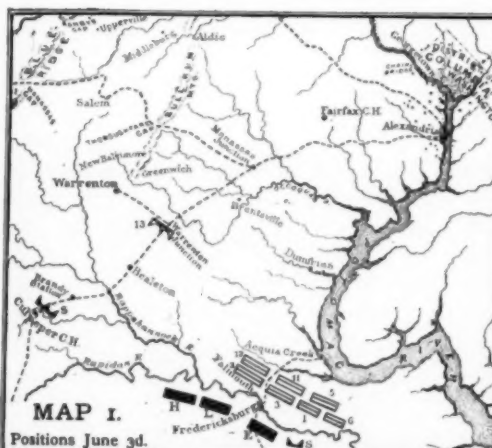


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THE BATTLE OF THE FIRST DAY AT GETTYSBURG.

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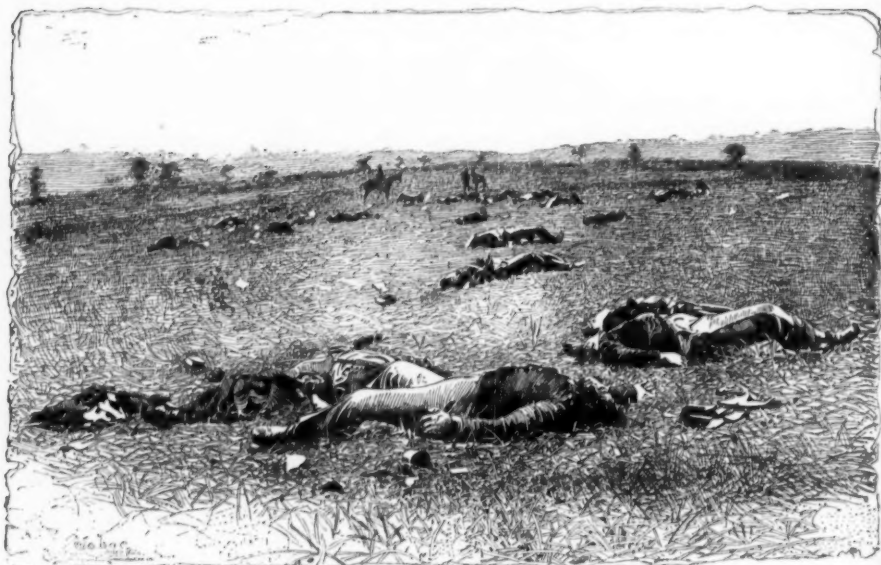
Longstreet's Corps L. 1st Corps 1
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 A. P. Hill's Corps H. 3d Corps 3
 Stuart's Cavalry S. 5th Corps 5
 6th Corps 6
 11th Corps 11
 12th Corps 12
 Cavalry 13

SCALE OF MILES

These maps and the others relating to the campaign and battle of Gettysburg are compilations by Abner Doubleday, Brevet Major-General, U. S. A., from the official reports of the commanders on both sides, and from the maps of Colonel John B. Bachelder, which were purchased by Congress for the War Department.—EDITOR.

four hundred and twenty-one were killed or wounded. In nearly all the previous so-called "cavalry" actions, the troops had fought as dismounted dragoons. This was in the main a true cavalry battle, and enabled the Federals henceforth to dispute the superiority hitherto claimed by, and conceded to, the

Confederate cavalry. In this respect the affair was an important one. It did not, however, delay for a moment General Lee's designs on the valley; he had already sent Imboden by way of Romney toward Cumberland to destroy the railroad and canal from that place to Martinsburg.



UNION DEAD WEST OF THE SEMINARY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

Milroy's Federal division, about nine thousand strong, occupied Winchester, with McReynolds's brigade in observation at Berryville. Kelley's division of about ten thousand men was at Harper's Ferry, with a detachment of twelve hundred infantry and a battery under Colonel B. F. Smith at Martinsburg. On the night of June 11th, Milroy received instructions to join Kelley, but, reporting that he could hold Winchester, was authorized to remain there. Ewell, leaving Brandy Station June 10, reached Cedarville via Chester Gap on the evening of the 12th, whence he detached Jenkins and Rodes to capture McReynolds, who, discovering their approach, withdrew to Winchester. They then pushed on to Martinsburg, and on the 14th drove out the garrison. Smith's infantry crossed the Potomac at Shepherdstown, and made its way to Maryland Heights; his artillery retreated by the Williamsport road, was pursued, and lost five guns.

Meanwhile Ewell, with Early's and Edward Johnson's divisions, marched direct on Winchester. Arriving in its neighborhood on the evening of the 13th, he ordered Early on the 14th to leave a brigade in observation on the south of the town, move his main force under cover of the hills to the north-western side, and seize the outworks which commanded the main fort. He also ordered Johnson to deploy his division on the east of the town, so as to divert attention from Early. This was so

successfully done that the latter placed, unperceived, twenty guns and an assaulting column in position, and at 6 P. M., by a sudden attack, carried the outworks, driving the garrisons into the body of the place. This capture was a complete surprise, and Milroy called a council of war, which decided on an immediate retreat, abandoning the artillery and wagons. Ewell had anticipated this, and ordered Johnson to occupy with a brigade a position on the Martinsburg pike, north of Winchester. The retreat commenced at two A. M. of the 15th, and after proceeding three or four miles, the advance encountered Johnson's troops, attacked vigorously, and at first successfully, but the enemy receiving reinforcements, a hard fight ensued in which the Federals lost heavily. The retreat was then continued; the troops separated in the darkness, one portion reaching Harper's Ferry, another crossing the Potomac at Hancock. On the 15th, Ewell crossed the river, occupied Hagerstown and Sharpsburg, and sent Jenkins's cavalry to Chambersburg to collect supplies. On the 17th, the garrison of Harper's Ferry was removed to Maryland Heights, and the valley of the Shenandoah was cleared of Federal troops. In these brilliant operations General Lee claims for Ewell the capture of four thousand prisoners and small arms, twenty-eight pieces of artillery, eleven colors, three hundred loaded wagons, as many horses, and a considerable quantity of stores of all

descriptions, the entire Confederate loss, killed, wounded, and missing, being two hundred and sixty-nine.

These operations indicate on the part of General Lee either contempt for his opponent, or a belief that the chronic terror of the War Department for the safety of Washington could be safely relied upon to paralyze his movements,—or both. On no other reasonable hypothesis can we account for his stretching his army from Fredericksburg to Williamsport, with his enemy concentrated on one flank, and on the shortest road to Richmond.

General Hooker's instructions were to keep always in view the safety of Washington and Harper's Ferry, and this necessarily subordinated his operations to those of the enemy. On June 5th, he reported that in case Lee moved via Culpeper toward the Potomac with his main body, leaving a corps at Fredericksburg, he should consider it his duty to attack the latter, and asked if that would be within the spirit of his instructions. In reply he was warned against such a course, and its dangers to Washington and Harper's Ferry were pointed out. On June 10th, learning that Lee was in motion, and that there were but few troops in Richmond, he proposed an immediate march on that place, from which, after capturing it, he could send the disposable part of his force to any threatened point north of the Potomac, and was informed that Lee's army and not Richmond was his true objective. Had he taken Richmond, Peck's large force at Suffolk and Keyes's ten thousand men in the Peninsula might have

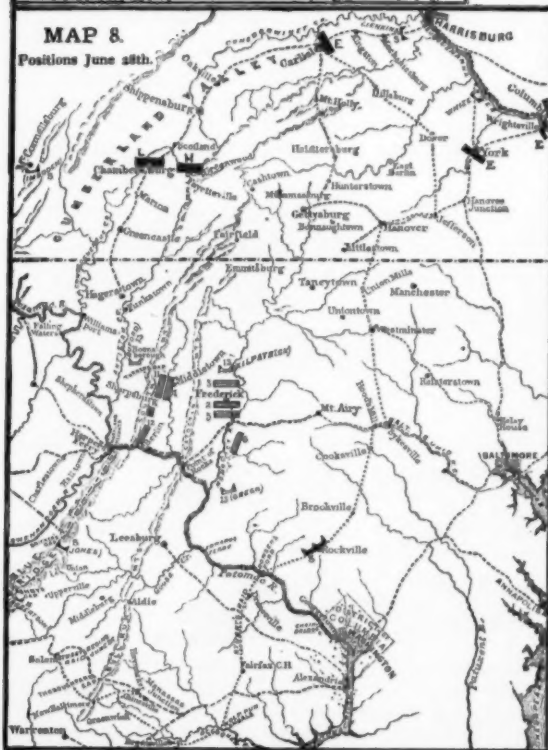
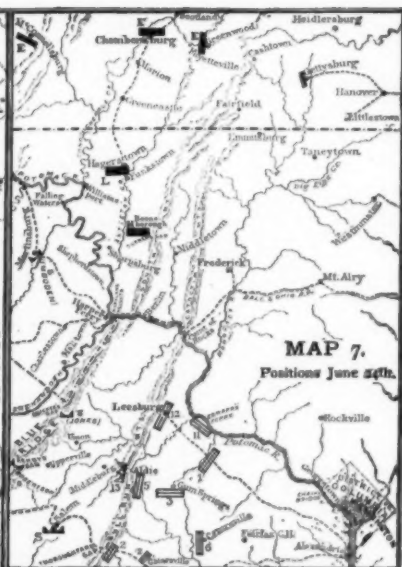
been utilized, and Hooker's whole army set free for operations against Lee.

As yet an invasion of the North had not been definitely fixed upon. On June 8th, the day before Brandy Station, General Lee, in a confidential letter to Mr. Seddon, Confederate Secretary of War, stated that he was aware of the hazard of taking the aggressive, yet nothing was to be gained by remaining on the defensive; still, if the department thought it better to do so, he would adopt that course. Mr. Seddon replied June 10th, the date of Hooker's proposal to march on Richmond, concurring in General Lee's views. He considered aggressive action indispensable, that "all attendant risks and sacrifices must be incurred," and adds, "I have not hesitated in coöperating with your plans to leave this city almost defenseless." General Lee now had full liberty of action, with the assured support of his government,—an immense advantage over an opponent who had neither.

So soon as Hooker learned from Pleasonton that a large infantry force was at Culpeper, he extended his right up the Rappahannock, and when informed of Ewell's move toward the valley, being forbidden to attack A. P. Hill at Fredericksburg or to spoil Lee's plans by marching to Richmond, he moved his army, on the night of June 13th, toward the line of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and occupied Thoroughfare Gap in advance of it. On the 15th, Longstreet left Culpeper, keeping east of the Blue Ridge and so covering its gaps. On the 14th, Hill left Fredericksburg, and via Chester Gap reached Shepherds-



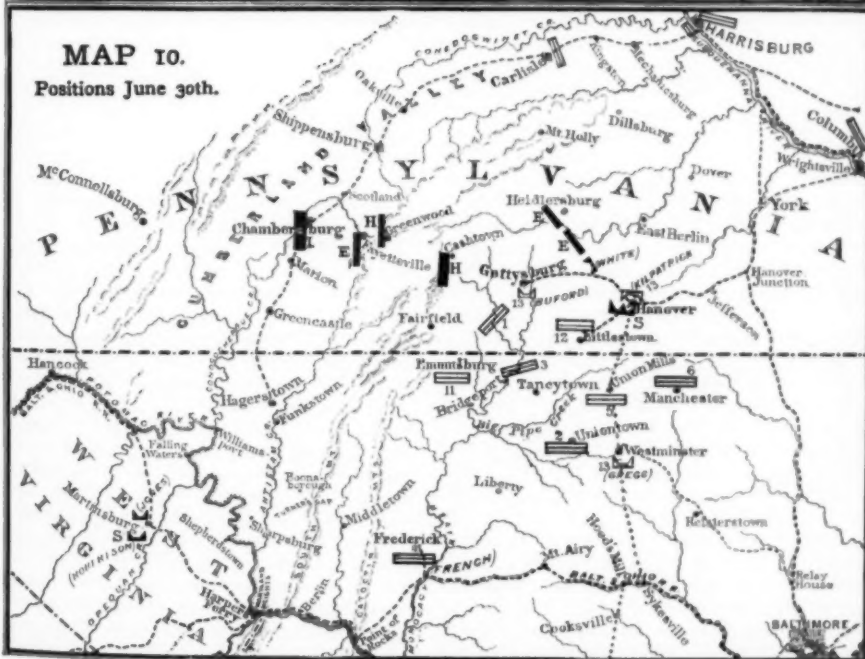
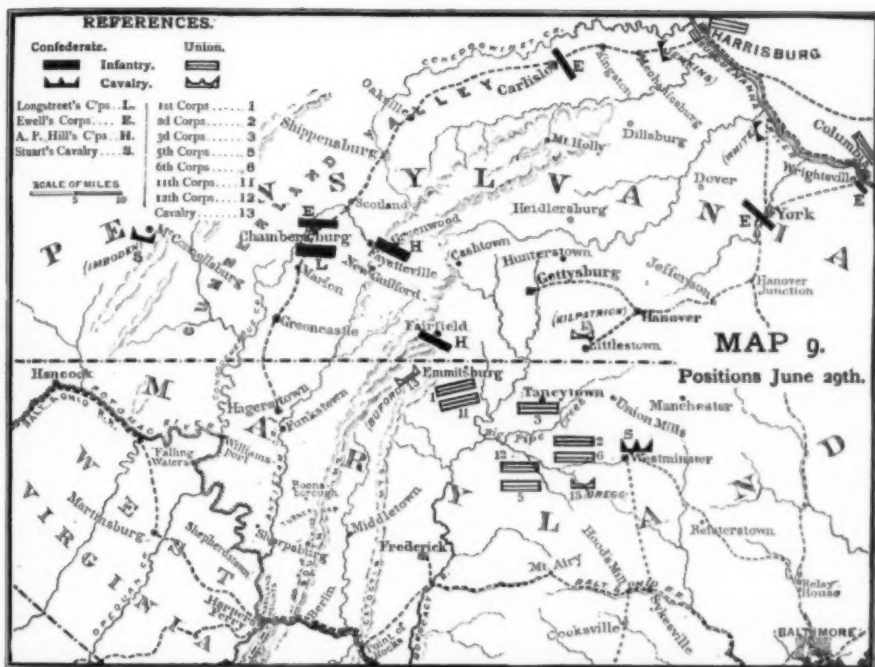
UNION DEAD NEAR MCPHERSON'S WOODS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)



town on the 23d. Stuart's cavalry had been thrown out on Longstreet's right to occupy the passes of the Bull Run mountains and watch Hooker's army.

On the 17th, he encountered, near Aldie, a portion of Pleasanton's command; a fierce fight ensued which left the Federals in possession of the field. During the four following days there was a succession of cavalry combats; those of the 19th near Middleburg, and of the 21st near Upperville, were especially well contested, and resulted in the retreat of Stuart through Ashby's Gap. Longstreet had already withdrawn through the gaps and followed Hill to the Potomac. Imboden, his work of destruction completed, had taken post at Hancock. Longstreet and Hill crossed the Potomac on the 24th and 25th and directed their march on Chambersburg and Fayetteville, arriving on the 27th. Stuart had been directed to guard the mountain passes until the Federal army crossed the river, and, according to General Lee's report, "to lose no time in placing his command on the right of our [Confederate] column as soon as he should perceive the enemy moving northward," in order to

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watch and report his movements. According to Stuart's report, he was authorized to cross between the Federal army and Washington, and directed after crossing to

proceed with all dispatch to join Early in Pennsylvania.

General Lee so far had been completely successful; his army was exultant, and he lost

no time in availing himself of his advantages. On the 21st he ordered Ewell to take possession of Harrisburg; and on the 22d Ewell's whole corps was on the march, Rodes's and Johnson's divisions via Chambersburg to Carlisle, which they reached on the 27th, and Early via Greenwood and Gettysburg to York, with orders from Ewell to break up the Northern Central Railroad, destroy the bridge across the Susquehanna at Wrightsville, and then rejoin the main body at Carlisle. Early entered York on the 28th, and sent Gordon's brigade, not to destroy, but to secure possession of the bridge, which would enable him to operate upon Harrisburg from the rear; but a small militia force under Colonel Frick, retreating from Wrightsville across the bridge, after an unsuccessful attempt to destroy one of its spans, set fire to and entirely destroyed that fine structure, Gordon's troops giving their aid to the citizens to save the town from the flames. On the 29th, Ewell received orders from General Lee to rejoin the army at Cash-town; the next evening, 30th, his reserve artillery and trains, with Johnson's division as an escort, were near Chambersburg, and Ewell, with Early's, and Rodes's, near Heidlersburg. Thus suddenly ended Ewell's Harrisburg expedition. One object was to collect supplies, and contributions were accordingly levied. Much damage was done to roads and bridges, but the prompt advance of the Army of the Potomac made this useless to the Confederates.

Before committing his army to an invasion of the North, General Lee recommended the proper steps to cover and support it. In a letter of June 23d, addressed to President Davis, he states that the season was so far advanced as to stop further Federal operations on the Southern coast, and that Confederate troops in that country and elsewhere were now disposable. He proposed, therefore, that an army should as soon as possible be organized at Culpeper, as "the well-known anxiety of the Northern Government for the safety of its capital would induce it to retain a large force for its defense, and thus relieve the opposition to our advance"; and suggested that General Beauregard be placed in command, "as his presence would give magnitude even to a small demonstration." On the 25th, he wrote twice to Mr. Davis urging the same views. The proposition embarrassed Mr. Davis, who could not see how, with the few troops under his hand, it could be carried out. In fact, although General Lee had pointed out the means, the proposition came too late, as the decisive battle took place much earlier than was expected. This correspondence, however, with that between General Lee and Mr. Seddon, shows that Hooker's project to

capture Richmond by a *coup-de-main* was feasible.

It was not now a question of "swapping queens." Washington was safe, being well fortified and sufficiently garrisoned, or with available troops within reach, without drawing on Hooker; and to take Richmond and scatter the Confederate Government was the surest way to ruin Lee's army—"his true objective."

On the first appearance of danger of invasion, her vigilant governor, Curtin, warned the people of Pennsylvania, and called out the militia. General Couch was sent to Harrisburg to organize and command them, but disbelief in the danger—due to previous false alarms—caused delays until the fugitives from Milroy's command, followed by Jenkins's cavalry, roused the country. Defensive works were then thrown up at Harrisburg and elsewhere, and local forces were raised and moved toward the enemy.

Early in June, General Hooker represented in strong terms the necessity of having one commander for all the troops whose operations would have an influence on those of Lee's army, and in reply was informed by General Halleck that any movements he might suggest for other commands than his own would be ordered *if practicable*. Misunderstandings and confusion naturally resulted from such an arrangement, and authority was given him from time to time to exercise control over the troops of Heintzelman, commanding the Department of Washington, and of Schenck commanding the Middle Department, followed, June 24th, by orders specifically placing the troops in Harper's Ferry and its vicinity at his disposal.

Disregarding Ewell's movements, Hooker conformed his own to those of the enemy's main body, and crossed the Potomac at Edwards's Ferry on the 25th and 26th of June. On the 27th, three army-corps under Reynolds occupied Middletown and the South Mountain passes. The Twelfth Corps was near Harper's Ferry, and the three other corps at or near Frederick. Hooker now ordered the Twelfth Corps to march early on the 28th to Harper's Ferry, there to be joined by its garrison from Maryland Heights, in order to cut Lee's communications with Virginia, and in conjunction with Reynolds to operate on his rear. General Halleck, however, objected to the abandonment of the Heights, notwithstanding Hooker's representations that the position was utterly useless for any purpose; whereupon Hooker abandoned his project, and finding now that he was "not allowed to manœuvre his own army in the presence of the enemy," asked to be relieved from his command. He had encountered some of the difficulties which

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ASSAULT OF BROCKENBROUGH'S CONFEDERATE BRIGADE (HETH'S DIVISION) UPON THE STONE BARN OF THE MCPHERSON FARM.

The line of the stone barn was held by Stone's brigade, Pennsylvania Bucktails (Doubleday's division), its right resting on the Chambersburg pike (the left of the picture) and its left on the

McPherson woods (right background of the picture), where a part of Archer's Confederate brigade of Heth's division was captured by Meredith's brigade.—EDITOR.

had beset a predecessor whom he had himself mercilessly criticised, and promptly succumbed to them. His request was complied with, and Major-General George G. Meade was appointed his successor, this being the fifth change of commanders of the Army of the Potomac in ten months. General Meade was an excellent officer of long service, who had always proved equal to his position, whether as a specialist or a commander of troops. Many welcomed his advent—some regretted Hooker. All thought the time for the change unfortunate, but accepted loyally, as the Army of the Potomac ever did, the leader designated by the President, and gave him their hearty support. He was succeeded in the command of the Fifth Corps by Major-General George Sykes, a veteran of the Mexican war and a distinguished soldier.

When General Meade assumed command, June 28th, the best information placed Longstreet at Chambersburg, A. P. Hill between that place and Cashtown, and Ewell in occupation of Carlisle, York, and the country between them, threatening Harrisburg. Unacquainted with Hooker's plans and views, he determined at once to move on the main line from Frederick to Harrisburg, extending his wings as

far as compatible with a ready concentration, in order to force Lee to battle before he could cross the Susquehanna. With this view he spent the day in ascertaining the position of his army, and brought up his cavalry, Buford to his left, Gregg to his right, and Kilpatrick to the front. Directing French to occupy Frederick with seven thousand men of the garrison of Harper's Ferry, he put his army in motion early on the morning of the 29th. Kilpatrick reached Littlestown that night; and on the morning of the 30th, the rear of his division, while passing through Hanover, was attacked by a portion of Stuart's cavalry. Stuart, availing himself of the discretion allowed him, had left Robertson's and Jones's brigades to guard the passes of the Blue Ridge, and on the night of the 24th, with those of Hampton, Fitzhugh Lee and Chambliss, had started to move round the Army of the Potomac, pass between it and Centreville into Maryland, and so rejoin Lee; but the movements of that army forced him so far east that he was compelled to ford the Potomac near Seneca, on the night of the 27th. Next morning, learning that Hooker had already crossed the river, he marched north by Rockville, where he captured a wagon train. Paroling

his prisoners and taking the train with him, he pushed on—through Westminster, where he had a sharp action with a squadron of Delaware horse—to Union Mills, and encamped there on the 29th. During the night, he learned that the Federal army was still between him and Lee on its march north, and his scouts reported its cavalry in strong force at Littlestown, barring his direct road to Gettysburg; wherefore, on the morning of the 30th he moved across country to Hanover, Chambliss in front and Hampton in rear of his long train of two hundred wagons, with Fitzhugh Lee well out on his left flank. About 10 A. M. Chambliss, reaching Hanover, found Kilpatrick passing through the town and attacked him, but was driven out before Hampton or Lee could come to his support. Stuart's men and horses were now nearly worn out; he was encumbered with a large captured train; a junction with some part of Lee's army was a necessity, and he made a night march for York, only to learn that Early had left the day before. Pushing on to Carlisle, he found that Ewell was gone, and the place occupied by a militia force under General W. F. Smith. His demand of a surrender was refused, upon which he threw a few shells into the town and burned the Government barracks.

That night he learned that Lee's army was concentrating at Gettysburg, and left for that place next day. Thus ended a "raid" which greatly embarrassed General Lee, and by which the services of three fine cavalry brigades were, in the critical period of the campaign, exchanged for a few hundred prisoners and a wagon train.

Hearing nothing from Stuart, and therefore believing that Hooker was still south of the Potomac, Lee, on the afternoon of the 28th, ordered Longstreet and Hill to join Ewell at Harrisburg; but late that night one of Longstreet's scouts came in and reported that the Federal army had crossed the river, that Meade had relieved Hooker and was at Frederick. Lee thereupon changed the rendezvous of his army to Cashtown, which place Heth reached on the 29th, and next day sent Pettigrew's brigade on to Gettysburg, nine miles, to procure a supply of shoes. Nearing this place, Pettigrew discovered the advance of a large Federal force and returned to Cashtown. Hill immediately notified Generals Lee and Ewell, informing the latter that he would advance next morning on Gettysburg. Buford, sending Merritt's brigade to Mechanicstown as guard to his trains, had early on the morning of the 29th crossed into and moved up the Cumberland valley via Boonsboro' and Fairfield with those of Gamble and Devin, and on the afternoon of

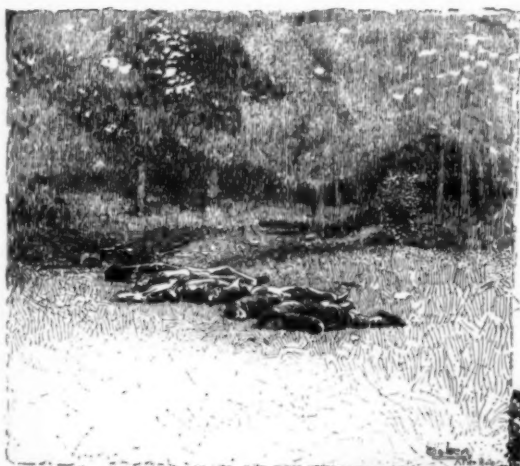
Tuesday, June 30th, under instructions from Pleasonton, entered Gettysburg, Pettigrew's brigade withdrawing on his approach.

From Gettysburg, near the eastern base of the Green Ridge, and covering all the upper passes into the Cumberland valley, good roads lead to all important points between the Susquehanna and the Potomac. It is therefore an important strategic position. On the west of the town, distant nearly half a mile, there is a somewhat elevated ridge running north and south, on which stands the "Lutheran Seminary." It is covered with open woods through its whole length, and is terminated nearly a mile and a half north of the seminary by a commanding knoll, bare on its southern side, called Oak Hill. From this ridge the ground slopes gradually to the west, and again rising forms another ridge about five hundred yards from the first, upon which, nearly opposite the seminary, stands McPherson's farm buildings. This second ridge is wider, smoother, and lower than the first, and Oak Hill, their intersection, has a clear view of the slopes of both ridges and of the valley between them. West of McPherson's ridge Willoughby Run flows south into Marsh Creek. South of the farm buildings and directly opposite the seminary, a wood borders the run for about three hundred yards, and stretches back to the summit of McPherson's ridge. From the town two roads run; one south-west to Hagerstown via Fairfield, the other north-westerly to Chambersburg via Cashtown. The seminary is midway between them, about three hundred yards from each. Parallel to, and one hundred and fifty yards north of the Chambersburg pike, is the bed of an unfinished railroad, with deep cuttings through the two ridges. Directly north of the town the country is comparatively flat and open; on the east of it, Rock Creek flows south. On the south, and overlooking it, is a ridge of bold, high grounds, terminated on the west by Cemetery Hill and on the east by Culp's Hill, which, bending to the south, extends half a mile or more and terminates in low grounds near Spangler's Spring. Culp's Hill is steep toward the east, is well wooded, and its eastern base is washed by Rock Creek.

Impressed by the importance of the position, Buford, expecting the early return of the enemy in force, assigned to Devin's brigade the country north, and to Gamble's that west of the town; sent out scouting parties on all the roads to collect information, and reported the condition of affairs to Reynolds. His pickets extended from below the Fairfield road, along the eastern bank of Willoughby Run, to the railroad cut, then easterly some fifteen hundred yards north of the town, to a wooded hillock near Rock Creek.

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CONFEDERATE DEAD GATHERED FOR BURIAL
NEAR THE MCPHERSON WOODS.
(FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.)

On the night of June 30th Meade's headquarters and the Reserve artillery were at Taneytown; the First Corps at Marsh Run, the Eleventh at Emmettsburg, Third at Bridgeport, Twelfth at Littlestown, Second at Uniontown, Fifth at Union Mills, Sixth and Gregg's cavalry at Manchester, Kilpatrick's at Hanover. A glance at the map (page 123) will show at what disadvantage Meade's army was now placed. Lee's whole army was nearing Gettysburg, whilst that of Meade was scattered over a wide extent of country to the east and south of that town.

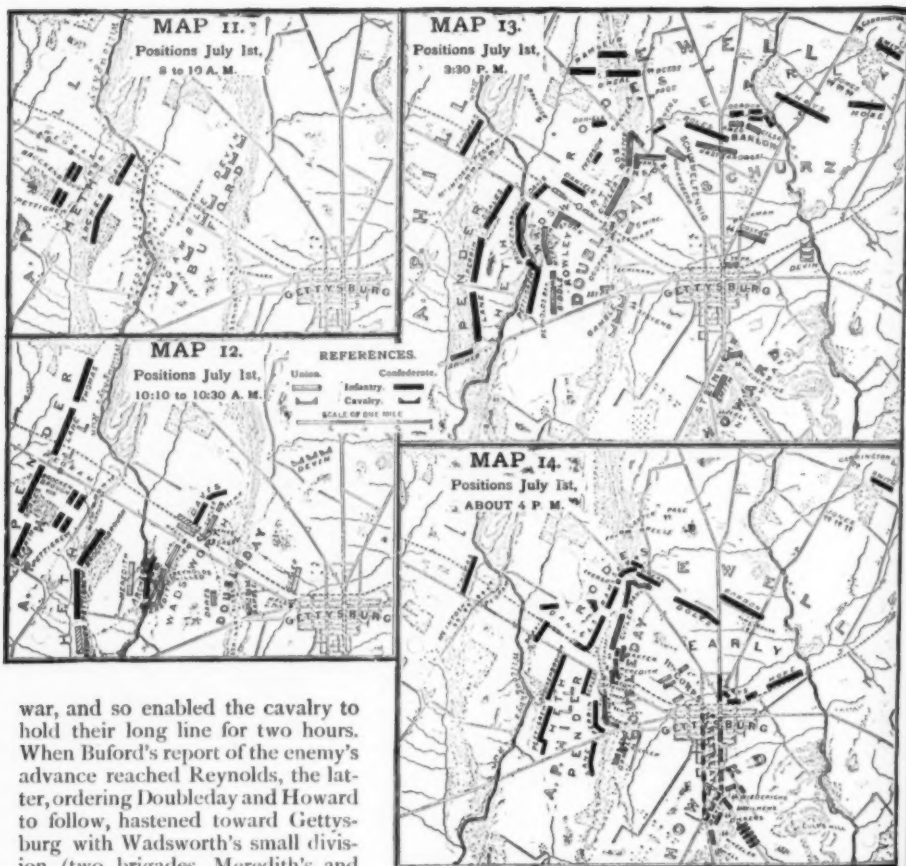
Meade was now convinced that all designs on the Susquehanna had been abandoned; but as Lee's corps were reported as occupying the country from Chambersburg to Carlisle, he ordered for the next day's moves, the First and Eleventh Corps to Gettysburg, under Reynolds, the Third to Emmettsburg, Second to Taneytown, Fifth to Hanover, and the Twelfth to Two Taverns, directing Slocum to take command of the Fifth in addition to his own. The Sixth Corps was left at Manchester, thirty-four miles from Gettysburg, to await orders. But Meade, while conforming to the current of Lee's movement, was not merely drifting. That same afternoon he directed the chiefs of engineers and artillery to select a field of battle on which his army might be concentrated, whatever Lee's lines of approach, whether by Harrisburg or Gettysburg, indicat-

ing the general line of Pipe Creek as a suitable locality. Carefully drawn instructions were sent to the corps commanders as to the occupation of this line, should it be ordered; but it was added that developments might cause the offensive to be assumed from present positions. These orders were afterward cited as indicating General Meade's intention not to fight at Gettysburg. They were, under any circumstances, wise and proper orders, and it would probably have been better had he concentrated his army behind Pipe Creek



rather than at Gettysburg; but events finally controlled the actions of both leaders.

At 8 A. M., July 1st, Buford's scouts reported Heth's advance on the Cashtown road, when Gamble's brigade formed on McPherson's Ridge, from the Fairfield road to the railroad cut; one section of Calef's battery A, Second United States, near the left of his line, the other two across the Chambersburg or Cashtown pike. Devin formed his disposable squadrons from Gamble's right toward Oak Hill, from which he had afterward to transfer them to the north of the town to meet Ewell. As Heth advanced, he threw Archer's brigade to the right, Davis's to the left of the Cashtown pike, with Pettigrew's and Brockenbrough's brigades in support. The Confederates advanced skirmishing heavily with Buford's dismounted troopers. Calef's battery engaging double the number of its own guns, was served with an efficiency worthy of its ancient reputation as "Duncan's battery" in the Mexican



war, and so enabled the cavalry to hold their long line for two hours. When Buford's report of the enemy's advance reached Reynolds, the latter, ordering Doubleday and Howard to follow, hastened toward Gettysburg with Wadsworth's small division (two brigades, Meredith's and Cutler's) and Hall's Second Maine battery. As he approached he heard the sound of battle, and directing the troops to cross the fields toward the firing, galloped himself to the seminary, met Buford there, and both rode to the front, where the cavalry, dismounted, were gallantly holding their ground against heavy odds. After viewing the field, he sent back to hasten up Howard, and as the enemy's main line was now advancing to the attack, directed Doubleday, who had arrived in advance of his division, to look to the Fairfield road, sent Cutler with three of his five regiments north of the railroad cut, posted the other two under Colonel Fowler, of the Fourteenth New York, south of the pike, and replaced Calef's battery by Hall's; thus relieving the cavalry. Cutler's line was hardly formed when it was struck by Davis's brigade on its front and right flank, whereupon Wadsworth, to save it, ordered it to fall back to Seminary Ridge. This order not

reaching the One Hundred and Forty-seventh New York, its gallant Major, Harney, held that regiment to its position until, having lost half its numbers, the order to retire was repeated. Hall's battery was now imperiled, and it withdrew by sections, fighting at close canister range and suffering severely. Fowler thereupon changed his front to face Davis's brigade, which held the cut, and with Dawes's Sixth Wisconsin, — sent by Doubleday to aid the One Hundred and Forty-seventh New York, — charged and drove Davis from the field. The Confederate brigade suffered severely, losing all its field officers but two, and a large proportion of its men killed and captured, disabling it for further effective service on that day. In the meantime, Archer's Confederate brigade had occupied McPherson's wood, and as the regiments of Meredith's "Iron Brigade" came up, they were sent forward by Doubleday, who fully recognized the importance of the

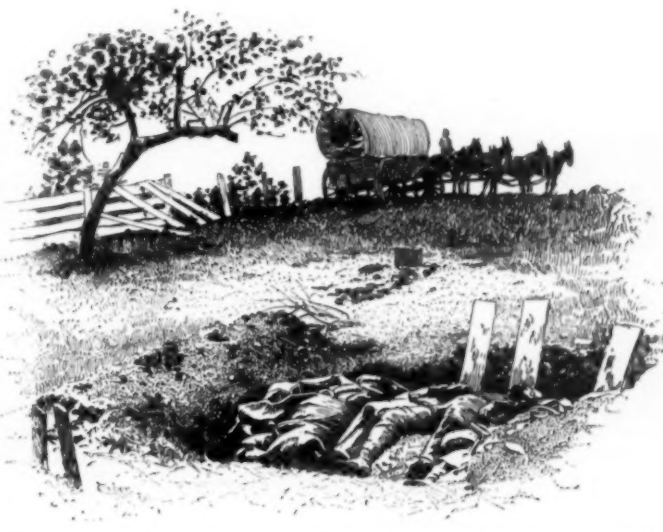
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position, to dislodge it. At the entrance of the wood they found Reynolds in person, and, animated by his presence, rushed to the charge, struck successive heavy blows, outflanked and turned the enemy's right, captured General Archer and a large portion of his brigade, and pursued the remainder across Willoughby Run. Wadsworth's small division had thus won decided successes against superior numbers, but it was at grievous cost to the army and the country, for Reynolds, whilst directing the operations, was killed in the wood by a sharp-shooter. It was not, however, until he had by his promptitude and gallantry determined the decisive field of the war, and brilliantly opened a battle which required three days of hard fighting to close with a victory. To him may be applied in a wider sense than in its original one, Napier's happy eulogium on Ridge: No man died on that field with more glory than he, yet many died, and there was much glory.

After the repulse of Davis and Archer, Heth's division was formed in line mostly south of the Cash-town pike, with Pender's in second line, Pegram's and McIntosh's artillery (nine batteries) occupying all the commanding positions west of Willoughby Run; Doubleday reestablished his former lines, Meredith holding McPherson's wood. Soon after, Rowley's and Robinson's divisions (two brigades each) and the four remaining batteries of the corps arrived. Rowley's division was thrown forward, Stone's brigade to the interval between Meredith and Cutler, and Biddle's with Cooper's battery to occupy the ridge between the wood and the Fairfield road. Reynolds's battery replaced Hall's, and Calef's rejoined Gamble's cavalry, now in reserve. Robinson's division was halted near the base of Seminary Ridge. By this time, near noon, General Howard arrived, assumed command, and directed General Schurz, commanding the Eleventh Corps, to prolong Doubleday's line toward Oak Hill with Schimmelpennig's and Barlow's divisions and three batteries, and to

post Steinwehr's division and two batteries on Cemetery Hill, as a rallying point. By one o'clock, when this corps was arriving, Buford had reported Ewell's approach by the Heidlersburg road, and Howard called on Sickles at Emmetsburg and Slocum at Two Taverns for aid, to which both these officers promptly responded. It was now no longer a question of prolonging Doubleday's line, but of protecting it against Ewell whilst engaged in front with Hill. Schurz's two divisions, hardly six thousand effectives, accordingly formed line on the open plain, half a mile north of the town. They were too weak to cover the ground, and a wide interval was left between the two corps, covered only by the fire of Dilger's and Wheeler's batteries (ten guns) posted behind it.

That morning, whilst on the march to Cash-town, Ewell received Hill's notice that his corps was advancing to Gettysburg, upon which he turned the heads of his own columns



GRAVE OF CONFEDERATE DEAD ON THE FIELD OF THE FIRST DAY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

to that point. Reporting the change by a staff-officer to General Lee, Ewell was instructed that if the Federals were in force at Gettysburg a general battle was not to be brought on until the rest of the army was up. Approaching Gettysburg, Rodes, guided by the sounds of battle, followed the prolongation of Seminary Ridge; Iverson's, Daniel's, and Ramseur's brigades on the western, O'Neal's and Doles's on the eastern slope. Ewell, recognizing the importance of Oak Hill, ordered it to be occupied by Carter's artillery



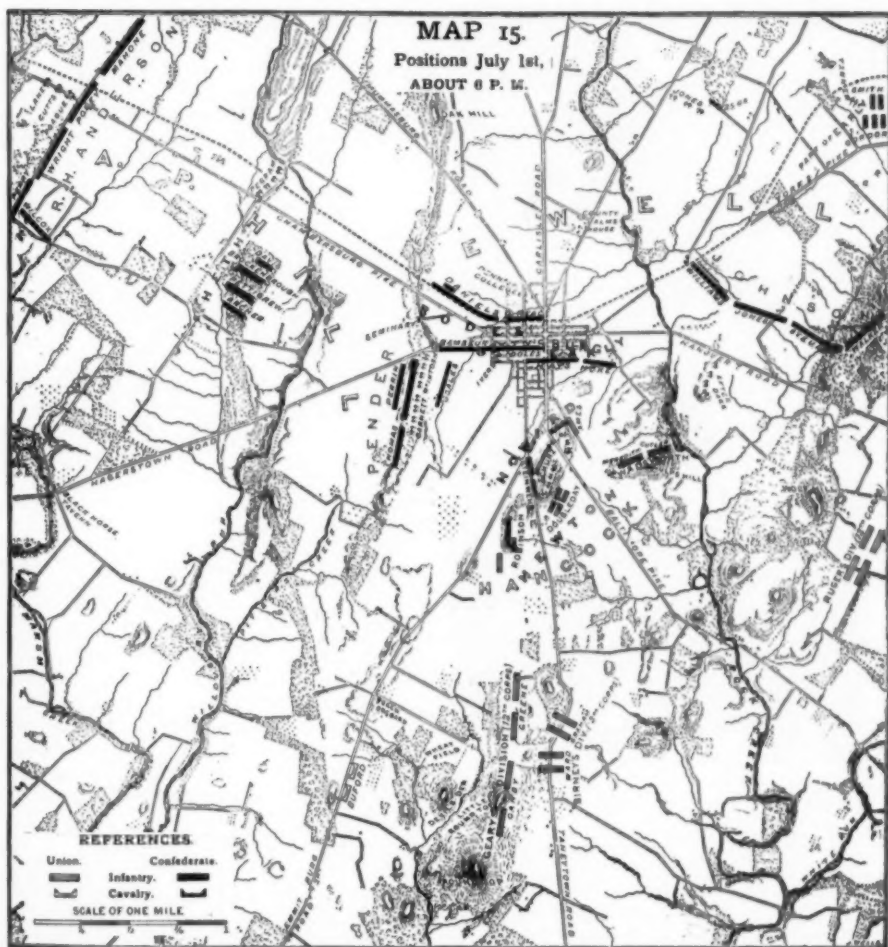
THE LINE OF DEFENSE AT THE CEMETERY GATE-HOUSE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

battalion, which immediately opened on both the Federal corps, enfilading Doubleday's line. This caused Wadsworth again to withdraw Cutler to Seminary Ridge, and Reynolds's battery was posted near McPherson's house, under partial cover. Stone therefore placed two of his three regiments on the Cashtown pike, so as to face Oak Hill. This left an interval between Stone and Cutler, through which Cooper and Reynolds could fire with effect, and gave to these lines a cross-fire on troops entering the angle between them. Robinson now sent his two brigades to strengthen Cutler's right. They took post behind the stone walls of a field, Paul's brigade facing west, Baxter's north. Rodes, regarding this advance as a menace, gave orders at 2:30 P. M. to attack. Iverson, sweeping round to his left, engaged Paul, who prolonged Cutler's line, and O'Neal attacked Baxter. The repulse of O'Neal soon enabled Baxter to turn upon Iverson. Cutler also attacked him in flank, and after losing five hundred men killed and wounded, three of Iverson's regiments surrendered. General Robinson reports the capture of one thousand prisoners and three colors; General Paul was severely wounded, losing both eyes. Meanwhile Daniel's brigade advanced directly on Stone, who maintained his lines against this attack and also Brockenbrough's, of Hill's corps, but was soon severely wounded. Colonel Wister, who succeeded him, met the same fate, and Colonel Dana took command of the brigade. Ramseur, who followed Daniel, by a conversion to the left now faced Robinson and Cutler with his own brigade, the remnant of Iverson's, and one regiment of O'Neal's,

his right connecting with Daniel's left, and the fighting was hot. East of the Ridge, Doles's brigade had been held in observation, but about 3:30 P. M., on the advance of Early, he sent his skirmishers forward and drove those of Devin's—who had gallantly held the enemy's advance in check with his dismounted troopers—from their line and its hillock on Rock Creek. Barlow, considering this an eligible position for his own right, advanced his division, supported by Wilkeson's battery, and seized it. This made it necessary for Schurz to advance a brigade of Schimmelpfennig's division to connect with Barlow, thus lengthening his already too extended line.

The arrival of Early's division had by this time brought an overwhelming force on the flank and rear of the Eleventh Corps. On the east of Rock Creek, Jones's artillery battalion, within easy range, enfiladed its whole line and took it in reverse, while the brigades of Gordon, Hays, and Avery in line, with Smith's in reserve, advanced about four P. M. upon Barlow's position, Doles, of Rodes's division, connecting with Gordon. An obstinate and bloody contest ensued, in which Barlow was desperately wounded, Wilkeson killed, and the whole corps forced back to its original line, on which, with the aid of Coster's brigade and Heckman's battery, drawn from Cemetery Hill, Schurz endeavored to rally it and cover the town. The fighting here was well sustained, but the Confederate force was overpowering in numbers, and the troops retreated to Cemetery Hill, Ewell entering the town about 4:30 P. M. These retrograde movements had uncovered the flank of the First Corps and made its right untenable.

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Meanwhile, that corps had been heavily engaged along its whole line; for, on the approach of Rodes, Hill attacked with both his divisions. There were thus opposed to the single disconnected Federal line south of the Cashtown pike two solid Confederate ones which outflanked their left a quarter of a mile or more. Biddle's small command, less than one thousand men, after a severe contest, was gradually forced back. In McPherson's wood and beyond, Meredith's and Dana's brigades repeatedly repulsed their assailants, but as Biddle's retirement uncovered their left, they too fell back to successive positions from which they inflicted heavy losses, until finally all three reached the foot of Seminary Ridge, where Colonel Wainwright, commanding the corps

artillery, had planted twelve guns south of the Cashtown pike, with Stewart's battery, manned in part by men of the Iron Brigade, north of it. Buford had already thrown half of Gamble's dismounted men south of the Fairfild road. Heth's division had suffered so severely that Pender's had passed to its front, thus bringing fresh troops to bear on the exhausted Federal line.

It was about four P. M. when the whole Confederate line advanced to the final attack. On their right Gamble held Lane's brigade for some time in check, Perrin's and Scales's suffered severely, and Scales's was broken up, for Stewart, swinging half his guns, under Lieutenant Davison, upon the Cashtown pike, raked it. The whole corps being now heavily



JOHN L. BURNS, "THE OLD HERO OF GETTYSBURG."
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SOON AFTER THE BATTLE.)

In his official report, General Doubleday says: "My thanks are specially due to a citizen of Gettysburg named John Burns, who, although over seventy years of age, shouldered his musket and offered his services to Colonel Wister, 120th Pennsylvania Volunteers. Colonel Wister advised him to fight in the woods, as there was more shelter there; but he preferred to join our line of skirmishers in the open fields. When the troops retired, he fought with the Iron Brigade. He was wounded in three places."

pressed and its right uncovered, Doubleday gave the order to fall back to Cemetery Hill, which was effected in comparatively good order, the rear, covered by the Seventh Wisconsin, turning when necessary to check pursuit. Colonel Wainwright, mistaking the order, had clung with his artillery to Seminary Hill, until, seeing the infantry retreating to the town, he moved his batteries down the Cashtown pike until lapped on both sides by the enemy's skirmishers, at close range, when they were compelled to abandon one gun on the road, all its horses being killed. The Eleventh Corps also left a disabled gun on the field. Of the troops who passed through the town, many got entangled in the streets, lost their way, and were captured, principally men of the Eleventh Corps.

On ascending Cemetery Hill, the retreating troops found Steinwehr's division in position covered by stone fences on the slopes, and occupying by their skirmishers the houses in front of their line. As they arrived they were formed, the Eleventh Corps on the right, the First Corps on the left of Steinwehr. As the batteries came up, they were well posted by Colonels Wainwright and Osborn, and soon a formidable array of artillery was ready to cover with its fire all the approaches. Buford assembled his command on the plain west of Cemetery Hill, covering the left flank and presenting a firm front to any attempt at pursuit. The First Corps found a small reinforcement awaiting it, in the Seventh Indiana, part of the train escort which brought up nearly five hundred fresh men. General Wadsworth met and led them to Culp's Hill, where, under direction of Captain Pattison of that regiment, a defensive line was marked out. Their brigade (Cutler's) soon joined them; wood and stone were plentiful, and soon the right of the line was solidly established.

Nor was there wanting other assurance to the men who had fought so long that their sacrifices had not been in vain. As they reached the hill they were received by General Hancock, who arrived just as they were coming up from the town, under orders from General Meade to assume the command. His person was well known; his presence inspired confidence, and it implied also the near approach of his army-corps. Ordering Wadsworth at once to Culp's Hill to secure that important position,—an excellent selection,—and aided by Howard, and Warren who had also just arrived from headquarters, and others, a strong line, well flanked, was soon formed.

General Lee, who had from Seminary Hill witnessed the final attack, sent Colonel Long, of his staff, a competent officer of sound judgment, to examine the position, and directed Ewell to carry it if practicable, renewing, however, his previous warning to avoid bringing on a general engagement until the army was all up. Both Ewell, who was making some preparations with a view to attack, and Long found the position a formidable one, strongly occupied, and not accessible to artillery fire. Ewell's men were indeed in no condition for an immediate assault. Of Rodes's eight thousand, nearly three thousand were *hors de combat*. Early had lost over five hundred, and had but two brigades disposable, the other two having been sent on the report of the advance of Federal troops, probably the Twelfth Corps, then near by, to watch the York road. Hill's two divisions had been very roughly handled, had lost heavily, and he withdrew them to Seminary Hill as Ewell entered the town,

leaving the latter without more than eight thousand men to secure the town and the prisoners. Ewell's absent division was expected soon, but it did not arrive until near sunset, when the Twelfth Federal Corps and Stannard's Vermont brigade were also up, and the Third Corps arriving. In fact an assault by the Confederates was not practicable before

5:30 P. M., and after that the position was perfectly secure. For the first time that day the Federals had the advantage of position, and sufficient troops and artillery to occupy it, and General Ewell would not have been justified in attacking without the positive orders of General Lee, who was present, and wisely abstained from giving them.

Henry J. Hunt.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

A Young Hero of Gettysburg.



SINCE the great battle of Gettysburg it has been commonly supposed that Constable John L. Burns, the old hero of three-score years and ten so justly famous in song and story, who hurried to

the scene with his trusty rifle at the first clash of arms on the morning of July 1st and fought until thrice wounded, was the only citizen of that now historic town, or of the vicinity, who took up arms in defense of native soil. Yet such is not the case. I am able now to present another, a mere youth, in point of age standing almost at the other extreme of human life.

On the day before the battle, while the company in which I was serving (A, Twelfth Massachusetts) was at Marsh Run, two and one-half miles north of Emmetsburg, Maryland, and about five miles from Gettysburg, Anson B. Barton, one of our sergeants, went to that stream for water. While filling his canteen he was approached by a slender lad, apparently not more than sixteen years old, who made some inquiries as to the probable outcome of the movements then in progress, and being informed that we would undoubtedly soon encounter the enemy, and that then a great battle would be fought, his eyes glowed with enthusiasm, and he expressed a wish to join the army at once, "and fight the rebels."

Sergeant Barton took the little fellow into camp, turning him over to Captain Clark with the remark: "Captain, here's a recruit for you." The boy was then taken to headquarters, where Colonel Bates questioned him closely, and something like a "scene" ensued. The little fellow was desperately in earnest. In answer to the colonel's questions he said that he lived near there; that he was "willing to be mustered into service if necessary," but that in any event he was determined to "fight the rebels," and would do so whether enrolled as a soldier or not if the colonel would give him "a musket and a box of cartridges." The interview finally ended by the colonel remarking to Captain Clark: "Well, captain, you may take him into your company if you wish, but we cannot muster him in now, as the books are back with the teams."

So the little patriot was turned over to our company. Our men took kindly to him from the start, for we were all charmed by the spirit he had shown, and

every one set about actively to fit him for his new duties. After an extended search, a cap, blouse, musket, and roundabout were secured, together with a supply of ammunition, and thus equipped he took his place in the ranks.

The next day our corps (the First) met the enemy at Gettysburg, and a terrible battle took place. Our little recruit fought with the steadiness of a veteran, and was twice wounded. When we fell back to Cemetery Hill we had to leave him lying upon the field, but the enemy kindly brought him off and placed him in a hospital inside the town. Here he was seen after the battle by one of our men, and until a few months ago this was supposed to be the only trace the survivors of the company had of their little hero. Even his name was thought to have been forgotten.

Last autumn, having been invited to deliver the dedicatory address at the unveiling of the regimental monument at Gettysburg, and thinking that the occasion would be an appropriate one upon which to mention such facts as I might be able to gather in regard to the boy, I made diligent inquiry among my comrades. By Lieutenant Whitman of New York city, who at the battle of Gettysburg was a sergeant in Company A, I was informed that the little fellow's name was J. W. Weakley, and that after the battle he was sent to the hospital at Carlisle. This information, although only partly correct, led finally to a successful result, as will be seen below.

I then addressed a letter to Surgeon-General Murray, United States Army, asking if the name in question appeared upon the records of the hospital at Carlisle, and, in case it did, if he could give me any further information in regard to the boy. That official very kindly replied to my inquiries, although his letter did not come to hand in season for use at the dedication. It was as follows:

"WAR DEPARTMENT, SURGEON-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., October 20, 1885.

"MR. GEORGE KIMBALL, BOSTON, MASS.

"SIR: In reply to your letter of the 3d instant, asking whether the records of the hospital at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, contain the name of J. W. Weakley, and whether or not he recovered, and where he belonged. I have to inform you that the records of Post Hospital, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, between June and August, 1863, are not on file at this office. It appears, however, from the records of the General Field Hospital First Army Corps, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, that C. F. Weakley, private Company A, Twelfth Massachusetts, was admitted to that hospital; complaint, 'Right thigh and arm'; no disposition given. He is also reported on the records of the Superintendent of Hospitals at Gettysburg, for July 1st, 2d, and 3d; complaint, 'Gun-shot, right arm and thigh.' No further record concerning the above-

named soldier is found. The information above given must not be used as a basis for any claim against the United States Government.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"R. MURRAY,

"Surgeon-General United States Army."

My imperfect mention of the matter at Gettysburg excited the interest of Mr. W. H. Tipton and other gentlemen of that town, and active work was at once begun to discover, if possible, young Weakley's antecedents. After the receipt of the Surgeon-General's letter, I wrote to Mr. Samuel Motter, editor of the *Emmettsburg Chronicle*, with this end also in view. Some years before I had written to the Selectmen of Emmettsburg in regard to the affair, and my letter found its way into Mr. Motter's paper; but I did not then know the name of the boy, so no result was obtained. Now, however, I felt quite confident of success.

In a few days I received a reply from Mr. Motter, giving me the results of his investigations, which were very gratifying. They were, in substance, that young Weakley, at the time of the events above described, was living with his father on a mountain about three miles from Emmettsburg, his mother being dead. Both father and son were somewhat eccentric—even nomadic—in their manner of life. They were both well known in Emmettsburg, but were, however, without "social standing." The boy often wandered from the paternal roof, and frequently separated himself for weeks from his father. It was probably during one of these aimless excursions from his mountain home that young Weakley became impressed with the duty he owed his country, and acted upon his convictions. He was often seen upon the streets of Emmettsburg after the battle, with his injured arm in a sling, and showing other evidences of hardship and suffering, but the people of the town did not believe his story, or credit him with sufficient courage to go voluntarily into a battle. Such is often the lot of the poor and lowly, who, nevertheless, often perform deeds of patriotism and noble daring.

Young Weakley soon recovered from his wounds, and, although of delicate physique and at that time subject to epilepsy, enlisted in a Maryland regiment. After several months' service in Virginia, he became still weaker physically, and one day his comrades found him lying dead at the bottom of a ditch into which he had evidently fallen from exhaustion. Some years after the war, his father obtained a pension on account of the son's death, but the present whereabouts of Mr. Weakley are unknown to the people of Emmettsburg.

The name of this heroic young mountaineer deserves a place upon the roll of fame beside that of John L. Burns of Gettysburg.

BOSTON, August, 1886.

George Kimball.

Comments on "General Grant's Reasons for Relieving General William F. Smith."

As we derive our greatest pleasures from favors unintentionally bestowed, I desire to make my acknowledgments to those who have hunted up and furnished for publication, in the *September CENTURY*, my letter to the late Senator Foot, dated July 30, 1864. That letter was evidently written to prove that upon the

showing of General Grant, himself, there was no charge affecting my military reputation, and I entered into no discussion as to the validity of General Grant's reasons. That forgotten letter is valuable to me as showing to many friends, who in later days have questioned me on the subject that my statements in regard to my removal from command in July, 1864, are more at length but substantially the same as those furnished to Senator Foot on the heels of the occurrence to which it relates. All those who have heard my statements will, I think, bear me witness that after stating all the reasons General Grant gave at the time for his action, I have invariably said that I was in utter ignorance of the real cause which induced my summary removal from an important military command. When General Grant stated that he removed me because he could not relieve General Butler, I said that could not be the reason because General Butler was relieved by order of the President, and before I had been placed in command, but after I had asked General Grant to let me go to some other field of duty. From that position General Grant himself retreated, and then spoke of an article in the "New York Tribune" which he thought I had written. To that I replied, "You cannot have relieved me because you suspected me of writing such a paper; and the truth is that I never saw or heard of the article until it was published, and have not the faintest idea of its authorship." After this statement General Grant brought up two other reasons, equally without foundation, and all these reasons having reference to events which had taken place before my assignment to the command of the Army of the James. The charge that I had months before written two letters to two of General Grant's most devoted friends to urge him not to carry out a particular campaign when he stood committed to another on the records of the War Department, is hardly worthy a reference. When General Grant closed the interview to which I have referred, he made a remark on which, with facts and letters in my possession, I based a theory as to the reasons which brought about my removal. I could not offer that theory unsupported by sufficient data, and so in view of all the facts known to me, I am clearly entitled to reassert that I am to-day in ignorance of the real causes which induced my removal from a command to which I had been assigned only two weeks before,—ten days of which had been spent on leave of absence,—and when the command had come to me both unexpectedly and without solicitation.

Wm. Farrar Smith.

The Finding of Lee's Lost Order.

IN reply to your request for the particulars of the finding of General Lee's lost dispatch, "Special Orders 191," and the manner in which it reached General McClellan, I beg leave to submit the following account:

The Twelfth Army Corps arrived at Frederick, Maryland, about noon on the 13th of September, 1862. The Twenty-seventh Indiana Volunteers, of which I was colonel at that date, belonged to the Third Brigade, First Division, of that corps.

We stacked arms on the same ground that had been occupied by General D. H. Hill's corps the evening before.

Within a very few minutes after halting, the order was brought to me by First Sergeant John M. Bloss and Private B. W. Mitchell, of Company "F" Twenty-seventh Indiana Volunteers, who stated that it was found by Private Mitchell near where they had stacked arms. When I received the order it was wrapped around three cigars, and Private Mitchell stated that it was in that condition when found by him.

General A. S. Williams was in command of our division. I immediately took the order to his headquarters, and delivered it to Colonel S. E. Pittman, General Williams's Adjutant-General.

The order was signed by Colonel Chilton, General Lee's Adjutant-General, and the signature was at once recognized by Colonel Pittman, who had served with Colonel Chilton at Detroit, Michigan, prior to the war, and was acquainted with his handwriting. It was at once taken to General McClellan's headquarters by Colonel Pittman. It was a general order giving directions for the movement of General Lee's entire army, designating the route and objective point of each corps. Within one hour after finding the dispatch, General McClellan's whole army was on the move, and the enemy were overtaken next day, the 14th, at South Mountain, and the battle of that name was fought. During the night of the 14th General Lee's army fell back toward the Potomac River, General McClellan following the next day. On the 16th they were overtaken again, and the battle of Antietam was fought mainly on the 17th. General D. H. Hill says in his article in the *MAY CENTURY* that the battle of South Mountain was fought in order to give General Lee time to move his trains, which were then parked in the neighborhood of Boonsboro'. It is evident from General Lee's movements from the time he left Frederick City that he intended to recross the Potomac without hazarding a battle in Maryland, and had it not been for the finding of this lost order the battle of South Mountain and probably that of Antietam would not have been fought.

For confirmation of the above statements in regard to the finding of the dispatch, you are respectfully referred to Colonel Samuel E. Pittman, of Detroit, Michigan, and Captain John M. Bloss, of Muncie, Indiana.

Very respectfully,

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 2, 1886.

S. Colgrove.

NOTE.—Mr. W. A. Mitchell, the son of Private Mitchell, who, as General Silas Colgrove describes above, was the finder of Lee's order, writes that his father was severely wounded at Antietam. After eight months in hospital he completed his term of enlistment, three years, and three years after his discharge died at his home in Bartholomew, Indiana. As his family were then destitute, efforts were made to procure a pension for the widow, but without success. The following letter from General McClellan to the son is of interest:

"TRENTON, NEW JERSEY, November 18, 1879. W. A. MITCHELL, Esq., LA CYGNE, KANSAS. DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 9th inst. has reached me. I cannot, at this interval of time, recall the name of the finder of the papers to which you refer—it is doubtful whether I ever knew the name. All that I can say is that on or about the 13th September, 1862,—just before the battles of South Mountain and Antietam,—there was handed to me by a member of my staff a copy (original) of one of General Lee's orders of march, directed to General D. H. Hill, which order developed General Lee's intended operations for the next few days, and was of very great service to me in enabling me to direct the movements of my own troops accordingly. This order was stated to have been found on one of the abandoned camp-grounds of the Confederate troops by a private soldier, and, as I think, of an Indiana regiment. Whoever found the order in question and transmitted it to the headquarters showed intelligence and deserved marked reward, for he rendered an infinite service. The widow of that soldier should have her pension without a day's delay. Regretting that it is not in my power to give the name of the finder of the order, I am very truly yours, GEO. B. MCCLELLAN."—EDITOR.

McClellan's Kindness.

REFERENCE is frequently made to the peculiar personal attachment which General McClellan's troops had for him. The following incident may be worthy of record as illustrating one of the causes of this attachment:

In August, 1862, during the march of the Army of the Potomac from Harrison's Landing to Fort Monroe, the Eighty-fifth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers was halted about midday just before crossing the pontoon bridge over the Chickahominy. It was extremely hot, and the road very dusty. A group of tired soldiers flung themselves on the ground to rest, not noticing that they were on the leeward side of the road.

Presently the clanking of sabers told of the approach of a body of mounted men. Just as they reached us the leader drew up and said quietly: "Better cross to the other side, lads, or you will be covered with dust." It was a slight act, but it showed that the commander of the army—for such we recognized him to be, just as he and his staff passed on—was not indifferent to the comfort of the humblest soldier.

M. L. Gordon.

SOUTH PASADENA, CAL., June 5, 1886.

THE REFORMER.

THIS is, O Truth, the deepest woe
Of him thou biddest to protest:—
With men no kinship may he know;
Thy mission hems from worst and best.

The wolf that gauntly prowled the wood
From human kind more mercy got,
Than he who warns men to be good,
And stands alone, yet flinches not.

Thou grantest not one friendly hand
Or heart on which he may rely;
Alone and dauntless he must stand,
Alone must fight, alone must die!

Paul Hermes.

THE TEMPLE OF THE EPHESIAN ARTEMIS, AND THE ANCIENT SILVER PATERA FROM BERNAY.

"More than twenty-two centuries ago, in the year 356 before the Christian era, two remarkable events are recorded to have taken place on the same night. The queen of Philip of Macedon gave birth to a son destined to be the conqueror of the East, and the temple of the Ephesian Artemis was burnt by Herostratus. The Ephesian people were not long in repairing this great calamity, and the new temple which they erected far surpassed its predecessor in magnificence. It was this later temple which, when St. Paul visited Ephesus, ranked among the Seven Wonders of the ancient world, and of which the site, long sought for by travelers, was found by Mr. Wood in 1873."

I.

WITH these words Mr. C. T. Newton begins his interesting essay on "Discoveries at Ephesus." The earlier temple, which was burned by Herostratus, had certainly already been begun between 560 and 546 before our era. For Herodotus tells us that Croesus, who reigned between these years, had dedicated most of the columns in the temple. We learn from Pliny that the building of the temple took a hundred and twenty years. Furthermore, the following artists' names are associated with the building: Chersiphron was the first architect, and Theodorus of Samos, the famous sculptor who flourished somewhere about the year 600, gave his advice with regard to the method of laying the foundations; Metagenes continued the work begun by Chersiphron, and the building was finally completed by Pæonius (the architect of the temple of the Didymean Apollo near Miletus) and Demetrius. According to these data Brunn places the completion of the temple about the year 460, its beginning thus reaching back to about the year 580 before our era. Of this earlier temple, begun by Chersiphron, Mr. Wood's excavations have probably brought to light the pavement (the lowest of the three he discovered), and certainly several fragments of decorative sculpture belonging to it. These fragments are now in the British Museum. Among them there are several female heads and fragments of bodies. All these are in high relief, and are attached to a curved background with a molding at the foot from the curve of which was obtained a circle of six feet in diameter. The sculptures, moreover, are thoroughly archaic, of the sixth century. It is thus highly probable that they form part of the very sculptured columns dedicated by Croesus.

Immediately after the destruction of the temple by Herostratus the reconstruction was begun under the direction of Deinocrates, the most renowned architect of his time. Contributions by the Ephesian citizens as well

as the neighboring peoples supplied part of the means. Some of the Ephesian women even sold their jewels to contribute to the fund, and wealthy patrons dedicated columns, their names being inscribed at the foot of the fluted pillars. One of these dedications by a lady of Sardis has been discovered by Mr. Wood. When Alexander the Great came to Ephesus he offered to refund the expenses already incurred and to complete the construction of the temple at his own cost if he were allowed to dedicate the whole to the goddess with his name inscribed upon it. The priests of the temple declined this offer, thus acting very differently from the priests of Athene Polias at Priene. Mr. Newton has drawn attention to the fact that on the walls of that temple Alexander set his name as dedicator, probably immediately after his visit to Ephesus. The block of marble on which this is engraved may be seen in the British Museum. The bold, clear letters are as fresh as on the day they were cut.

After Alexander the temple and priesthood of Artemis retained, nay, even increased their importance, though the city was often unsuccessful in its policy, frequently choosing the losing side. The wealthy Ephesus presented itself as a prize to the contending princes, the Ptolemies and the Seleukidæ, and passed from Antigonos to Lysimachus, to Demetrius, to the Pergamenian monarchs (Eumenes and Attalus), and finally to the Romans. Despite these political vicissitudes, Ephesus remained in the later times the most flourishing and wealthy city of Asia Minor. Under the Roman emperors it received the title of the First City of Asia, and many other privileges and titles were conferred upon it. By its sacred traditions, its wealth and splendid festivals (the festival of Artemis lasted during the whole month Artemision, *i. e.*, the latter half of March and the first half of April), it attracted settlers of various nationalities and became the goal of pilgrims and of the art-seeking patrician travelers of Rome. According to Mr. Wood's

discoveries, the theater could seat twenty-four thousand spectators. Above all, it was the temple of Artemis and its priesthood which grew in wealth and importance, and here the policy pursued, if not always the most religious, was at all events most successful in a worldly sense. The riches of the temple were continually accumulating, so that, according to Pliny, it would require volumes to describe the treasures. The Romans restored to the temple the fisheries of the Selinusian lakes, which had been taken from it by the post-Alexandrian conquerors of the city. One of the greatest sources of income, however, appears to have been the business transactions carried on by the priesthood; for from the earliest days they established a kind of bank deposit, a business involving but few risks and likely to lead to very high profit. Kings and private individuals trusted their money to the care of the great goddess, and her priests would reinvest this money in loans on good security. The instance of Xenophon, recounted in the "Anabasis," shows the profitable nature of these transactions. He tells us that, when about to join a warlike expedition, he deposited with the high-priest of Artemis a sum of money, the proceeds of spoils of war. In the event of his being killed in battle, this money was to be employed in any manner most pleasing and acceptable to the goddess; if he returned safe, he was to have the right of reclaiming his deposit. This he did when some years afterward he met the same high-priest at Olympia.

The history of this development, or rather degeneration, of sacerdotal functions appears to me a very natural one. The awe pertaining to sacred edifices and to everything connected with them, and the comparative inviolability of their rights to possession, gave them from the earliest times the greatest security of tenure; and thus, throughout the history of Greece, they naturally became the public treasuries, especially when the god or goddess was the national deity closely connected with the origin and existence of the state. But then comes the decisive moment for the direction which this power is to take. If in this relation between the ancient church and state the national element in the conflux of tradition and institutions is the more decided and supreme, the sacred treasure-house becomes the national treasury. This was the case at Athens, where the temple of Athene Parthenos was the treasury of the Attic commonwealth, for a time even of the Greek confederacy. If, on the other hand, the sacerdotal element was the more pronounced in the national community, if the tradition and con-

stitution of the place was of a hierarchical character, the custom of accumulating treasures was sure to develop into some form of financial enterprise. This was the case with the Artemision of Ephesus.

After the time of Alexander the Great, the sanctuary of Artemis formed a separate suburb of the town, completely independent of it. The boundaries of the sacred municipal property were often a question of dispute, and were frequently readjusted by the various rulers under whose sway Ephesus came. In the time of Antonius the Triumvir the sacred domain of the Artemision extended twice as far as it had in the time of Mithridates, who had already enlarged the boundaries assigned by Alexander, so that a part of the Artemision extended into the city and the landmarks of the sacred precinct stood in its very streets. The priesthood, too, was quite autonomous in its organization and rule, and the right of asylum which the Romans bestowed upon it freed those who once entered the sacred precinct from all civic authority.

The liberal donations and endowments made by devotees of all countries, carefully preserved and increased by skillful management, were another source of great wealth. Finally the temple was possessed of a large income from the fines and confiscations imposed by the state on those who violated its laws. Of the nature and amount of these fines we receive an adequate notion from the most valuable inscription found by Mr. Wood in digging in the theater, to which we shall have to recur in the course of this investigation. "It tells us how one Vibius Salutaris, a Roman of equestrian rank, who had filled very high offices in the state, dedicated to Artemis a number of gold and silver statues, of which the weight is given, and a sum of money to be held in trust, the yearly interest of which is to be applied to certain specified uses. On the 6th of the first decade of the month Thargelion (May 25th), on which day the mighty goddess Artemis was born, largess was to be distributed to various public functionaries in the *pronaos* of the temple. The members of the Ephesian *Boule*, or senate, were to receive one drachma each. The six tribes of the city, the high-priest and the priestess of Artemis, the two *Neopoioi*, or surveyors of the temple, the *Paidonomoi*, who had charge of the education of the boys, and other fortunate personages, came in for a share of this munificent dole. The heirs of Salutaris were made liable for the due payment of the bequests in case he should die before paying over the principal or making an assignment of the rent of certain lands for the payment of the interest. The trust is

guarded by stringent enactments. By a letter of Afranius Flavianus, proprætor, which is appended to the deed of trust, a fine of fifty thousand drachmæ (rather less than ten thousand dollars) is inflicted on any one, whether magistrate or private person, who attempts to set aside any of the provisions of the trust; one-half of this fine is to go to the adornment of the goddess, the other half to the imperial fiscus."

Ephesus and its temple thus throve and flourished throughout the whole duration of the Roman empire, and drew to its center of wealth and splendor visitors and residents from all parts of the world. Among the varied nationalities which made up the population was also a Jewish community, and to them there came, in the years 54 to 57 of our era, a Jewish man, who on his journey from Jerusalem to Damascus had become converted to the new faith, and who felt that he was destined to extend the influence of his own conversion over a wide circle of humanity. Paul first began to preach to the Jews in their own language and by an appeal to their own sentiments, then (for his training at Tarsus had made him conversant with Greek culture) to the Greeks in the schools of the Sophists; and thus was founded the Christian community which, at first small in numbers, grew so rapidly that the younger Pliny referred to this growth as an alarming phenomenon, seeming to him to require the energetic intervention of the emperor. "The temples of the gods," he says, "are empty, the sacrificial animals driven to the town find no purchasers, and even the country is affected by the new heresy." The trades and enterprises which depended upon the pilgrims flocking to the temple suffered and languished. This was especially the case with the silversmiths who sold to the pilgrims reproductions in silver of the temple and its sculptures.

During the Hellenistic revival of Hadrian Greek religion and art began to thrive anew, and so also the worship of the Ephesian goddess flourished again. Her temple again appears on the coins of Hadrian, and over one hundred years later it is figured as intact on the coins of Valerian.

Soon after this the barbarian hordes flooded the country, the Goths devastated the whole district, and in the year 262 of our era the temple was pillaged and destroyed. The city, however, remained flourishing, and was the center of Christian worship. Its first bishop had been Timotheus, appointed by Paul, and it had such sacred associations as its claim to possess the grave of the Virgin Mary and the residence of St. John the Evangelist. In Whitsuntide of the year 431 the first council

was held there, and it became the great meeting-place of the Christian world of the East.

In the thirteenth century the Turks invaded the country, destroyed the city, and built under the fortress, out of the fragments of the temple, the mosque of Selim. Even this mosque has been destroyed. At the foot of its ruins there is the small Turkish village of Ayasuluk.

Of the temple of the great goddess no sign remained on the surface. Luckily for us, as at Olympia the Alpheius, so here the Cayster covered what remained with a thick alluvial deposit.

It was owing to the persevering energy of Mr. Wood that some of the fragments of the great temple were brought to light in 1871. Of all the excavations made of late years there is hardly one that offered such difficulties and dangers. In the most unwholesome of climates, Mr. Wood dug for more than four years, during which 132,221 cubic yards of earth were excavated. There was no visible indication of the temple-site, and he had often to dig to a depth of twenty feet.

It was through the above-mentioned inscription of Salutaris, discovered while digging in the theater, that Mr. Wood succeeded in finding the site of the temple.

In this inscription of Salutaris special mention is made of the silver and gold figures and ornaments (the *eikones* and *apeikonismata*), some of which weighed from two to seven pounds; special instructions are given as to the earth to be used in cleaning them, called *argyromatike*. "At every meeting of the popular assembly, and at all the gymnastic contests, and on every other occasion to be fixed by the senate and the people, these figures are to be carried from the *pronaos* of the temple to the theater, duly guarded, and then back to the temple. During the transit through the city itself they are to be escorted by the Ephebi, who are to receive them at the Magnesian gate and accompany them after the assembly to the Koresseian gate." Here was the clew to the site of the temple. "Having found the Magnesian gate, Mr. Wood proceeded to look for the portico, built by the Sophist Damianus in the second century A. D., which led from that gate to the temple, and of which the purpose was to protect from bad weather those who took part in the procession. Mr. Wood succeeded in tracing the line of this portico for some distance outside the city. It followed the line of an ancient road, and pointed in the direction of the plain at the foot of Ayasuluk. Another road tended in the same direction, starting from the gate near the Stadium, which Mr. Wood rightly assumed to be the Koresseian gate mentioned in the Salutaris inscription. Advancing northward

* J. F. Stitt of the "Prætorian" Wood, is

toward the point where these two roads tended to converge, he came upon an ancient wall, an inscription on which showed that it was the Peribolos of the Artemision; after which to find the site of the temple itself was only a matter of time."

Though the final and exact account of the discoveries which Mr. Wood made with regard to the temple is still to be expected, the results of his excavation enable us to form some conception of this splendid structure, which was justly considered one of the seven wonders of the world. In size it was one of the most impressive edifices of antiquity, about twice as large in its area as the Parthenon of Athens. According to Pliny, the whole temple was four hundred and twenty-five (Greek) feet in length by two hundred and twenty feet in width. After speaking of the tomb of Por-senna and the hanging gardens of Thebes (? Babylon), he continues: "But the temple of the Ephesian Artemis is a work of truly admirable magnificence, which was raised at the joint expense of all Asia, and occupied two hundred and twenty years in building. It was placed on a marsh, in order that it should not be endangered by earthquakes or cleavings of the ground. Besides, that the foundation of such a pile might not be laid on a sliding or unsuitable foundation, they laid a bed of charcoal, over which they placed fleeces of wool. The total length of the temple is four hundred and twenty-five feet, its width two hundred and twenty feet. [It has] one hundred and twenty-seven columns, each the gift of a king and sixty feet in height. Of these thirty-six are ornamented with carvings, of which one is by Scopas. Chersiphron was the architect who directed the works."

The temple was what is called a dipteral temple; that is, it had a colonnade of two rows of columns supporting the roof on all sides. The colonnade was erected on a podium or platform, pyramidal in shape, rising in three grades. This podium was no doubt profusely decorated with sculptures in relief, of the nature of which the newly discovered reliefs from the great altar of Pergamon give an idea. Flights of smaller steps, practicable for use, intersected this platform and led up to the temple porticoes.

The point in which lies the greatest difference of opinion among modern archaeologists concerns the number of columns in the peristyle surrounding the temple, and this has led to ardent discussion quite recently.* The point at issue, of the greatest importance as regards the construction of

the temple, turns upon the placing of a comma in the text of the passage of Pliny. In the translation given above, I have taken the ordinary reading and the one underlying Mr. Fergusson's restoration. In his reading of the Latin text *columnae centum viginti septem a singulis regibus factae lx pedum altitudine*, there is no comma, and thus there would be a hundred and twenty-seven columns each given by a king. Mr. Wood places a comma after the *centum*, and thus reads: "One hundred columns, of which twenty-seven were each the gift of a king." Mr. Falkener places the comma after the *viginti*, reading: "One hundred and twenty columns, seven of which were each the gift of a king." Mr. Wood's restoration has the advantage over that of Mr. Fergusson that it follows the customary tradition of Greek octa-style temples in having an equal number of pillars in front and back with a similar entrance to the *pronaos* and *opisthodomos*, and also in that it avoids the somewhat startling notion that one hundred and twenty-seven kings each presented one column; though we must remember that the whole of Asia Minor contributed to the building of the temple, and that the term *rex* applied to the numberless rulers of petty principalities in that country. Finally it has in its favor that, as has already been remarked, among Mr. Wood's discoveries was the fragment of one of these pillars with the inscription showing it to have been dedicated by a lady of Sardis. According to Mr. Wood, then, there were two rows of eight pillars in the front and back, with two extra pillars in the *pronaos* and *opisthodomos*, and two rows of sixteen pillars along the sides between either façade. Mr. Fergusson's restoration, on the other hand, has in its favor that it conforms to the correct idiomatic reading of the passage in Pliny (a very strong point indeed), and that he presents a beautiful plan not without precedent in classical architecture. According to him, the entrance at the front is strongly marked, there being a wider general intercolumniation than in the back, and an especially wide one (more than twenty-eight feet) in the central entrance. He thus has three rows of eight columns in the front, besides four columns in the interior of the *pronaos*, and three rows of nine columns at the back, while between the pillars of front and back he places two rows of eighteen columns on either side. The highest tribute must be paid to the ingenuity of this restoration. Still the question can be ultimately settled only by the full and accurate publication of Mr. Wood's data and by further explorations of the site of the temple itself.

The most remarkable feature of this temple was its sculptured decoration, and of this most

* J. Fergusson, "Transactions of the Royal Institute of British Architects, 1882-83," p. 147, seq., and "Proceedings R. I. B. A., 1883-84," p. 167; Wood, *ibid.*, p. 166.

interesting specimens have been brought to light by Mr. Wood, and are among the most precious of the great treasures of the British Museum. Among these are fragments of square blocks decorated with reliefs which Mr. Wood supposes to have belonged to the frieze, of the temple. Mr. Fergusson points out that "if they were portions of the frieze it is a most remarkable fact that he should have found and sent home the four angle-blocks of the temple and not one stone of the intermediate parts, for all those at the British Museum are sculptured on the two continuous faces." Mr. Fergusson supposes them to have formed parts of square pedestals upon which the sculptured drums of the pillars rested, and restores the whole column. It appears to me probable that these reliefs were a part of the great frieze running round the podium, of the nature of which the section through the outer portion of the podium as restored by Mr. Fergusson gives us some idea; only that then the sculptured frieze would have run continuously round the angles, and thus the divisions made by the several ascending flights of steps would require a considerable number of angle-blocks.

The most remarkable of the sculptured remains are the fragments of the sculptured drums of the columns. We must, however, feel with Mr. Newton that this exceptional practice of ornamenting with human figures the drums of columns is not in keeping with the spirit of mature Greek art, as it is quite unique in the history of Greek architecture. There is, no doubt, something unconstructive in this interruption of the weight-sustaining lines of a column, especially when the figures represented are in no way suggestive of their supporting capacity. This looks like a foreign, perhaps a Lydian, influence. Yet we must remember that the temple, in the decoration of which Scopas and Praxiteles had a share, was erected over the ruins of the previous one, rich in sacred traditions which belonged to a time in which the picture-writing tendency led the early artist to bring together in his sculptured decorations a great number of scenes. Early works like the chest of Cypselus as described by Pausanias are very instructive in this respect. Thus it seems to me probable that the profuse decoration of the later temple was suggested by the decoration of the earlier temple.

Whatever may be the artistic effect of these reliefs as part of the columns, as works of sculpture in themselves they are among the most beautiful specimens of Greek art that have come down to us, and are quite worthy to have come from the school of Scopas and Praxiteles, and even to be by the hand of

these great masters themselves. Among these, again, the most beautiful is the fragment of a drum. The drum is exactly six feet in height and a little more than six feet in diameter, and is one solid block of marble. It most probably represented a chthonic subject; for Hermes appears to be here figured as the *Psychopompos*, the leader of the souls of the deceased to Hades, and the winged youth with the sword next but one beyond Hermes is most probably Thanatos, the fair genius of death. We cannot dwell upon the supreme technical skill with which the figures are placed in the most free and natural attitudes round a circular drum, nor can we dwell upon the grace and beauty in the conception and composition of each individual figure, nor upon the perfection of the modeling in both the nude and the drapery. We can hardly be mistaken in maintaining that after the sculptures of the Parthenon these are the finest works of architectural sculpture in existence.

For all these things of beauty, as well as for the immense mass of historical information which the Ephesian excavations have already yielded, we are indebted to the untiring energy of Mr. Wood and to the liberality of those who supported him. At the time of writing he is proposing to complete his labors and to continue the excavation, and we hope that his endeavors to raise the required funds will meet with success. I have no doubt that in the United States, where, through the activity of the Archæological Institute and the enthusiastic and intelligent energy of Mr. Clarke and Mr. Bacon, such brilliant results have been achieved in the excavation of Assos, Mr. Wood's enterprise will meet with hearty sympathy.

II.

UPON examining the rich collection of silver vessels and statuettes discovered at Bernay in the department of the Eure, now in the Cabinet of Medals of the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, I came upon a silver patera with a medallion or *emblema* in the center, upon which, in most delicate *repoussé* work, is the figure of a youthful Hermes, nude, with a cloak (*chlamys*) hanging over his left shoulder and down by the side of his arm, a caduceus in his left hand and a purse in his right, in an attitude indicative of a slow walk, and with the head turned upwards.

The valuable discovery of this large collection of ancient silver* was made on the 21st of March, 1830. A Norman peasant named Prosper Taurin, while plowing his

* The substance of what follows has been published in the "Journal of Hellenic Studies," Vol. III, p. 96 *et seq.*

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LOWEST DRUM OF SCULPTURED COLUMN, WITH FIGURE OF HERMES, DISCOVERED BY J. T. WOOD.

field situated in the hamlet Le Villeret, commune of Berthouville, arrondissement of Bernay, department of the Eure, came upon an obstacle, which, instead of simply avoiding it as his predecessors had done, he resolved to examine. Borrowing a pick from a laborer, he removed what appeared to him to be a large pebble, but what in reality was a Roman tile. When this was removed he came upon over a hundred objects in silver which were deposited on some pieces of marl at a depth of six inches, weighing considerably over fifty pounds. As with so many similar discoveries, the consideration of the weight of the silver

and its value might have led to the destruction of the remains of ancient art. Luckily Taurin listened to the advice of some intelligent friends, and the attention of local archaeologists like A. Leprévost and Delahaye being drawn to the discovery, the whole collection was at last, through the intervention of Raoul Rochette and C. Lenormant, bought for the ridiculous sum of fifteen thousand francs for the Cabinet of Medals of the Bibliothèque Nationale. The patriotic peasant declined to sell it to any purchaser but a national institution of his own country.

The site of this discovery is the ancient



SILVER PATERA, WITH FIGURE OF HERMES. (BY DUJARDIN, PUBLISHED IN "JOURNAL OF HELLENIC STUDIES.")

Canetum, and the temple of which this crypt marked the treasury was that of Mercury Augustus of Canetum, "the great god of the Gauls, in whose temple are to be seen many statues," as Caesar says. The difference in the number of objects as given by the authorities who have described the treasury (Leprévost, seventy; R. Rochette, over a hundred; Chabouillet, sixty-nine) is due to the fact that the first writer could not consider the find at leisure, while the second counted as single finds all the fragments which have since been put together. The true number is that given by M. Chabouillet. The collection comprises not only vessels and fragments, but also silver statuettes of Mercury, one of which reaches the height of fifty-six centimeters, or one foot ten inches.

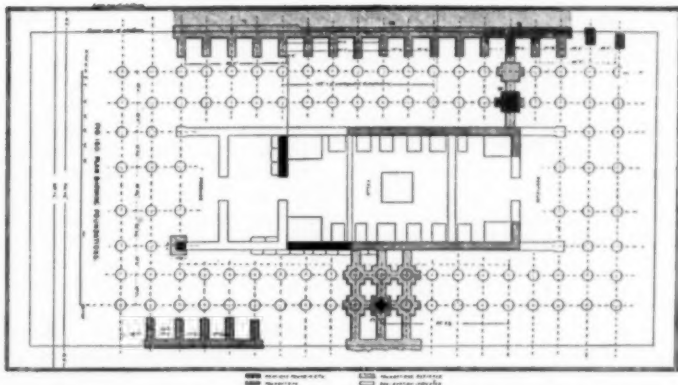
It struck me at once that there were two distinct classes of silver vases, as well in respect

of the workmanship of the *repoussé*, as of the style of the subjects represented. The one class was in very prominent *repoussé*, the figures in high relief; the other flatter and lower in relief, with slight and delicate lines. The composition of the scenes and figures on the vases with high relief was very full, with no apparent blank spaces, and was not only pictorial but essentially decorative in character. Such were especially the Bacchic Canthari, No. 2807, and the other vases down to 2814. The compositions on the vases with low relief, however, such especially as the pateræ 2824, 2825, 2828, etc., were very simple, with an absence of bold and full lines, and the very opposite of decorative. The fact impressed itself upon me that the former group was, at least with regard to its style, later than these bas-relief compositions, and that, while the

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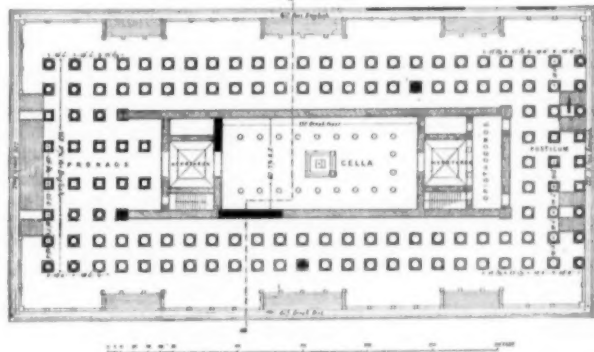


PLAN OF TEMPLE AS RESTORED BY J. T. WOOD. (FROM THE "TRANSACTIONS OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.")

compositions in high relief essentially suited their purpose in being ornamental, those of the bas-reliefs, generally single figures placed in the center of the *emblemata*, were statuesque rather than decorative. And though I did not attach much weight to it at the time, I was impressed with the probability that these simple compositions were influenced by the nobler works of Greek sculpture, while the cups in high relief were ornamented with scenes of a more spontaneous composition.

The Hermes on the medallion of the patera No. 2824 (in M. Chabouillet's catalogue, the number now affixed to it in the Museum being 3051) suggested the style of Greek art from the middle to the close of the fourth century B. C., and more especially of the sculpture of Praxiteles and Scopas. There was all the softness and delicacy of modeling of the nude human figure, the keen feeling for texture, and the power of rendering the surface of the human body. Yet there was no attempt at obtruding the minute study of the anatomy upon the spectator, as is the case in the subsequent schools of Rhodes and Pergamon, nor were there any of the violent contortions or the introduction of frequent rounded and restless lines of later Greek and Græco-Roman sculpture. And finally, there was none of the conscious aca-

demic "canonism" in the building up of the human figure, as we notice it in the works of the school of Pasiteles and the Græco-Roman "Pre-Raphaelites," who wished to reproduce the simplicity of earlier Greek art and to reestablish simple canons. And still there is not that simply healthy and unsentimental character in this work which marks the statues of a Pheidias and a Polycleitus. But there is distinctly in this figure the introduction of elements of sentimentality and pathos which mark the works of a Scopas and a Praxiteles as they characterize this age in

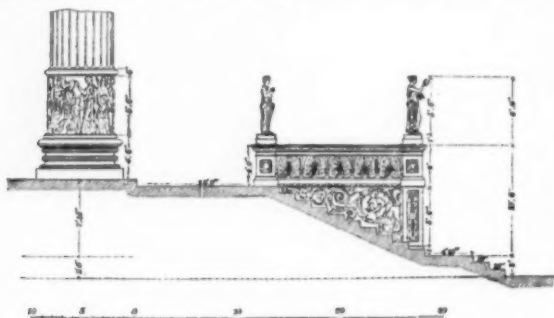


PLAN OF TEMPLE AS RESTORED BY J. FERGUSSON. (FROM THE "TRANSACTIONS OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.")

contradistinction to that of Pheidias. I have once before attempted to indicate this difference of character between the two great ages,

while examining the Hermes with the infant Dionysos by Praxiteles. That sculpture has the means of expressing such broad differences of moods and of the fundamental tone of character of the individual artists who produce such works, must be beyond a doubt to any person of normal appreciative power, who has had time and opportunity to study the mere alphabet of this language. It is as distinct a difference of tone as exists between the melancholy rhythm of a poem by one of the romantic school as compared to the verses of Milton or Chaucer. We surely do not meet with the character and mood of the Hermes of Praxiteles in the Elgin marbles or in the Doryphoros of Polycleitus.

In the Hermes on the patera from Bernay these characteristics of Praxitelean and Scopasian art are to be found. First in the attitude of the whole figure, a slow and measured walk, with one foot, as it were, listlessly dragging after the other. Secondly in the outline



SECTION THROUGH THE OUTER PORTION OF THE PODIUM AS RESTORED

BY J. FERGUSSON.

(FROM THE "TRANSACTIONS OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.")

rhythm of the figure presenting that long, slow, S-shaped curve so characteristic of all the works that have been attributed to Praxiteles, together with the peculiar effect of the up-turned head added to this position of the body. Finally, also in the soft modeling of the surface of the nude figure, however indicative of strength and agility the muscles of this youth may be, as well as in the peculiar disposition of the chlamys (repeatedly found on the replicas of the type of the Hermes of Olympia) and in the folding of his drapery.

I did not hesitate to put down the relief on this patera as being a Hermes of the Praxitelean* type and style; and herein I followed the method which I believe archaeologists

ought to pursue. For I did not mean thereby to assert that this was undoubtedly a reproduction of a work of Praxiteles or of some definite sculptor from his school; but only that this figure had those characteristics which from the careful comparative study of the style of Greek works of art, so far as they have been identified, have been found to be peculiar to Praxiteles and his school.

It then appeared to me that this very figure was a familiar type, and that I must have seen and studied some other figure very similar to it or identical with it; and I recalled the figure of the Hermes upon the drum of the sculptured column from the temple of Artemis of Ephesus, now in the Elgin room of the British Museum. We know that Praxiteles decorated an altar with reliefs at Ephesus, and that Scopas was the sculptor of one of the drums of the columns of this temple of Artemis; and when once this association was called forth, I felt convinced that this figure was an actual reproduction of the Ephesian Hermes.

Upon comparing drawings of these two representations of Hermes, it becomes manifest that there is an intimate relation between them, the one, the silver *repoussé*, being immediately copied from the other, the marble relief of the drum in the temple.† But here the identity ends, and to suit the new destination of the silver copy, details and accessories, especially with regard to attributes and environment, were altered. For in the Ephesian relief the Hermes is one of a number of figures that surrounded the column, all of them bound together by some central idea or action; while on the patera Hermes alone is represented, and being no longer a part of a complex composition, the representation of the Hermes must in itself form a complete composition. In other words, the patera represents the typical god Hermes, the figure being borrowed from a relief representing some assemblage of chthonic deities. For I agree with those who hold that the figures on the drum of the column represent a scene from Hades; and it is here that the chthonic side of the nature of Hermes corresponds entirely with that conception of Artemis and Hecate common to the Ionian cities and islands,

† There are many instances extant showing how common it was in ancient Greece to transfer well-known types of art to works of minor art. I have recently noticed a sepulchral slab containing a figure evidently inspired by the same Hermes from the drum of the pillar of the temple of Artemis.

* Since this was first published I have been confirmed in my opinion that this type belongs to the age of Scopas and Praxiteles; but, on the other hand, I now see reasons for considering it more probably Scopasian in character than Praxitelean.

especially Ephesus and Samothrace. The Hermes on the patera does not throw any immediate light upon the action of Hermes in directing his head upward, for he is here looking at the branches of an overhanging tree. But it appears to me that in the Ephesian relief the action of Hermes in looking upward is to indicate his double nature, which, though chthonic in part, is essentially concerned with the world above and the actions of man and of the Olympian gods.

In order to translate the Hermes of the Ephesian relief into a self-contained composition and a representation of the god Hermes pure and simple, the silversmith thought fit to surround him, upon the patera, with all his attributes. To this aim are to be attributed the slight deviations of the figure on the silver relief from its marble prototype. These deviations are, in the first place, that while the Hermes of Ephesus has the right shoulder free and the chlamys wound round the left forearm, the hand hidden behind his back, on the Hermes of the patera the chlamys is fastened round the neck and is gracefully slung over the left shoulder, leaving the left hand free. In the second place, while the Hermes of Ephesus holds the caduceus in the right hand, on the patera the caduceus has been transferred to the left hand and replaced by a purse in the right.

As it was the object of the silversmith to bring together as many attributes as possible, it was important that both hands should be free; the left hand could not, therefore, be hidden by the chlamys, and the cloak had to be fastened round the neck and hung over the shoulder; he could thus dispose of two attributes, the caduceus and the purse. He did not leave the caduceus in the right hand, because then the purse in the left would not have stood out well against the somewhat similar lines of the drapery, and being pressed for room on the right hand, he could not bring the caduceus in freely between the thigh and the square pillar on the right of the god.

The other attributes that are grouped about the figure are square pillars to the right and left, a common and early monument of the worship of Hermes. On the pillar on his right is placed a cock and below it some eggs, and on the left hand a tortoise. Both cock and tortoise are frequently represented as attributes of Hermes,—the tortoise a reminiscence of his invention of the lyre, the cock a symbol of the god of generation. The buck upon his left is a symbol of the same side of the nature of Hermes the protector and multiplier of herds, and is frequently represented on one side of Hermes on small bronzes, with the cock on the other. The tree, of which part is visible overshadowing the top of the right-hand

pillar, indicates the vegetation that surrounds the whole, and points to Hermes as the protector of pastures. The skill with which all these attributes are combined in this restricted space and tend to give life and symmetry to the whole composition points to a silver-worker of no ordinary artistic capacity.

This medallion was found separated from the body of the patera, and was subsequently fitted into it. A circular rim with the inscription, DEO. MERC. IVL. SIBYLLA D. S. D. D. (*de suo dat dedicat*), was also added. Though this dedication most probably belongs to the patera, there is no doubt that it is of later date than the emblemata. There can be no doubt that the artists in such silver-work made merely the emblemata, or medallions, which they furnished to the commoner silversmiths, who soldered them into the body of such a plate. Such medallions are actually mentioned by Pliny, and that the separate working of the ornamental parts was practiced in antiquity is evident when we find that even in the lower phases of art this was the case. So the Gorgon's head on the center of a shield was beaten out of a separate piece and fastened to the front, as is evident from the passage in Aristophanes, in which we hear of this medallion flying away from the shield, and even from instances which point to the fact that the central decorated part of vases and lamps was made separately and then fitted into the rest.

The next and most interesting question is: What is the connection between a Hermes from Ephesus and a silver patera from the north of Gaul? or rather, since there is an undoubted connection, the one being the original and the other the copy, how can we account for the presence of a comparatively early work from Ephesus on a donation to a temple of Mercury in the north of Gaul belonging to a late Roman period? This would be most clearly accounted for if we could assume that the Romans were fond of and preserved old Greek plate as we value *cinquecento* Italian plate; secondly, if such plate was in antiquity chiefly produced at the place where the original model of the figure on the patera was preserved, and if it was customary for such silver-workers to reproduce the designs of the great sculptors and painters, and of such works as the Hermes under consideration in particular.

In our case these circumstances are not only possible, but even the most probable. With regard to the first condition, we learn from Pliny that in his time the art of beating silver had gone out, an art which had reached high perfection in Greece before his time, and had supplied the wealthy Romans with costly ornaments. The works of these old masters

in silver *repoussé* were highly valued, and he mentions exceedingly high prices for some old Greek plate, paid chiefly, as he says, for the antiquity of the work, so that sometimes these were valued highly even if the design was almost entirely effaced. We shall therefore not be astonished to find early Greek work in a late Roman community. With regard to the second point, we find that Pliny mentions among these famous Greek *repousseurs* a great number who were from Ephesus, the works of the greatest of whom, Mentor, were destroyed in the destruction of the temple of Artemis at Ephesus. With regard to the third point, we learn that Mys, the most famous metal-worker after Mentor, executed his works in silver chiefly after the design of the painter Parrhasius of Ephesus. But the most important information in this respect is that given by the New Testament in the Acts of the Apostles (xix. 23, etc.), from which we learn that the profession of silversmith was the most widely spread at Ephesus, and that great gain came to them from the production in silver of small copies of the temple (*ναός*) of Artemis. Now it is on the drum of a column of this very temple of Artemis that the relief of Hermes is found, which is the prototype of that on the patera of Bernay.

It might be urged that our medallion is not of original Ephesian work, but is a later copy from some early silver-work. This is possible, but surely not probable. That the silversmith who made the medallion had the drum of the pillar from the temple of the Ephesian Artemis or some representation of it before him, is clear to every archæologist; and there is no reason why we should have to introduce other intermediate works of the same kind, when its connection with the Ephesian relief is undoubted, and when we bear in mind that Ephesus was in an earlier period, as well as in the time of Paul, the home of silver-work, and that the later Romans valued and preserved this ancient Greek work as being ancient and Greek. The Ephesian silversmiths were continually employed in making miniatures of this very temple. Now when they had to make a medallion to such a silver plate, they would naturally place on it one of the figures which they were in the habit of producing. They would be largely employed in producing objects in silver besides the miniatures of the temple, and I believe that such silver vessels and ornaments (mentioned in the treasures of other ancient temples) are referred to in the inscription of Salutaris alluded to in the first part of this paper.

It is not often that the far-reaching results of a simple application of the comparative

study of style become so palpably visible and appreciable as in the case of this identification. Nor are there many instances in which the poetry which accompanies a special study, popularly reported to be "dry as dust," so forcibly impresses itself upon us. The recognition of certain facts before unrecognized, and the establishment of truth within a certain group of things and their relation, is no doubt in itself the immediate and supreme aim of research. Yet it is none the less refreshing occasionally to cast a side-glance at the artistic aspect of what has been sought simply for the truth's sake, and to see the poetry that surrounds the discovery of truth.

We cannot but be impressed with the amount of history that seems to be condensed into the narrow compass and the material forms of this small plate. Its form and its history are large chapters of the world's history in miniature,—unverbal, without letters, lines, and pages.

It contains a Greek Hermes, reproduced by an Ephesian silversmith, from the temple of Artemis of Ephesus, valued highly for its origin and antiquity by some noble Roman, who followed the sweep of his empire's conquests, and whose wife in the far north of Gaul dedicates it to the Latin Mercury. It affords an actual tangible illustration of a passage in the New Testament; thus bearing in itself some immediate relation to the worship of the Hellenes, the Romans, and the Christian world. Who knows what use it served at feasts, religious or domestic, in antiquity, and what tales it could tell!

And then it was buried for centuries in the treasury of Mercury of Canetum, whose temple Cæsar saw, through all the middle ages, while the hoof of a knight's horse may have trodden over its crypt, quietly resting unchanged while dynasty followed dynasty, and the French Revolution swept over the country, until a Norman peasant in the nineteenth century, plowing his soil to raise corn to be sent to Paris or some foreign market, comes upon it and unearths it, and it finds its place in the Museum in the Rue Richelieu. What a mass of associations, different in character, in time, and space, are gathered in the center of this plate!

We may be allowed for once to feel gratified at the power of the simple application of systematic observation, which can pierce through the mist of over two thousand years, can baffle the complex maze of the changes of history, and of hundreds of miles of distance, in tracing a plate found in the nineteenth century in the north of France back to its origin in a time preceding the Christian era in Ephesus of Asia Minor.

Charles Waldstein.



CLEVEDON CHURCH.*

"They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave."
In Memoriam, XIX.

WESTWARD I watch the low blue hills of Wales,
The low sky silver-gray ;
The turbid Channel, with the wandering sails,
Moans through the winter day.

There is no color, but one ashen light
On shore and lonely tree ;
The little church upon the grassy height
Is gray as sky or sea.

But there hath he who won the sleepless love
Slept through these fifty years ;
There is the grave that hath been wept above
With more than mortal tears.

And far below I hear the Severn sweep,
And all his waves complain,
As Hallam's dirge through all the years must keep
Its monotone of pain !

Green hills, gray waters ! As a bird that flies,
My heart flits forth from these,
Back to the winter rose of Northern skies,
Back to the Northern seas.

And lo ! the long waves of the ocean beat
Beneath the Minster gray,
Chapels and caverns worn of saintly feet
And knees of them that pray.

And I remember how we twain were one,
By the North ocean dim ;
I count the years gone over since the Sun
That lights me, lighted him ;

And listen for the voice that, save in sleep,
Shall greet me not again ; —
Then, far below, I hear the Severn sweep
And all his waves complain.

CHRISTMAS, 1885.

Andrew Lang.

* Clevedon Church, in Somersetshire, where, on a hill overlooking the Bristol Channel, the body of Arthur Hallam was laid, after his death in Vienna on the 15th of September, 1833.



TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The American Militia.

THE importance of the militia in our political and social system has several times been noticed in THE CENTURY. The new development of the American militia system was described in "Topics of the Time" for June, 1884; and the necessity and propriety of early action by Congress were stated in our latest issue.* Since the former article was written, the development which it forecasts has gone on with so much rapidity that it deserves attention here in connection with the more recent article.

The American of the present day hears continually of the "National Guard," and he may come to believe that the body which bears that name is that to which the Constitution refers as "the militia of the United States." It may be well, then, to remind him that the National Guard is a purely voluntary outgrowth of the Constitutional militia, which was intended to be a universal and compulsory service. When the Constitution empowers Congress to provide for calling "the militia" into the service of the United States, it is well to remember that the term "militia" covered, and was meant to cover, all the fighting-men of the country; and the use of the term in this way shows that, even in 1787, the framers of the Constitution had anticipated the modern German system of universal compulsory military service. It must be admitted that the principle is logically essential to a democracy. Upon it hangs more than half of Jefferson's famous summary of the democratic programme—that "every one who fights or pays shall vote." Without it, we could only conclude that only those who pay shall vote, unless we could fall back upon the somewhat vague doctrine of the diffusion of taxation to show that most people pay something and hence should vote. To get any definite basis for a democracy, it is essential that the popular consciousness should be kept awake to the physical basis of the ballot, the necessity of a return in some form, whether of money support or of a physical support to the government; and that any present exemption from active service should be clearly understood to be a privilege, not a right.

Every indication from our early history goes to show that, if the political geography of the young republic had been the same as that of Prussia in 1860, the result would have been the same; and that the United States would have had a *Landwehr* and *Landsturm* before Bismarck was born. Circumstances, however, were propitious to the American republic. It had no neighbors powerful enough to make the *Landwehr* a practical necessity; and the mass of its citizens were spared all personal contact with the pomp and circumstance of glorious war. For a time there was a survival of the original idea of universal compulsory service in the annual training-days of "the militia," of which Corwin's vivid sketch has left us so clear a description. In course of time even this survival be-

came obsolete, and "the militia of the United States" has now become as purely a census term as the population between twenty-five and thirty, or the population according to latitude.

Instead of the militia, as it was originally intended to be constituted, there has grown up in most of the States a purely voluntary service, the so-called National (or State) Guard, composed of citizens who volunteer to serve the State for a longer or shorter time. Under extraordinary circumstances the persistence of the original idea is shown by the Draft Act of 1863; but under ordinary circumstances the duties of the real "militia" are now performed by this part of their number who have voluntarily assumed the burden. It is thus a fact that the so-called National Guard is now in practice the militia of the United States; and, while the voluntary nature of the force may create certain embarrassments, it must be looked to for the present as the American militia. Of course the disappearance of the original militia organization has not deprived the United States of the right to call upon the State for its quota of "the militia"; while the State may satisfy the call by the services of its voluntary militia. It is evident that there is here the germ of a future voluntary army, closely similar to that which sprang so suddenly into existence in 1861.

In the development of this germ the good offices of the United States have been practically nothing. Some of the Eastern States have done good work of late years. The railroad riots of 1877 were a cogent lesson to Pennsylvania, and the lesson seems to have been taken to heart. Some of the neighboring States have also entered in earnest upon the work of fostering the efficiency of the National Guard, and have made it a force of far greater possibilities in action than was the case ten years ago. But it remains true, as it was ten years ago, that the mass of our States care very little for the proper development of their volunteer militia. Indeed, why should they care for it? Under the present system, the conditions for a sound National Guard only come into existence when population has become dense, and when there is a sufficiently large portion of the population inclined by fondness for military experience to endure voluntarily the obvious discomforts of the service. In States where these conditions do not yet exist, there may be need for an efficient National Guard, without the possibility of it. The need is not evident enough to induce the State to take the only road to a provision for it; and the State goes on in the old shiftless way, growing more prone at every emergency to look for protection to the Federal Government, instead of relying on its own resources. In most of our States the annual provision by Congress constitutes the bulk of the appropriation available for the support of the National Guard, and this provision is inexcusably meager, too small, at any rate, to be any basis for a claim by Congress of a right to enforce a strict regimen on the force which subsists on it.

Nothing can be more evident than that, in the

* "Is Society Ready?" Topics of the Time, THE CENTURY for October, 1886.

States where population is not yet dense, Congress alone can properly develop a real National Guard. It can do what hardly any power could induce the State Legislature to do; it can appropriate an amount large enough to insure a thorough summer encampment by giving a reasonable payment to the men. Experience has shown that the encampment training is an essential to any effective system. It is carried on in many of those States having a uniformed National Guard, but almost always under great embarrassments and for too brief a period for want of funds. In some States, the men have served without pay and even paid their own expenses while in camp, and in almost all the States the member of the Legislature who should vote for the appropriation which is really necessary for that purpose would have an unhappy quarter of an hour on meeting his constituents to explain. And yet the men should be paid for the time spent in the work; and any parsimonious policy in this matter is not even tolerable. The National Guard is as much in the service of the State as the Fire or Police departments are in the service of the city; its possible service is much more unpleasant; and it has fully as much claim to adequate compensation. Some of the States, but by no means all, are able to afford this. If we wish a thoroughly trained National Guard in every State, we must look for it to Act of Congress.

The appropriation of a sum large enough to arm and equip the National Guard thoroughly, and to pay the men for the time spent in the annual training or for any other service rendered to the United States, would be a foundation for a larger oversight of the National Guard by Congress. The administration of "the discipline prescribed by Congress," and the appointment of the officers, must remain with the States; but Congress would have a fair right to insist that its War Department should be satisfied, through its inspecting officers, that the discipline was properly carried out. The mere presence of United States officers has a bracing effect upon the officers of the National Guard, and it is nowhere more necessary. The story of the militia officer who kept his men under a fire of bricks and stones for ten minutes, while he turned over the pages of his hand-book in search of the proper order, may be altogether apocryphal. But the deep cut at Reading, Pennsylvania, through which a militia genius marched his men, exposing them helplessly to the fire of the mob above, is still to be seen of all men who travel by rail from Philadelphia to or through Reading; and it testifies that it is sometimes better to have no men than to have some officers.

The reform which has been the first to be carried through by the States which have begun to develop their National Guard has been a comparatively simple one, but one of wide effects, and not easy to accomplish. Under the voluntary constitution of the National Guard, the uniforms were about as various as the companies. Under the new system, the service uniform and equipments of all the regiments of a State's force are to be identical throughout. How difficult it was to extirpate the reds and blues and yellows, the varieties in style and caliber of weapons, perhaps some of the self-sacrificing men who have given their time and attention to the work can tell us; but the results have been all for good. A riotous mob can no longer distinguish one regiment or company from another by its

uniform, or pick out off-hand the particular company from which it believes that there is comparatively little danger. Uniformity gives the sense of discipline to the men and a business-like air which creates respect. Similarity of uniform is a large factor in securing safety to militia, when employed in distant parts of its own State. When the time comes, if it shall come, that militia of one State must be employed in another as in 1794, nothing but a national uniformity of equipment will make the step even a reasonable experiment. Evidently, in the course of development into which circumstances have forced us, national action and national development are the only legitimate lines to choose.

The immediate answer to all the line of argument here relied upon, would be that the step proposed would have a strongly centralizing tendency, throwing more power into the hands of the Federal Government. So it may seem on the surface; but in reality the tendency is directly the reverse. Affairs have drifted in such a direction that, while all the States need home protection, only a few are able to provide it for themselves. When the emergency comes, the helpless State naturally looks to the Federal Government for protection, and relies progressively less upon herself. The plain drift of such a policy is to a necessarily strong central government, with a powerful standing army, and the disappearance or absorption of the militia, as we now have it. The development of our National Guard system, an entirely unobjectionable system of volunteer State forces, is simply the encouragement of individual States to rely on themselves. It is thus a National Guard in the complete sense of the adjective under our complex system, an effort by the Federal power to enable the States to carry on the normal operations of the social system. The bill which seems to come nearest to the measure of the national duty, the Sewell Bill, increasing the militia appropriation, passed the Senate at the last session without opposition. It did not reach consideration in the House of Representatives, but still hangs there, ready for consideration and passage in December. The duty of the House in the premises seems plain; and it is to be hoped that one of its first steps will be to take up, consider, and pass the Sewell Bill, as the lowest limit of the national obligation to the National Guard.

The Congressional Balance-sheet.

ECONOMY, says the proverb, is wealth; and though it ill becomes a great people to follow a cheese-paring policy with its government, to scrutinize its cost too closely, and thus compel it to study petty retrenchments instead of great national interests, there is still a certain proportion of results of government to cost of government which even the greatest of peoples is bound to insist upon. If results are great, the people can well afford a considerable expenditure; if results are *nil*, the cheapest of governments is dear at the price; if results are *nil* and expenditure generous, the government is worse than useless. The forty-ninth Congress, whose second session begins next month, closed its first session, August 5, 1886, having begun it December 7, 1885. In order to direct public attention to the results of the coming second session, it may

be well to compare the cost with the results of the first session of the same body. It should be borne in mind, however, that the first session had as near as may be eight months of "work," while the second session will have but a scant three months.

In arranging the debit side of such a balance-sheet, the appropriations for the fiscal year, ending June 30th, may stand as the cost of the session. If, on the one hand, they err in giving appropriations not fully expended, the error will be more than balanced by deficiencies due to the continuance of the session beyond the end of the fiscal year. The statement of the cost of Congress, as given below, errs, if at all, in being too small. The appropriation bills make it as follows:

SENATE: Pay of Senators.....	\$ 380,000.00	
Mileage.....	33,000.00	
Pay of employees.....	344,113.10	
Contingent expenses, stationery, etc.....	109,970.00	
HOUSE: Pay of Representatives.....	1,695,000.00	
Mileage.....	110,624.00	
Pay of employees.....	390,849.10	
Contingent expenses, stationery, etc.....	114,461.00	
CONGRESSIONAL DIRECTORY.....	1,200.00	
Police.....	36,700.00	
Public Printer.....	18,900.00	
Library.....	59,330.00	
Garden.....	16,700.00	
Cost of Session.....	\$3,310,238.20	

Such being, roughly stated, the cost of the session, let us turn to the credit side of the sheet, the practical results accomplished by this body which costs the country nearly three and a half million dollars a year. They are as follows:

BILLS AND JOINT RESOLUTIONS INTRODUCED:		
In the House.....	10,228	
In the Senate.....	9,974	13,203
BILLS PASSED:		
From the House.....	746	
From the Senate.....	341	987
BILLS PASSED AND VETOED:		
Private pension bills.....	108	
Bills for public buildings.....	6	
Other bills.....	7	115
Bills passed over the veto.....		1
"REPORTS" MADE BY COMMITTEES:		
In the House.....	3,455	
In the Senate.....	1,610	5,065
Pages of "The Congressional Record" filled,		9,000

It would be unjust, as well as impossible, to state any grand total to this side of the Congressional balance-sheet. The reader must look upon the whole mass of "work," and estimate the grand total as seems to him good. It would be unjust, however, both to the reader and to the legislative body, to ignore certain comparative results, for which the first session of the forty-ninth Congress may fairly claim a preëminence over other sessions. Thus, it succeeded in filling about fifty per cent. more pages of that invaluable periodical, "The Congressional Record," than the corresponding sessions of either of the two preceding Congresses. It "introduced," in this one session, nearly twenty-five per cent. more bills and joint resolutions than the two preceding Congresses introduced in both sessions; and the two preceding Congresses were by no means prentice hands at the trade. Its busy and efficient committees made twenty-five per cent. more "reports" in this one session than the forty-eighth Congress made in both sessions, and

fifty per cent. more than the forty-seventh Congress made in both sessions. And it may be added that, for the number and variety of the vetoes placed upon its legislation, this session will rank as without a peer. Such considerations as these must surely reconcile the voter to a balance-sheet as to which he might otherwise complain of the intolerable deal of sack compared to the bread of actual legislation.

About six and a half per cent. of the bills introduced were passed and escaped the veto. It would, however, be quite misleading to leave the impression that even this small percentage constituted any important addition to the country's accumulated stock of legislation. Outside of the regular Appropriation Bills, the Presidential Succession Act, the tax on oleomargarine, the increase of the navy, the Congressional Library Act, a railroad forfeiture, and the Porter Act, the mass of "legislation," achieved by the first session of the forty-ninth Congress was as colorless as a jelly-fish, and of about equal importance. It consisted mainly of private legislation, interesting only to certain constituents of the more skillful members of Congress, and of such "public" legislation as Acts permitting the erection of bridges at specified points, and Acts for the erection of public buildings, interesting only to larger or smaller groups of other shrewd or fortunate Congressmen. So far as really national legislation, business worthy of the time and attention of the legislative branch of one of the most powerful governments of the world, is concerned, the results of the session are sadly inadequate.

The reader may perhaps desire an explanation of this failure of our national Legislature. Let him, then, go to Washington while the two Houses are in session. Let him sit in the gallery of the Senate, provided an "executive session" does not turn him out; let him scan the faces of the Senators, reflect upon their previous records, and consider how many of them came to occupy their present positions. Let him then go and sit for a time in the gallery of the House of Representatives, and watch that national bear-garden. Let him enjoy the usual scene — one purple-faced Representative sawing the air in the progress of what is technically called an "oration"; a dozen or more highly amused colleagues surrounding him; the rest of the members talking at the top of their voices, clapping their hands for pages, writing, reading, telling funny stories and laughing uproariously at them, making social calls from desk to desk, doing anything and everything except the business for which they are paid. Let him try to estimate the rapidity with which a plain business man, finding his clerks engaged in such a scene during business hours, would make a "clean sweep" of them. He will no longer ask an explanation of the Congressional balance-sheet. What better result could be expected from two Houses, each in its own way controlled by influences antagonistic to intelligent legislation? Congress is no longer a legislative body. Its degeneration is now admitted. It consists now of a plutocracy at one end, and a mobocracy at the other. The two chronic perils of a democracy have a firm grip on the Congress of the United States.

Here is no question of comparative guilt or responsibility. Each House is as bad in its way as the other. Nor is there any partisan question involved. The course of Congress has for years been down-hill. Able and sincere men are still to be found in both Houses,

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yet each successive Congress is, on the whole, worse than its predecessors; not because Democrats or Republicans control it, but because it is two years further on the road. The rules of the Lower House have been developed with the apparent design of making a familiar acquaintance with them the great requisite for a party leader and of excluding all others from influence on legislation. Pittor Gladstone would be an enforced cipher in our House of Representatives; and the mass of its members have grown out of the knowledge of or care for legislation. They have long since left all that work to committees; and the session just closed has developed a new feature—an unofficial "steering committee" selected by the majority to regulate the consideration of legislation; in other words, to save the incompetency of the House from exposure. So far as the real business of a legislative body is concerned, the Representatives might fully as well have met and organized in December, chosen their committees, and excused the rest of the members until the committees had done their work for them. By remaining in Washington, an incompetent House is reduced to the ignoble necessity of filling up the intervals with horse-play.

The Congress of the United States has become the most incapable legislative body of the constitutional world. So far as the Senate is concerned, its case is hopeless; the only remedy is outside of it, in the regeneration of the constituencies which elect the senators. The case of the House is somewhat different; its failure may be redeemed by reform within itself. The arguments for the present abominable condition of its committee system rest only on the amount and variety of the business which is introduced and laid before it. But most of this business is petty and utterly unworthy of the Congress of the United States. The great mass of it could easily be remitted to the courts or other permanent agencies, or regulated by general and automatic laws. The really national business could then, as in the earlier days of the republic, be discussed and settled by the House itself. The resistance to such a reform would probably come from the very members who are most injured by the present state of affairs. They have grown accustomed to the husks of legislation. The privilege of "introducing" private legislation, with an occasional sop in the shape of the passage of one of their bills, has become so dear to them that they can hardly give it up. They do not see that they are thus increasing the volume of "introduced" business to such an extent as to tighten the chains of the committee system around the House. It will require some intelligent self-denial and a determined suppression of a good many "leaders," to bring the House back to its constitutional position as the popular branch of a really national legislative body; and the second session of the forty-ninth Congress could not spend its three months of existence to better purpose than in beginning the work.

The Uses and Dangers of "One Idea."

MOST men of mature age have been tempted, at some time in their lives, to become "men of one idea" in order to gain that increase of power which devotion to one idea brings. Paul's summary, "This one thing I do," is believed in devoutly by many who have no similar reverence for any other of Paul's summaries. The

prison reformers, from John Howard down, the Abolitionists, the framers and supporters of the Anti-Corn-Law League, the men, who, in England and the United States, have striven to take the civil service from the politicians and preserve it to the people, are familiar examples of the increase of power which man gains by giving himself up to one idea. It is no more than the conversion of all his force into one groove; and if the groove be well chosen, the result can only be to give the man more than his share of influence on the world's progress.

It should not be forgotten, however, that the largest part of this increase of power is due to man's retention of control over his dominant idea, to the fact that he utilizes it and does not surrender to it. The man who surrenders control of his thought or judgment to a predominant idea, whether his own or that of another, sees but a part of the case, and the judgment which he bases on it is either inapplicable to the whole or positively injurious. It cannot be preached too strongly, in these times of ours, that it is the characteristic of a well-balanced intellect to look for all the modifying circumstances of a case, as well as the one great circumstance which seems on the surface to control it, and to form a final judgment on the whole; just as universal charity, not the limited affection for one's immediate dependents, is the characteristic of a well-balanced heart. To deal otherwise with facts is to warp the judgment, and to lose influence over one's fellows. It need not go much farther to become positively noxious. Let the pursuit of wealth gain predominance as the one idea of a mind or soul, and only fortunate circumstances may be the reason why the result is not theft, swindling, or murder. Whatever be the increase of power which comes from a regulated devotion to one idea, it is easy to show how often fanaticism, lunacy, and crime have their common roots in the *surrender* to one idea, and that there is no quicker road to complete perversion of judgment. Dynamite properly used is power; but it would be folly to carry it in one's pocket for daily use, and crime to use it for purposes of vengeance.

It is a familiar fact that masses of men often think, judge, and act on the presentation of one idea, and that a surface one. And yet there never has been a time when the fact was more dangerous, when it was more necessary to recall to men's attention the fact that any wise and useful judgment and action is the resultant of a clear understanding of many correlative, perhaps apparently conflicting forces and circumstances. The citizen sees a policeman clubbing a man evidently in needy circumstances, hears that the offense arose in an effort to resist a reduction of wages by a street-car company, and jumps to the conclusion that it is his duty to side with oppressed labor against capital. He does not see the labor which has been oppressed simply because it has not been organized, which has been dubbed "scab" merely because it is individual labor; he does not see that in this case the real oppression has been that of labor by labor, not by capital. In modern times, when the life of each man is marked by an increasing absorption in a narrow line of work, and a consequently increasing unreadiness to appreciate off-hand the circumstances which are not on the surface, no better service can be done than the consistent preaching of a cautious reservation of individual judg-

ment, a self-diffidence of individual comprehension, until care has been taken to know all the facts of the case under consideration. A well-balanced and powerful public opinion is the sheet-anchor of a democracy. The mischief is done by those who preach only the power of public opinion, and neglect the weightier matters of caution, care, and clear understanding in the make-up of an effective public opinion.

The recent struggle for a national labor organization is a case in point. It is not wonderful that such a scheme should have a strong attraction for minds honestly devoted to the elevation of labor. The annals of legislation among the progressive nations are not pleasant but humiliating reading where they have touched upon the relations of the laboring classes to the rest of the community. The English laws, many of them copied in our own country, forbidding any organization of workmen in self-defense, forbidding any combination for the purpose of striking, attempting as far as possible to regulate wages in the interest of the employer and to reduce the workman to the level of a slave, if not of a brute, are not such laws as our descendants will point to as proofs of their ancestors' humanity or wisdom. They are gone, and it is shameful to think that it is so short a time since they went. But it is singular, also, that so many refuse to see that they are gone, refuse to see in the sudden and easy growth of a great national labor organization the clearest evidence of the complete freedom with which labor in our times may gratify its widest legitimate aspiration. Will any one specify a single point in which American law desires or attempts to limit the liberty of workmen to organize, to act together, to make an injury to one the concern of all? No such point can be specified, for no such point exists. If our law errs, it has been in creating corporations without being sufficiently careful to limit their powers of dealing automatically with their employees or with the public; and what more powerful agent for the work of pointing out and remedying such errors could be imagined than the national organization to which the laws have given free existence and action? Public opinion has therefore inclined toward the national labor organization, and that largely from a conscientious consciousness of the past oppression to which labor has been subjected. But neither the members of the organization nor public opinion must forget that sympathy with the organization's legitimate aspirations cannot carry sympathy with its illegitimate aspirations, and particularly with any which strike at the state which has acquired for labor its present liberty. It seems difficult for some to understand that public opinion may fairly sympathize with a labor organization in its efforts to repeal unjust laws and to put employer and employee on an equal footing before the law, while refusing sympathy to the organization's assumption of power to punish its enemies through agencies outside of and unknown to the laws. Why should such a modifying circumstance be admitted to consideration? A few sentences from Professor Macy's lately published volume, "Our Government," though meant for other purposes, are applicable here:

"A government may exist and do nothing for the education of youth; it may entirely neglect to provide public highways; it may do nothing for the poor and other unfortunate classes. All these things may be left to other agencies. But there is one duty which the government cannot leave to other agencies. It must administer justice; it must punish the wrong-doer. If the government leaves to another agency the protection of life and property and the punishment of wrong-doers, then that other agency becomes the government."

Here is wholesome truth in a nut-shell, and it constitutes the modifying circumstance which, if neglected by any organization, must bring it into conflict with human government and result in the destruction of one or other of them. Would it not be well to regard it in time, and thus preserve the organization for its nobler ends?

If labor has been oppressed in the progressive nations, what shall we say of all the weaker classes in other nations? Fools prate of an "indictment of democracy in France"; if democracy all over the world wished to indict the systems of government which it is supplanting, what more horrible indictment could be framed than an ordinary cargo of immigrants from selected regions of the old régime would furnish? We get no such cargoes from the English democracy; and if the American democracy should send out one such cargo from its born and bred members, the world would ring with the description of it. Beaten down by an hereditary system of repression, of artfully contrived taxation, of military service extorted to gratify the ambition of hereditary officers, they come to us with but one idea, that of a "free country." To them, freedom means anarchy. They have never been taught that there are modifying forces to be considered, that the limits of one man's liberty are the rights of other men. That seems to them too much like the submission to the will of an official class from which they have fled. And yet this is the very first lesson which they must learn from their American surroundings; and, as new ideas come through the medium of language, it might almost be admissible to make knowledge of the English language a prerequisite to immigration.

We can no longer shut our eyes to the fact that the American democracy is destined to burdens of which none of its members dreamed five years ago. It must solve new problems for the race, and it must do it, as it has supported other burdens of the kind, soberly, manfully, understandingly. It must, then, study anew the art and practice of considering all the circumstances of a case propounded before giving a deliberate judgment. That frame of mind which is shown in going off at half-cock in a hasty verdict of approval or disapproval on a half view of surface circumstances never was so dangerous as now. There is a new responsibility on our newspapers, on our other periodicals, on our public men, on our clergymen and other teachers, and it behooves them to meet it and to carry on the consciousness of it to the generations which are pressing on for the future. Hence alone can we have that sober and trained public opinion without which democracy is a foredoomed failure.

OPEN LETTERS.

A Siberian Tragedy.

In the New York "Evening Post" of August 25th appeared the following telegram from London:

"LONDON, August 25.—Alexander Krapotkin, brother of Prince Krapotkin, the translator of Herbert Spencer's works into the Russian language, has committed suicide with a revolver at Tomsk."

As I was perhaps the last West-European or American to see Prince Alexander Krapotkin before his death, circumstances seem to lay upon me the duty of explaining the significance of the brief announcement above quoted, and of giving such facts as are in my possession with regard to a life which ended so tragically, and which seems to me to have been so needlessly and cruelly wrecked.

I made the acquaintance of Alexander Krapotkin in February of the present year at the Siberian city of Tomsk, where I spent two weeks on my way home from the Trans-Baikal. He had then been living in exile as a political offender nearly ten years. Although banished to Siberia upon the charge of disloyalty, Krapotkin was not a nihilist, nor a revolutionist, nor even an extreme radical. His views with regard to social and political questions would have been regarded in America, or even in Western Europe, as very moderate, and he had never taken any part in Russian revolutionary agitation. He was, however, a man of impetuous temperament, high standard of honor, and great frankness and directness in speech, and these characteristics were perhaps enough to attract to him the suspicious attention of the Russian police.

"I am not a nihilist, nor a revolutionist," he once said to me, indignantly, "and I never have been; I was exiled simply because I dared to think and to say what I thought about things which happened around me, and because I was the brother of a man whom the Russian Government hated."

Prince Krapotkin was arrested the first time in 1858, while a student in the St. Petersburg University, for having in his possession a copy in English of Emerson's "Self-Reliance" and refusing to say where he obtained it. The book had been lent to him by one of the faculty, Professor Tikhonravov, and Krapotkin might perhaps have justified himself and escaped unpleasant consequences by simply stating the fact, but this would not have been in accordance with his high standard of personal honor. He did not think it a crime to read Emerson, but he did regard it as cowardly and dishonorable to shelter himself from the consequences of any action behind the person of an instructor. He preferred to go to prison. When Professor Tikhonravov heard of Krapotkin's arrest, he went at once to the rector of the University and admitted that he was the owner of the incendiary volume, and the young student was thereupon released.

After his graduation from the University, Krapotkin went abroad, studied science, particularly astronomy, and upon his return to Russia made a number

of important translations of French and English scientific works into his native language. Finally, he entered the government service, and for a time previous to his exile held an important place in the Russian Telegraph Department. This place, however, he was forced to resign in consequence of a collision with the Minister of the Interior. The latter ordered Krapotkin one day to send to him all the telegrams of a certain private individual that were on file in his office. Krapotkin refused to obey this order upon the ground that such action would be personally dishonorable and degrading. Another less scrupulous officer of the department, however, forwarded the required telegrams, and Krapotkin resigned. After this time he lived constantly under the secret supervision of the police. His brother had already become prominent as a revolutionist and socialist; he himself was under suspicion, his record from the point of view of the government was not a good one, he probably injured himself still further by frank but injudicious comments upon public affairs, and in 1876 or 1877 he was arrested and exiled to Eastern Siberia upon the vague but fatal charge of disloyalty. There were no proofs against him upon which a conviction could be obtained in a formal trial, and he was therefore exiled by what is known in Russia as the "administrative process," that is, by a simple executive order, without even the pretense of indictment, presentment, or hearing.

His place of exile was a small town called Minusinsk, situated on the Yenisei River in Eastern Siberia, two or three hundred miles from the frontier of outer Mongolia. Here, with his young wife, who had voluntarily accompanied him into exile, he lived quietly four or five years, devoting himself chiefly to reading and scientific study. There were in Minusinsk at that time no other political exiles, but Krapotkin found there, nevertheless, one congenial companion in the person of a Russian naturalist named Martiánof, with whom he wandered about the country making botanical and geological collections and discussing scientific questions. To Martiánof's enthusiasm and energy and Krapotkin's sympathy and encouragement Minusinsk is wholly indebted for its really excellent public museum, an institution which is not only the pride of all intelligent Siberians, but is likely, through an illustrated catalogue now in course of publication, to become known to naturalists and archaeologists in Europe and the United States.

During the long series of tragic events which culminated in the assassination of Alexander II., Siberia filled up rapidly with political exiles, and the little town of Minusinsk had to take its quota. With the arrival of these new-comers began a stricter system of police supervision. As long as Krapotkin was the only political exile in the place he was allowed a good deal of freedom, and was not harassed by humiliating police regulations; but when the number of "politicals" increased to twenty, the difficulty of watching them all became greater, and the authorities thought it neces-

sary, as a means of preventing escapes, to require every exile to report himself at stated intervals to the chief of police and sign his name in a book kept for the purpose. To this regulation Krapotkin refused to submit. "I have lived here," he said to the *Ispravnik*, "nearly five years and have not yet made the first attempt to escape. If you think that there is any danger of my running away now, you may send a soldier or a police officer to my house every day to watch me; but after being unjustly exiled to Siberia I don't propose to assist the government in its supervision of me. I will not report at the police office." The *Ispravnik* conferred with the Governor of the province, who lived in Krasnoyarsk, and by the latter's direction told Krapotkin that if he refused to obey the obnoxious regulation he would be banished to some place lying farther to the northward and eastward, where the climate would be more severe and the life less bearable. Krapotkin, however, adhered to his determination and appealed to General Shelashnikov, who was at that time the Acting Governor-General of Eastern Siberia and who had been on terms of personal friendship with Krapotkin before the latter's banishment. General Shelashnikov replied in a cool, formal note, insisting upon obedience to the regulation and warning Krapotkin that further contumacy would have for him disastrous consequences. While this appeal was pending, General Anutchin was appointed Governor-General of Eastern Siberia, and, as a last resort, Krapotkin wrote to his aged mother in St. Petersburg to see Anutchin previous to the latter's departure for his new post and present to him a petition in her son's behalf. When the aged and heart-broken mother appeared with her petition in General Anutchin's reception-room she was treated with insulting brutality. Without reading the petition Anutchin threw it violently on the floor, asked her how she dared come to him with such a petition from a traitor to his country, and declared that if her son "had his deserts he would be cleaning the streets in some Siberian city under guard, instead of walking about at liberty." For this brutal insult to his mother Krapotkin told me that he was afraid he should kill Anutchin if he ever happened to see him.

By this time all of the other political exiles in Minusinsk had submitted to the new regulation and were reporting at the police office, and Krapotkin was notified by the *Ispravnik* that if within a stated time he did not follow their example he would be banished to Turukhansk, a wretched settlement of twelve or fifteen houses, situated in the province of Yeniseisk, near the coast of the Arctic Ocean. Krapotkin, however, still adhered to his resolution, and after a terribly trying interview with his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, he succeeded in extorting from her a promise to return to European Russia with their young child, and let him go to Turukhansk alone. What this promise cost them both in misery I could imagine from the tears which suffused their eyes when they talked to me about it. At the last moment, however, while Mrs. Krapotkin was making preparations to return to European Russia, she happened to see in the "Siberian Gazette" a letter from some correspondent—a political exile, I think—in Turukhansk, describing the loneliness, dreariness, and unhealthfulness of the settlement, the Arctic

severity of the climate, the absence of all medical aid for the sick, and the many miseries of life in such a place. This completely broke down the wife's fortitude. She went to her husband, convulsed with sobs, and told him that she would send her child to European Russia, or leave it with friends in Minusinsk, but go with him to Turukhansk she must and should—to let him go there alone was beyond her strength. "After this," said Prince Krapotkin, "there was nothing for me to do but put a pistol to my head or yield, and I yielded. I went to the police office, and continued to report there as long as I remained in Minusinsk."

I have related this incident in Prince Krapotkin's Siberian life partly because it seems to have first suggested suicide to him as a means of escape from an intolerable position, and partly because it is in many ways an index to his character. He was extremely sensitive, proud, and high-spirited, and often made a fight upon some point which a cooler, more philosophic man would have taken as one of the natural incidents of his situation.

About two years ago Prince Krapotkin was transferred from Minusinsk to Tomsk, a change which brought him a few hundred miles nearer to European Russia, but which in other respects was not perhaps a desirable one. When I saw him in February he was living simply but comfortably in a rather spacious log-house, ten minutes' drive from the European hotel, and was devoting himself to literary pursuits. He had a good working library of two or three hundred volumes, among which I noticed the astronomical works of Professors Newcomb and Holden, Stallo's "Concepts of Science," of which he expressed a very high opinion, several volumes of Smithsonian Reports, and forty or fifty other American books. His favorite study was astronomy, and in this branch of science he would probably have distinguished himself under more favorable circumstances. After his exile, however, he was not only deprived of instruments, but had great difficulty in obtaining books; his private correspondence was under control, and he was more or less constantly disquieted and harassed by police supervision and searches of his house; so that his completed scientific work was limited to a few articles upon astronomical subjects, written for French and German periodicals. He was a fine linguist, and wrote almost equally well in French, German, or Russian. English he read easily but could not speak.

On the last day before my departure from Tomsk he came to my room, bringing a letter which I had promised to carry for him to one of his intimate friends in Western Europe. With the keen sense of honor which was one of his distinguishing characteristics, he brought the letter to me open, so that I might assure myself by reading it that it contained nothing which would compromise me in case the Russian police should find it in my possession. I told him that I did not care to read it, that I would run the risk of carrying anything that he would run the risk of writing—his danger in any case would be greater than mine. He thereupon seated himself at my writing-table to address the envelope. We happened at the moment to be talking of his brother, Pierre Krapotkin, and his pen, taking its suggestion from his thoughts, wrote automatically upon the envelope his brother's name instead of the name

of the person for whom the letter was intended. He discovered the error almost instantly, and tearing up the envelope and throwing the fragments upon the floor, he addressed another. Late that evening, after I had gone to bed, there came a knock at my door. I opened it cautiously, and was confronted by Prince Krapotkin. He was embarrassed and confused, and apologized for calling at that late hour, but said that he could not sleep without finding and destroying every fragment of the envelope upon which he had inadvertently written the name of his brother. "This may seem to you," he said, "like absurd timidity, but it is necessary. If the police should discover, as they probably will, that I visited you to-day, they would not only examine the servants as to everything which took place here, but would collect and fit together every scrap of waste paper found in your room. They would then find out that I had addressed an envelope to my brother, and would jump at the conclusion that I had written him a letter, and had given it to you for delivery. How this would affect you I don't know, but it would be fatal to me. The least I could expect would be the addition of a year to my term of exile, or banishment to some more remote part of Siberia. I am strictly forbidden to communicate with my brother, and have not heard directly from him or been able to write to him in years." I was familiar enough with the conditions of exile life in Siberia to see the force of these statements, and we began at once a search for the fragments of the envelope. Every scrap of paper on the floor was carefully examined, but the pieces which bore the dangerous name, "Pierre A. Krapotkin," could not be found. At last my traveling companion, Mr. Frost, remembered picking up some torn scraps of paper and throwing them into the slop-basin. We then dabbled in the basin for twenty minutes until we found and burned every scrap of that envelope upon which there was the stroke of a pen, and only then could Prince Krapotkin go home and sleep. "Two years hence," he said to me as he bade me good-night, "you may publish this as an illustration of the atmosphere of suspicion and apprehension in which political exiles live. In two years I hope to be beyond the reach of the Russian police." Poor Krapotkin! Less than two years have elapsed, and his hope is already realized, but not in the way we then anticipated.

When I kissed him good-bye on the following day he was full of anticipations of freedom and a new career outside the limits of Russia. His term of exile would have expired in September of the present year, and it was his intention to go at once to Paris. His only fear was that at the last moment an addition of two or three more years would be arbitrarily made to his term of exile. That, he admitted, would be a terrible blow to him, because he had nearly exhausted the little money which remained from the wreck of his small private fortune, and he could not support his family upon the pittance of three dollars a month which is the allowance made by the government to political exiles in Western Siberia.

The evil which he dreaded probably came upon him. I have no information as to the circumstances which brought about his suicide, but there would seem to be little doubt that late in August he was informed that he would not be permitted to return in September to European Russia, and that, in a fit of despair, he

took his own life. It would be easy for such a man, in the bitterness of his disappointment, to reason himself into the belief that his wife and children would be better off without him than with him, and when once this morbid belief had taken possession of him, there would be little to restrain him from suicide. In Prince Alexander Krapotkin's death Russia loses an honest man, a cultivated scholar, a true patriot, and a gallant gentleman.

George Kennan.

Time-Reckoning for the Twentieth Century.

IS THERE not a necessity for reform in our system of time-reckoning? Scientific authorities and railway managers are pretty generally agreed that there is, but they are not sure that the public is prepared for what at first sight may appear too radical changes on use and wont. I am inclined to think that the public is more intelligent and more ready for useful changes than doubters suppose. There is certainly room for reform. According to the system of local time, there are in the world as many different days as there are meridians round the circumference of the globe.

"These days overlap each other, but they are perfectly distinct as they are infinite in number. There are no simultaneous days on the earth's surface, except those on the same meridian, and as the different days are always in the various stages of advancement, difficulties must necessarily result in assigning the precise period when an event takes place. The telegraph may give the exact local time of an occurrence, but it will be in disagreement with the local time on every other meridian around the earth. An event occurring on any one day may on the instant be announced in a locality where the time is that of the previous day, and in another locality where the time is that of the following day. About the period when the month or year passes into another month or year, an occurrence may actually take place, according to our present system of local reckoning, in two different months or in two different years. Indeed, there can be no certainty whatever with regard to time, unless the precise geographical position be specified as an essential fact in connection with the event described. Under these circumstances it must be conceded that our present system of notation is most defective. Certainly it is unscientific, and possesses every element of confusion. It produces a degree of ambiguity which, as railways and telegraphs become greatly multiplied, will lead to complications in social and commercial affairs, to errors in chronology, and to litigation, and will act as a clog to the business of life, and prove an increasing hindrance to human intercourse."

Thus argues Mr. Sandford Fleming, who has done so much to press this subject on the attention of the world, in a memoir read by him before the Royal Society of Canada, in May last, and prepared for publication in the Smithsonian Institution Reports. To show how unscientific is the system of reckoning time by our position on the earth's surface, we have only to reflect that every meridian converges at the pole. If we ever get there, we can take our choice between the days of Berlin, Paris, London, New York, Winnipeg, San Francisco, Peking, Calcutta, and as many others as we like, and live at the same moment of time in the different hours, days, months, or years of different places. What a blissful place for the Irishman who pathetically complained that he wasn't a bird, and therefore could not be in two places at once!

The present system has human inertia on its side, and nothing else. It leads to loss of time and loss of

life. It subjects travelers and men in business in particular to innumerable annoyances and perplexities. It is altogether unsuited to an age of railways, telegraphs, and submarine cables. What is needed to secure a perfect system? Simply this, that as we have in the revolution of the earth on its axis a standard of time accepted by all men, all should agree on a zero or prime meridian from which the revolutions are to be counted, and accept a common subdivision and a common notation by which parts of the revolution shall be known by all. Canada and the United States have already taken important steps in this direction. By the scheme of hour meridians, the days in North America, which formerly were as numerous as the number of places that observed their own local time, have been reduced to five. We have thus recognized the absurdity of each town, State, or Province choosing its own zero, and maintaining a separate reckoning. This reform was accepted by the people with a unanimity and promptitude that ought to show that the nineteenth-century public may be trusted. A more important step was taken when the President of the United States, influenced largely, I believe, by President Barnard of Columbia College, invited delegates from all nations to a scientific conference at Washington to consider the subject of time-reckoning.

At this International Conference, which met in the autumn of 1884, and at which twenty-five nationalities were represented, Greenwich was accepted as the most expedient zero, and a proposal for a universal day, to begin for all the world at the moment of mean midnight of the initial meridian, and the hours of which should be counted continuously from zero to twenty-four, was adopted.* The advantage of having the day unbroken will be appreciated by travelers who have puzzled over railway guides and been particularly baffled by the A. M.'s and P. M.'s. They will be glad to know that a special committee of the American Society of Civil Engineers has announced (January, 1886) that one hundred and seventy-one managers and officers of railways in the United States and Canada have declared their readiness to abandon the division of the day into half-days, known as ante and post meridian, and to accept the numeration of the hours in one series from midnight to midnight. The Canada Pacific Railway has actually adopted the twenty-four-hour system on its main line and branches between Lake Superior and the Pacific. Mr. Fleming now suggests the beginning of the twentieth century as the best starting-point for the general adoption of the cosmic day of twenty-fours counted continuously.† The only question to be asked is, Why not sooner, if it must be soon or late?

It has been objected that this universal or cosmic day may be accepted for scientific purposes, but that it would never do to change the hours to which we have been accustomed in ordinary life for ordinary uses; that, for instance, it would be impossible for us to associate noon with seven o'clock instead of twelve. But such persons forget that no thing, no fact of nature, would be changed, and that it is not a law of Heaven that noon should be known as twelve o'clock. Sunrise and sunset, dawn

and noon, "early candle-lighting," as our fathers denominated the gloaming, and bed-time, would come as usual. Only the numbers of the hours with which we have associated those facts would be changed, and in an incredibly short time we would become accustomed to the change. In some countries the day is divided into four parts. To the people in whose minds noon is associated with six o'clock, it must sound very oddly when twelve o'clock is used as the equivalent for noon. In ancient times each nation had its own chronology, just as it had its own language, laws, and religion. When the Roman Empire became practically coextensive with the world a general system of chronology was required. Hence the introduction of the Julian Calendar, which, with the rectification made under the direction of Pope Gregory, has regulated the Christian centuries. But, like everything else, the Gregorian Calendar itself is now seen to be antiquated. It is unsuited to modern facts and conditions. The world is much larger than when Rome spoke "*urbi et orbi*," and, thanks to steam and electricity, it is at the same time much smaller. New discoveries and inventions are annihilating space, and everything that interferes with the full recognition of the unity and solidarity of the race must be shaken and disappear. "If," says Mr. Fleming, in the memoir from which I have already quoted, "the reforms of 46 B. C. and 1582 A. D. owed their origin to the dominant necessity of removing confusion in connection with the notations which existed in the then conditions of the human race, in no less degree is a complete reform demanded by the new conditions which are presented in this age. The conclusions of the Washington Conference make provision for the needed change, and they will in all probability be held by future generations to mark an epoch in the annals of the world not less important than the reforms of Julius Caesar and of Pope Gregory."

G. M. Grant.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON, CANADA.

Genius and Matrimony.

THE literary taste of our day inclines strongly in the direction of personal memoirs, private letters, and biographical and autobiographical sketches. It is not surprising, therefore, that amongst the most widely read books which have issued from the Anglo-American press of late years, we should find those edited by James Anthony Froude, unfolding to a curious public the home life of Thomas Carlyle, and the "Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife," by their son, Mr. Julian Hawthorne. The lives of these two men of genius, Carlyle and Hawthorne, disclose such a startling difference of experience on the part of their wives that they may seem to preach very different gospels to romantic and ambitious young women. But do they? Mrs. Carlyle, after years of married life, cries from the bitterness of a nagged-out spirit, "My ambition has been more than gratified in Carlyle, and yet I am miserable!" Mrs. Hawthorne, after eight years of daily companionship, and the endurance of trials and comparative poverty more severe than any her English sister had to contend with, writes to her mother: "I never knew such loftiness so simply borne. I have never known him to stoop from it in the most trivial household matter, any more than in a large or more

* The names of the delegates on the part of the United States were Admiral C. R. P. Rodgers, Professor Cleveland Abbe, Commander W. T. Sampson, Louis M. Rutherford, and William Frederick Allen.—Editor.

† This suggestion was first made by Prof. Simon Newcomb, in December, 1884.—Editor.

public one. . . . Such a person can never lose the prestige which commands and fascinates. I cannot possibly conceive of my happiness, but in a blissful kind of confusion live on."

I recommend the hundreds of women who, having pitied the victim of Carlyle's dyspepsia, and sympathized with her heart-aches under years of bickering and neglect, accepted the dictum, *no woman who looks for happiness in her home life should marry a genius*, to review their decision in the light of Nathaniel Hawthorne's love-letters to his sweetheart and wife; nay, more, let them dispassionately examine the foundations of the unbroken felicity and inward peace of this typical New England home, where "plain living and high thinking" were the habits of every-day life; where, on occasion, *the genius* made the fire for the morning bath or meal, instead of smoking his pipe while his wife scrubbed the kitchen floor; let them notice that both Carlyle's and Hawthorne's muse was shy and sensitive and solitary, and that it was impossible for either of them to associate his wife in his great work; but that, whereas the wife of the Scotchman felt aggrieved and wounded at her exclusion from his inner life, and restive under the menial services she must render her lord and master to protect his enforced seclusion from any outside noise or interruption, the wife of the American went about her domestic duties with a light heart and cheery voice, while her husband wrestled with his vivid thoughts shut up in his darkened room, or pacing the quiet and solitary path between the pines.

To those interested in the subject of genius and matrimony, the writer ventures to suggest an explanation for such conflicting evidence, borne with such pathos and ecstasy by these two charming and clever women,—an explanation which might also point many a moral in circles of our social life where so disturbing an element as genius never penetrates.

The Hawthorne and Carlyle households were organized on totally diverse principles; one was a marriage of heart and mind, entered into seriously, reverently, and in the fear of God; the other was merely an intellectual *mariage de convenance*, and both bore fruits after their kind.

There was between Hawthorne and his wife not only absolute sympathy, but a still rarer quality, to be found in any relation of life, *justice*; she says of him, "It is never a question of private will between us, but of absolute right. His conscience is too high and fine to permit him to be arbitrary. He is so simple, so transparent, so just, so tender, so magnanimous, that my highest instinct could only correspond with his will."

Theirs was a love-match, tested and tried by judgment and self-control both before and after marriage; she did not feel shut out from his interests and work merely because a wooden door separated them during the working hours of the day; she knew that the very inspiration which produced his imperishable contributions to American classics depended for its undisturbed flow on a serene and happy domestic environment which she alone could supply. Hawthorne could not write when he was unhappy or felt that other duties demanded his efforts, and we are told that for one year the embryo of some of his best works lay dormant in his mind, because the only place for his desk in their cramped quarters was the nursery! So he played with

the children while his wife did her share of their common duties, and in the evenings refreshed them both for the weary and dull routine of the morrow by reading Scott, Dickens, or some other favorite author, and bided his time with *faith* that he would be given the needful opportunity to write. Mrs. Hawthorne had as many stitches to take as Mrs. Carlyle, but when Hawthorne thought she had sewn enough for that twenty-four hours, he bid her put down her needle, *this side of fatigue*, and was always "immitigable" when he thought this point was barely reached. In a word, she was necessary to him, to his higher and nobler self, even more than to his economically ordered home; he makes her realize it year by year more perfectly as their life flows on through trials and worries such as come to genius and mediocrity alike, and, woman-like, she is happy.

In the case of the Carlyles, it was on one side a woman disappointed in love marrying from ambition,—which she admits was gratified beyond her utmost expectations; and on the other, the fit and prudent "settling in life" of a selfish Scotchman, who sought in his wife what he certainly found, an economical housekeeper who could pay her proportion into the family exchequer, and a brilliant and vivacious mind that should worthily receive and entertain the numerous visitors of a literary lion. If either member of this nervous and eccentric couple had sprinkled in their daily cup of bitterness a small part of the love which was the daily portion of Sophia Peabody and Nathaniel Hawthorne, the English and American world of readers would have been spared much of what Mr. Frederic Harrison justly calls "an autopsy of the personal and domestic life of a man that has written famous books."

Catherine Baldwin.

The Architectural League of New York.

IN my concluding chapter on Recent American Architecture ("American Country Houses, III," in the July issue of *THE CENTURY*) I spoke of the Architectural League of New York as a "student-club." But I have since received from one of its members a letter of which the substance is as follows: At the first organization of the League several years ago, it would have been correct to call it a student-club; but such is not now the case. From various causes—chief among them the fact that its rules required too much of its members—it gradually fell into a state of disuse, and may almost be said to have died. Meanwhile many of its original members had outlived their student days and entered upon the practice of their profession, some of them in distant towns. In the autumn of 1885 the committee which had in charge the exhibition of architectural drawings held in connection with that of the Salmagundi Club, came to the conclusion that an annual exhibition of such a kind would be sufficient *raison d'être* for the existence of a permanent Architectural Society. At the same time they learned that the old League was showing signs of renewed vitality, and several among them hastened to unite themselves with it. As now reorganized, the League is practically a new society, embracing architects, sculptors, painters, decorators,—in fact, all who are in any way interested in architecture as an art. "I

write all this," adds my correspondent, "because I think your error" (which he is kind enough to call a "very natural" one) "may give a wrong impression — an impression, too, that we have been most careful to avoid. If we are known as a 'student-club,' it will be detrimental to us; for eventually we hope to get a large membership, and not alone from the ranks of the younger generation."

It is with great pleasure that I now make this correction; for the status of the League, as I now understand it, seems to me an even greater proof of the vitality of the profession and the earnestness and enthusiasm of its members than it seemed when I believed it to be a mere association of youthful students.

M. G. van Rensselaer.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

A Catch.

If any grace
To me belong,
In song,
Know then your face
Has been to me
A key;
For pitched in this
Delicious tone,
I've known
I could not miss
What music slips
Your lips.

If faults be found
In any line
Of mine,
To mar the sound
Of notes that try
To vie
With yours, my Sweet,
Then, always true,
Do you
The words repeat,
And make sublime
My rhyme!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

A Question of Ethics.

FAIR Mary was my boyhood's flame,
When I was nine and she nineteen;
To all the swains who courting came,
Her ready answer was the same:
"I guess I'll wait for Johnny Green!"

Just what the maid was pleased to mean,
I will not now pretend to claim.
I only know she was my queen;
Nor did another step between
Till I myself nineteen became.

Now I relate the fact with shame;
I cannot think my conscience clean —
But Mary's love appearing tame
In ten years' playing at the game,
I craved her sister Josephine.

A fairer maid was never seen;
A host of lovers cried her fame.
But had I any right to blame
Her wish to wait for Tommy Green,
When that's my little brother's name?

Walter Clarke.

Dreams.

HERE is the cottage, ivy hung,
And here the garden gate,
That softly to my footsteps swung
To find you fruits and flowers among,
My pleasant memoried Kate.

You were a free, fresh girl in teens;
I, old in college airs,
Proposed, you know, by well-known means
To raise you from these humble scenes,
And smooth your unborn cares.

I come back sometimes now and muse
On what had been our fate,
Had you lacked courage to refuse;
Though, as it is, I cannot choose
But thank you at this date.

The place looks old, and people stare
To hear me say it's falling;
You're just as handsome, they declare;
I hope so,—though I should not dare
To risk my dreams by calling.

Yet sometimes as you pass, I trust,
You pause as I am doing,
To free those few bright thoughts from dust,
And wonder what had been with just
A trifle warmer wooing.

Edward F. Hayward.

Aphorisms from the Quarters.

DE cooles' spring hides de closest 'mongst de rocks.
LAS' 'ear's hot spell cools orf mighty fas'.

LIGHT nigger too much for de so'-back horse.

DE meller apple give fa'r warnin' 'fo' it fall.

DE noise o' de wheels don't medjer de load in de wagon.

WILD goose in de wheat-fiel' don't go to sleep.

'TWONT he'p de crop to plant a new-fangled sort o' corn, wid fifteen eers to de stalk, on de po' broomstraw fiel'; dat sort o' land got all it kin do raisin' one eer to de hill.

DE dog dat try to scratch a mole out de groun' aint got 'nough edication to hu't him.

BLIND horse know when de trough empty.

TAR'P'N on de log is jes' safe as de red fox in de bushes.

J. A. Macon.

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THE NEW RUG.

"Keep outen heah, missus; keep outen heah. Dars a monst'us Hydraphobium under de sofa. So long ez I eyes him straight he doan dare move, but yer better call marster, quick!"

Documentary Proof of Self-defense.

PROBABLY no legal phrase in common use is so little understood, and through this ignorance so fruitful of the long, tedious, and expensive litigation which it is said to be the object of law to prevent, as the two harmless-looking words "self defense." In law, the term embraces and describes "all the rights conferred upon the individual to protect by his own acts and agencies his property or his person against some injury unlawfully attempted to be inflicted by another." This definition should be committed to memory by every school-boy in the land. He will then have laid the foundation for a knowledge of the law of self-defense which may be of great value to him in after life.

But the chief difficulty in setting up and proving self-defense in a court is twofold.

First. We must be thoroughly convinced that a great injury to person or property is contemplated.

Second. We must be able to establish by proof that such injury to person or property was so contemplated by the assailant at the time of the self-defense alleged.

In other words, the identity of the assailant, and his sincere desire to do us great injury, either to person or property, must be proved beyond the possibility of a reasonable doubt in the minds of the highly intelligent jury. This is not so easy as at first appears. We must establish by some proof that is free from bias or prejudice that the defendant was just in the act of imbruing his hands in our gore or about to commit a felony when we smote him, as set up in our defense. Therefore the testimony of members of the family would have little weight with an average jury.

For these reasons, which I trust I have made quite clear, it has occurred to me that documentary evidence

would be the best. Supposing that I awake in the night from a sound and innocent slumber to find the bull's eye of a total stranger shining in my eyes. I see that he is ransacking the pockets of my pantaloons. I start suddenly as a wave of horror passes the entire length of the spinal column. The frenzied start squeaks the costly framework of the richly carved couch on which I recline. In an instant the gentleman whips out a small gun, tells me to move at my peril, and with his pockets full of stuff that I have toiled hard for years to accomplish, he slowly egresses. I realize that my wife would not be a competent witness on my behalf, and I have failed to provide other witnesses in my apartments. You know a man cannot think of everything. In fact thousands of men retire every night with absolutely no one as witness or to protect them but their wives, forgetting that as a protector a wife is almost worthless, and as a witness she is even more so.

So I have written out and had printed a large number of blanks, on which appear the following questions with spaces for answers. You wake up in the dead hours of night to find a party in the room engaged in the felony industry. You ask him to be seated, and taking from your writing-desk the blank alluded to, you propound the following conundrums to him, filling in the answers as he gives them:

1. What is your name?
2. Where do you reside?
3. What is your age?
4. Your weight?
5. Are you married or single; and if so, would your family be left destitute in case I should shoot you in self-defense?
6. Do you die easy or do you generally cling to life?
7. Are you a natural-born citizen of the United States or are you an alien?
8. If an alien, please state whether it is a family characteristic?
9. Do you use tobacco?
10. Please state what disposition you would like to have made of your remains in case you should be shot in self-defense.
11. Do you drink?
12. If so, why will you persist in so doing?
13. What do you generally take?
(Intermission.)
14. Do you contemplate the commission of a felony?
15. If so, state what is your favorite style of felony and your reasons for dabbling in felony?
16. Is this the first time you have ever taken part in a justifiable homicide?
17. If not, please state fully where, when, and under what circumstances you took such a part, and whether or not you at that time took the offensive or the defensive.
18. Do you smoke cigarettes?
19. Please breathe hard on the breath-tester, not necessarily for publication, but for future analysis.
20. Have you ever been insane?
21. Are you insane now?
22. Do you ever have microbes on your brain?
23. If so, do you think that they tend to deteriorate

the brain tissue, or do you think that they improve it in your case?

24. Have you any other clothes that you would prefer to be laid out in, aside from those you now wear?

25. When did you first begin to toil up toward the pinnacle of felony?

26. What amount of money would you be willing to take in order to forego and, as it were, omit this particular felony?

27. Would mining stock or ninety-day paper be taken in such a deal?

28. If unsatisfactory answers are made to both the above interrogations, will you please state fully what medical college you would prefer to endow with yourself?

29. Is the idea of a personal devil repulsive to you?

30. Would you please protrude your tongue as far as possible, and hold it there until a physician can be summoned?

31. Are you an offensive partisan?

(Sign here)

Signed in the presence
of

The witnesses must be wholly disinterested parties, and in case either should be unable to sign his or her name, two witnesses to the making of the mark must be present and sign. The following oath and jurat should then be subscribed and sworn to before a notary public or court of record. The latter is preferable.

State of..... } ss.
County of..... }

On this..... day of..... A. D. 188... before me, a duly elected and qualified....., elected by..... majority on the..... ticket, appeared....., felony-specialist, who, being of sound mind, freely and voluntarily, being beyond the influence of his wife, doth depose and say that he is the felony-specialist above alluded to; that he signed the foregoing list of interrogatories and the answers thereto, and that he would cheerfully do it again if his life could be spared; that he is about to enter into an arrangement by which he will be enabled to grapple with the mysteries of justifiable homicide, and that he was shot in self-defense. He hopes that the jury will accept this ante-mortem statement as true, and that they will excuse all errors in spelling and a poor pen, and further deponent saith not.

(Signed)

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this..... day
of..... A. D. 188...

(Signature of }
notary or judge) }

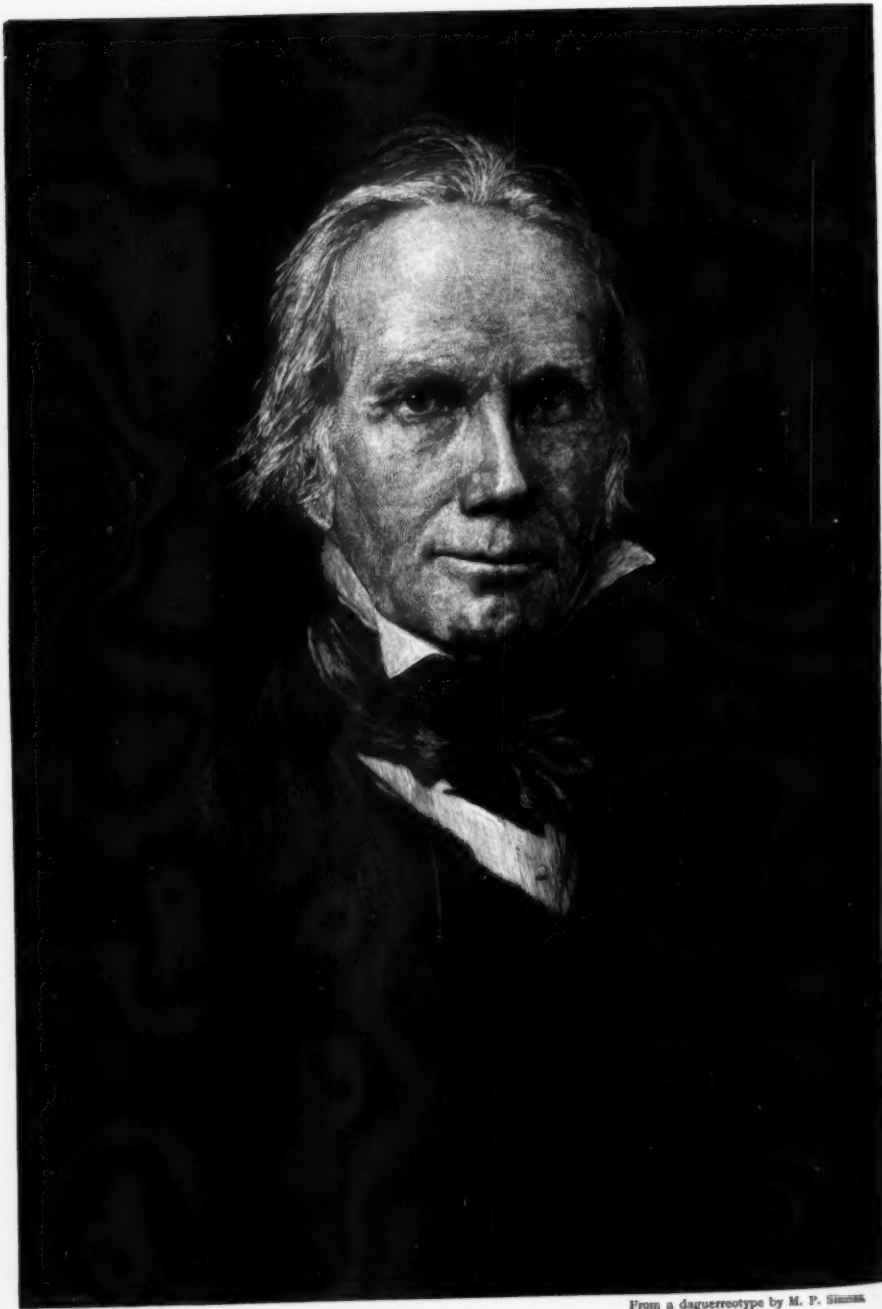
By using these blanks and using them intelligently, I believe that much tedious and exasperating litigation might be avoided, and that a great deal of brain fog, which is becoming so alarmingly prevalent among jurors, will be prevented. Should these times be productive of such results, though it be in a slight degree only, I shall be proud and happy.

Bill Nye.

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Engraved by T. Johnson.

From a daguerrotype by M. P. Smith.

HENRY CLAY.

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